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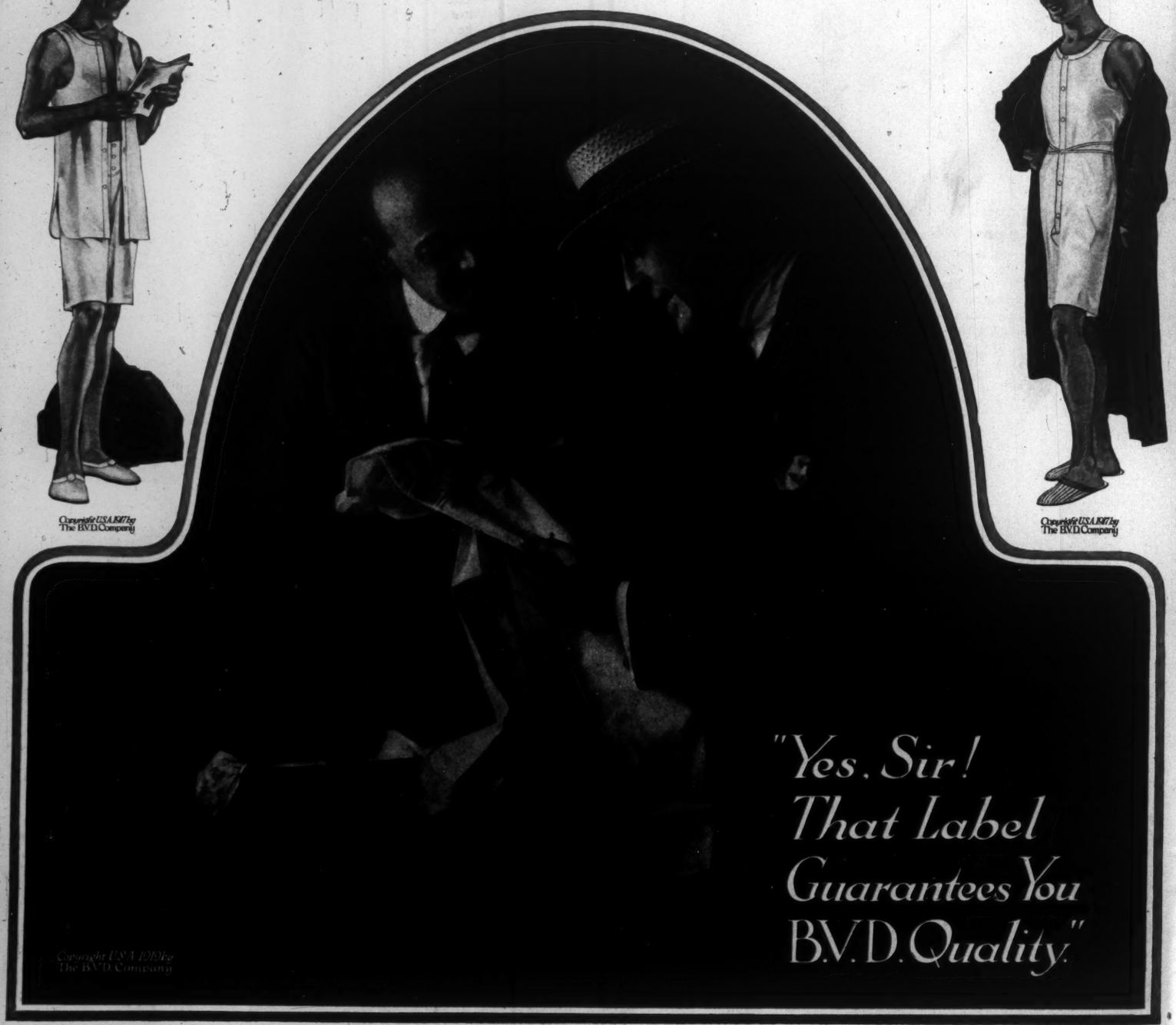

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The New Way to Win Business Leadership

How thousands of people have gained much—in business, and in social life, in a short time, and how you can do the same thing.

"HE is the best-liked man in the club, and his associates say he is a positive wizard at business," said the Popular Clubman in reply to his guest's question.

Inquiry brought out the fact that the man in question had formerly been "just a member"—inconspicuous, unimportant and timid. He had never been much noticed except for his humble and apologetic manner. At the meetings, dinners and social affairs of the club he had always been conspicuous by his absence.

Tall and distinguished looking, with the fire of youth in his eyes, he was standing in one corner of the lobby with eight or ten men grouped closely about him listening intently to what he was saying. He finished his remarks, smiled genially and left the club.

Formerly Embarrassed and Timid

When he had joined the club a year before, the old members, noticing his embarrassed manner, had tried to make him feel at home, but their efforts had only made him more uneasy and shy. He was finally put down as being "a queer one," and let alone.

The other members didn't know that the mild, inoffensive man had gnawing at his heart the desire to be well-liked and popular among men. They didn't know that he had joined the club in the hope of finding out why other men were known as clever, entertaining good-fellows, and why he—who was equally intelligent—had always been left in the background.

Didn't Know Why

At first he had failed to find a solution for his problem in the club. But one day he sat down and reasoned it out. "Here," he said, "are men like myself. They all seem to know a little of the better things of life—music, art, literature and the drama—all seem to have traveled a bit and are fairly conversant with politics and business. They talk well and——"

But right there the answer dawned on him. At last he had discovered the secret of why other men were popular and well-liked and why he was not. He got busy at once. It was going to take a long time, he knew, but it would be worth the candle. He was gone from the club for eight months. Nobody knew where he had gone, and few cared.

FREDERICK HOUK LAW

As educator, lecturer, executive, traveler and author few men are so well equipped by experience and training as Dr. Law to teach the art of effective speaking. His "Mastery of Speech" is the fruit of 20 years active lecturing and instruction in Eastern schools and colleges preceded by an education at Oxford Academy, Amherst College, Columbia University, The Teachers College, Brown University, and New York University. He holds the degrees of A.B., A.M., and Ph.D.

Dr. Law is the author of two novels, two books of poetry, and editor of six school textbooks. At present he is lecturer in English in New York University, Lecturer in Pedagogy in the Extension Work of the College of the City of New York, head of the Dept. of English in the Stuyvesant H. S. and writer of the Weekly Lesson Plans for The Independent.

Suddenly Gained Confidence

Finally he turned up and surprised the members by attending one of the club dinners; and, after dinner, he astonished them by rising and giving his views on the matter under discussion. He spoke in clear, sharp tones and put his ideas over with such force and conviction that when he had finished the other members were staring at him with eyes open in amazement. A number of them who had seen the matter in another light were instantly won over to his point of view.

He immediately became the center of an admiring, curious throng of men, all trying to talk at once and all asking why he had never before spoken to them and why he had kept so much in the background.

How He Did It

Few of them ever learned the real truth of how he had realized what he lacked to be popular—how acutely he had felt his inability to talk in an interesting way. Few of them ever knew how he had taken up the study of business and public speaking; how he had worked long and hard, bought book after book, secured a tutor and, finally, after eight long months had mastered the study that was to make him "the most popular man in the club."

His standing in the minds of his fellow members increased daily, and he was soon taking an active interest in everything that went on. He was in demand at all of their meetings, and no social function—great or small—was complete without him to add wit, humor and interest to the event. He became greatly respected and the other members constantly sought his advice and opinions on every subject. He was always ready with a practical solution or suggestion.

Men were talking on every hand about his wonderful gift of clear thinking, and his marvelous power of speech. He was asked to become a director of his city's largest corporation.

His Business Increased

His wide acquaintance and the favorable impression he had made soon began reflecting themselves in his own business. Orders and new business were coming in from all sides; from his fellow members, from customers who had never been on his books before, from his competitors' accounts—from every place.

His business increased until finally he was among those at the top of his field, running neck and neck with his strongest competitors, and always getting stronger.

He did not have a super intellect, nor was he particularly gifted to succeed in talking. He had been willing to devote two-thirds of a year to the mastery of speech because he knew that the rewards in social popularity and business increase would be well worth the fight.

You Can Do the Same Thing

But today things are different. He thought he was well repaid for eight months of study, but you can learn the same things in a few weeks. You can gain a complete knowledge of the principles of vital, forceful, convincing speech in a few evenings at home. In a few weeks you can master what it took him eight months to learn.

Dr. Frederick Houk Law, Ph.D., of New York University, who, for twenty years, has been teaching the art of writing and speaking English, has now put his course within the reach of everybody by publishing it in eight easy, simple lessons. He has called the course "MASTERY OF SPEECH." He has made it so easy that anybody of average intelligence can master in a few weeks the wonderful power of dynamic, convincing speech which formerly took months to learn. Men and women the country over are benefiting every day by this wonderful course. For instance:

Mr. R. W. Wheeler of the Cleveland-Osborn Mfg. Co., 395 Broadway, New York City, says: "In scanning the lessons hastily to discover their value, I find one suggestion in the third lesson, incorporated in four short words, that is worth the price of the course."

Mr. J. Sweeney, Supt. Army Supply Base, Norfolk, Virginia, says: "I think the books are just what every young business man without a college education needs and I expect to get many times value received."

Miss Julia Fietz, 1981 Mapes Avenue, New York City, says: "I consider this one of the best investments I have ever made."

In a letter to the publishers Mr. George E. Retter of Midfield Camp, Wray, Colorado, says: "I have found in Dr. Law's course what the average man has been looking for these many days. It is, in my opinion, a most valuable asset for any ambitious man."

What Dr. Law's course has done for others, it can do for you. Your possibilities of success in business and social life are unlimited if you can talk convincingly and well.

"MASTERY OF SPEECH" is *not* a long, tiresome discourse on oratory or lecturing, good only on special occasions when you address a number of people. This wonderful course trains you to speak with effect *on all occasions*, in your business as well as in social and home life, to one person or to a hundred. It is just a simple training in the principles of convincing, forceful speech for your *everyday use*.

How It Helps

It is so simple that you can glance through one paragraph or one chapter and immediately use in your speech what you have learned. The minute you open a lesson you begin to benefit. In a week you can digest the entire course.

You will immediately begin to develop great confidence in yourself, and it will be a pleasure to get up and talk to others. You will be perfectly at ease in any surroundings and your words will make you the master of any situation.

People will feel your power; listen to you and do as you wish; your words will have weight, and your opinions will be respected.

You will know how to size up an audience and make use of your knowledge of human nature in appealing to different people effectively; when to speak in a humorous vein and when to be silent, how to make and answer complaints, how to collect money from people without antagonizing them, how to break bad news in a tactful manner, and how to sway people to your way of thinking.

The ability to make after dinner speeches, address your employees or fellow workers on matters of mutual concern, give talks of vital and timely interest to any audience at any time and be amusing and entertaining will all be yours after taking this wonderful course in public speaking.

Dynamic, forceful speaking will become natural to you, and your words will be tingling with electrifying energy. You will feel yourself gaining confidence, acquiring poise, and building a powerful, dominant personality that will draw people irresistibly to you.

Many things that have always been out of reach will come to you easily, and by clever talking you will rise more rapidly in business than you ever have risen before.

"MASTERY OF SPEECH" is the "open sesame" to a vast storehouse of business and social successes which even exceed your imagination.

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"Ten seconds from the time I started Conscious Evolution, I felt myself more alive and energetic."

"I have used Conscious Evolution for a few weeks, and I find myself marvelously improved in both body and mind. Conscious Evolution is wonderful and the world will be brighter when men and women everywhere grasp it."

"My doctor has been quite interested in my results. Today I went to his office for a personal examination. It is my practice to have my physician examine me once a year. The doctor said he would not have thought me susceptible of so much development and improvement and reiterated, 'It is wonderful. Does not seem possible, etc.' He was highly impressed and you could not expect him to be more favorably so."

"I became aware of the beneficial power of Conscious Evolution at the end of the first ten seconds."

"What more can I say except to express my appreciation of your method and sincere thanks for your interest and cooperation. What more can one want for so little? What more does one get in this world?"

"Conscious Evolution has done all for me that you promised and I am simply radiating good health. I can hardly believe it myself, it has made such a great change in me. I am in better condition than I have been for twenty years and am chock full of energy and ambition. Tasks that were a burden to me in the past are now easy and a pleasure. I have no money to burn or throw to the birds, but if you were to offer me one thousand dollars in good hard cash and put me back where I was before beginning your system, I would say, 'Nothing doing.' I enjoy the work you have mapped out for me and am impatient to get at it."

"I SHALL BE SIXTY-SIX YEARS OLD NEXT AUGUST and if you were to see me right now you would say forty, and, as a fact, I am better, stronger, and have more energy than the average man at forty. I have only you and your system to thank for these things, and I want to thank you from the very bottom of a grateful heart for what you have done for me. I am a man now in every sense of the word, whereas I was only a fraction of a man and rather a small fraction before profiting through Conscious Evolution."

"The strangest part of it all is that my hearing is greatly improved. The muscles of my shoulders, back and abdomen are immense, and I have forgotten that I have a liver, kidneys, heart, or any other organs, except my stomach which makes a loud call three times a day. I have lost all desire for stimulants."

"When I tell some of my friends how quickly I was benefited by Conscious Evolution, they do not believe me. They think I exaggerate."

"One year ago I was an old man at forty; today I am a youth at forty-one."

"Your system makes me feel like a different person. Every one whom I have ever met who has tried it out, has the same thing to say about it. Was talking to a man today whose wife is a Swoboda enthusiast."

"Conscious Evolution sent a message of energy, health and power through me in twenty seconds, which has been increased from day to day."

"I feel very much better. You did me more good in three weeks than four doctors did in sixteen months."

"Your course has been of great benefit to me. I am able to do a great deal more work with less fatigue. My pleasures are also increased; all work seems a pleasure now."

"When your first letter of instructions reached me I was tired and blue. I read it and saw the 'light.' My blues disappeared. I used my energies for about ten seconds, and my tiredness left me. Conscious Evolution is increasing my every power of mind and body as I wish and as you promise."

"I indeed realize what physiological gladness means. My sensation of physical enjoyment is wonderful. It seems too good to be true. It is something as I felt when I took my first trip to the Bermudas, where nature has combined the blending of dainty coloring so exquisite that nothing short of fairyland can describe it. This is how Conscious Evolution causes me to feel."

"Through Conscious Evolution, I have for the first time in years, gone without cathartics. I have no headache and no coated tongue. My abdomen, which has been up to this time, resting against the waistband of my trousers for the last ten years, is now standing on its own feet, so to speak, and has decreased four inches, while my chest measure is fully two inches greater. This, I consider remarkable progress for one month."

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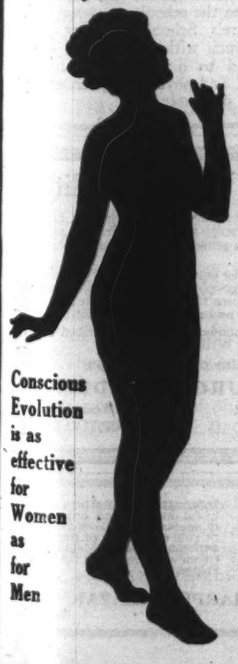

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CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and THE SCIENCE OF LIFE show how to double or even treble your power of mind and body; not by tedious, prolonged study, but by a process of energization which raises the very level of your life and mental power.

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Conscious Evolution is a new science, and no one can afford not to know at least the simple facts about it. These facts show how Conscious Evolution overcomes weak will, poor health, feebleness of mind and body.

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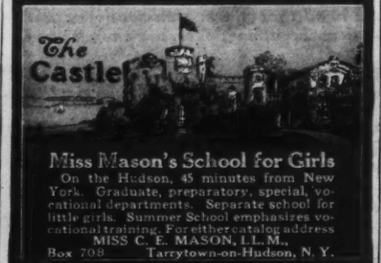

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ASK HARPER'S BAZAR
119 West 40th St., New York

The Most Profitable Evening I Ever Spent

—The Evening In Which I Acquired David M. Roth's Secret of an Infallible Memory

By VICTOR JONES

PEOPLE say my memory is uncanny—that it must have taken years of patient effort on my part to have trained my mind to retain and recall all the faces, figures and facts I have stored away. But nothing could be further from the truth. It seems almost incredible, yet I learned the secret of an infallible memory in a single evening—and it was the most profitable evening I ever spent.

Before I discovered my perfectly good memory, hundreds of important facts and figures used to slip away from me. I was a slave to the memo pad and other artificial aids to memory. My inability to remember names and faces was embarrassing—and costly. I had to apologize almost every time I met some one I had met before. I couldn't remember what I had read in letters or books. My mind was like a sieve. Yet to-day my memory is absolutely under my control. I can meet fifty people within ten minutes and call them by name an hour later or at any time, anywhere. I can recall long lists of bank clearings, telephone numbers, facts, names, rates, in fact, anything I care to remember. I can repeat entire passages out of a letter or a book after reading it once. My mind is like a well ordered filing cabinet—I just reach into it and draw forth whatever I have stored away.

Instead of being a handicap, as it was formerly, my memory is now my greatest asset. The cold fact is that after my memory began to improve I got a new grip on my business, and in six short months I increased my sales by $100,000, and that in war time, mind you, with anything but a "war bride."

But my reader is doubtless anxious to know *how* I improved my memory in one evening. It all came about through meeting David M. Roth, the famous memory expert, at a luncheon of the Rotary Club in New York, where he gave one of his remarkable memory demonstrations. I can best describe it by quoting the Seattle *Post Intelligencer's* account of a similar exhibition.

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system, and you will find it—not hard work, as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did: I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in the forty-eight States to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

The result was—and my cashier will vouch for this—I increased my sales by $100,000 in six months!

The reason stands out as brightly as a star bomb. Mr. Roth has given me a firmer mental grasp of business tendencies and a better balanced judgment, a keener foresight and the ability to act swiftly and surely that I never possessed before.

The Amazing Memory Feats of David M. Roth

The Seattle "Post Intelligencer" said:

"Of the 150 members of the Seattle Rotary Club at a luncheon yesterday, not one left with the slightest doubt that Mr. Roth could do all claimed for him. Rotarians at the meeting had to pinch themselves to see whether they were awake or not.

"Mr. Roth started his exhibition by asking sixty of those present to introduce themselves by name to him. Then he waved them aside and instructed a member at a blackboard to write down names of firms, sentences and mottoes on numbered squares, meanwhile sitting with his back to the writer and only learning the positions by oral report. After this he was asked by different Rotarians to tell what was written down in various specific squares and gave the entire list without a mistake.

"After finishing with this Mr. Roth singled out and called by name the sixty men to whom he had been introduced earlier, who in the meantime had changed seats and had mixed with others present."

His lessons have taught me to see clearly ahead; and how to visualize conditions in more exact perspective; and how to remember the things I need to remember at the instant I need them most in business transactions.

In consequence, I have been able to seize many golden opportunities that before would have slipped by and been out of reach by the time I woke up.

You see the Roth Course has done vastly more for me than teaching me how to remember names and faces and telephone numbers. It has done more than make me a more interesting talker. It has done more than give me confidence on my feet.

It has given me a greater power in all the conduct of my business.

Mr. Roth's Course has endowed me with a new business perspective. It has made me a keener observer. It has given me a new sense of proportion and values. It has given me visualization—which after all is the true basis of business success.

So confident are the publishers, the Independent Corporation, of the remarkable value of the Roth Memory Course to every reader of this magazine that they want you to test out this remarkable system in your own home before you decide to buy. The Course must sell itself to you by actually increasing your memory before you obligate yourself to spend a penny.

Don't send a single penny. Merely fill out and mail the coupon. By return post, all charges prepaid, the complete Roth Memory Course will be sent to your home.

Study it one evening—more if you like—then if you feel that you can afford not to keep this great aid to more dollars—to bigger responsibilities—to fullest success in life, mail it back to the publishers within five days and you will owe nothing.

Good judgment is largely a matter of memory. It is easy to make the right decisions if you have all the related facts outlined in your mind—clearly and exactly.

Wrong decisions in business are made because the man who makes them forgets some vital fact or figure which, had he been able to summon clearly to mind, would have changed his viewpoint.

A man's experience in business is only as old as his memory. The measure of his ability is largely his power to remember at the right time. If you can remember—clearly and accurately—the solution of every important problem since you first took hold of your work, you can make all of your experience count.

If, however, you have not a good memory and cannot recall instantly facts and figures that you learned years ago, you cannot make your experience count.

If a better memory means only one-tenth as much to you as it has to me and to thousands of other business men and women, mail the coupon to-day—NOW—but don't put it off and forget—as those who need the Course the very worst are apt to do. Send the coupon in or write a letter now before the low introductory price is withdrawn.

Independent Corporation

Publishers of The Independent Weekly

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Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you $5.00.

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pans. S
home with them, and others ate
on the spot.

In some of the villages where our men are billeted they have community wash troughs. They are several feet long, and about two feet wide, with a partition running down the center. In the morning our soldiers will wash their hands and faces on one side of the trough while French civilians perform their ablutions on the other. Private _____ was thus engaged today when his cake of Ivory soap started to slip from a slanting board into the water. A mademoiselle on the other side made a frantic grab and recovered the soap, thinking that it would disappear into the opaque depths of the trough. B_____ then deliberately tossed the soap into the water. "Il flotte," screamed mademoiselle delightedly, unconsciously paraphrasing a well-known advertisement. She had never seen soap behave in that way before.

As I strolled into a neighboring village the

—From "Intimate Notes on the Firing Line," in Los Angeles Times, Sept. 27, 1918.

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Volume 51
Number 5

McCLURE'S

MAY
1919

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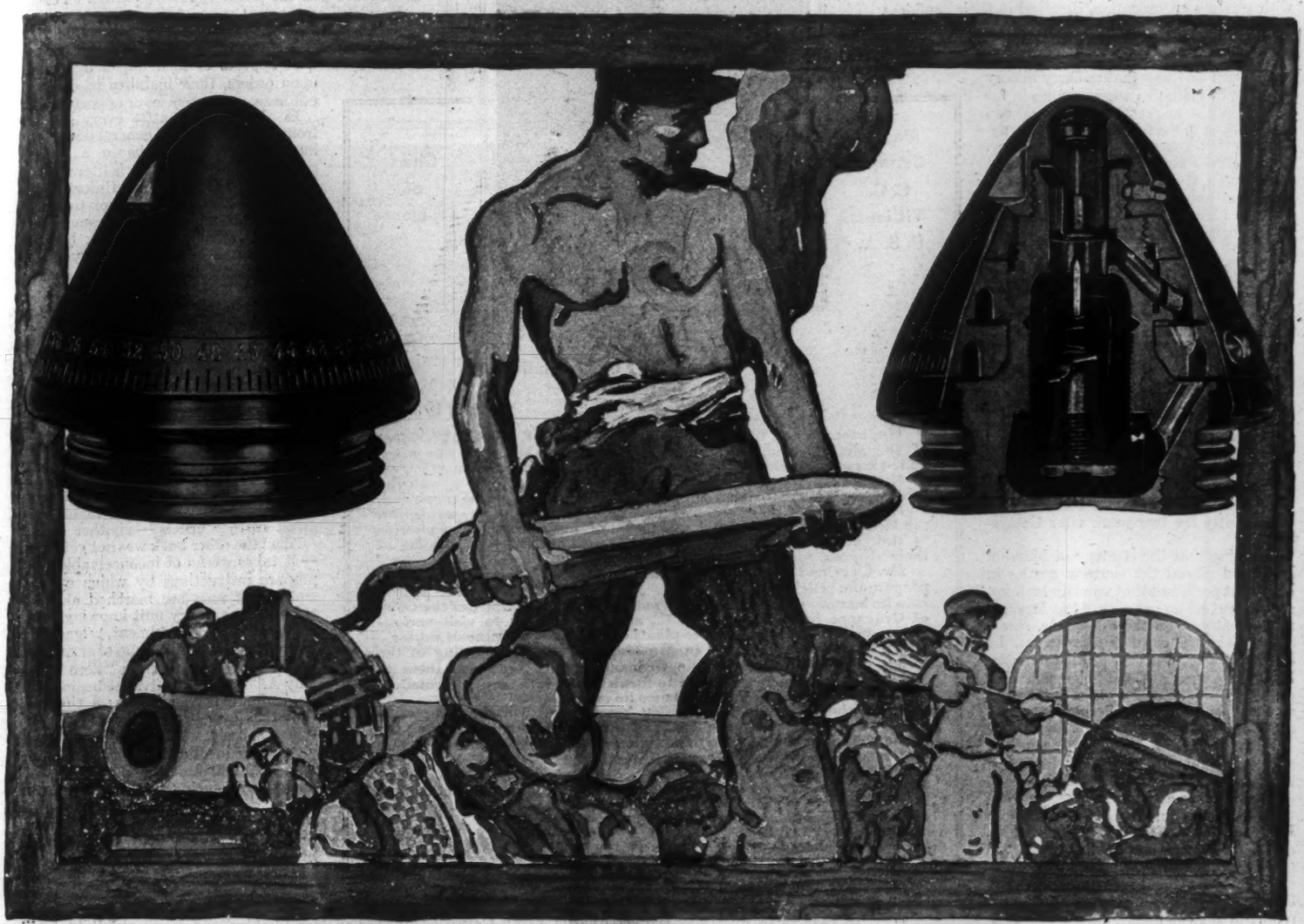

Do you know that forty-two cents out of every dollar that you paid into Liberty Bonds was used by the Government for Ordnance?

Why Germany Quit

Revealing for the First Time the Story of the Men Behind the Fighters

by Cleveland Moffett

Decorations by C. B. Falls

FOREWORD BY THE EDITOR: Magazines, like men, are sometimes tempted to "swell up with pride." McClure's has been chosen by the Government, from the entire field of periodical journalism, to disclose for the first time to the American public the inside story of our great part in the Great War.

The real story of Why Germany Quit!

Partly because McClure's was the first magazine to foretell through Mr. Moffett in the spring of 1915, the impending conflict of this country with Germany; partly because McClure's was the first to see that our part in the great struggle, once we were in it, was destined to be the creation and execution of a Super-War; and partly because McClure's, throughout the War, devoted its editorial energies exclusively to a win-the-war policy — it is perhaps inevitable that the Secretary of War should have authorized the publisher of McClure's to present this story of American achievement in these pages, and in a supplementary form through the columns of the leading American newspapers and on the screens of motion-picture theatres throughout the world.

The sacred archives of the Government have been opened to us; the combination to the great safe of secrets has been given us; Major Generals and Brigadiers, Colonels, Majors and Captains, the world's greatest assemblage of industrial and scientific experts have supplied the facts on which this most unusual series of articles is authoritatively based.

The purpose of these articles is not to justify an administration of the War Department with which McClure's has frequently and frankly taken issue, nor to cover with glory the name of any individual — not even that of the man who ultimately became the miracle-man of American Ordnance, Major General C. C. Williams, who, when the War ended had in his great industrial army more men under his command than Pershing had under his.

McClure's has always believed, and still believes, that many of the remarkable achievements of this country *after* we entered the War should have been initiated months *before* we entered it. McClure's has been consistently Rooseveltian in its advocacy of preparedness, and we intend to remain if the occasion arises the same relentless critic of governmental inefficiency.

But — on the subject of these articles — of which this is in the nature of a powerful introduction — we have the facts. Four members of our staff have spent weeks of investigation in Washington. The publisher of the magazine and one of his associates are at the present time in Europe gathering confirmatory evidence from the American commanders in France, from the representatives of our Allies, and from the Germans themselves.

And so — we are proud to present, for the first time the truth about the War, and we are glad, as every American will be, that the truth is, in itself, a glorifi-

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cation of that unchevroned army of American industrial workers, whose unheralded achievements precipitated Germany's fall.

Why did Germany drop out of the War so suddenly on November 11, 1918?

Why were our military experts and those of the Allies, with scarcely an exception, deceived in their confident prophecy that the War would last through 1919 and well into 1920 — *or later?* Why?

We know that Germany was not defeated on the battlefield; we know that military history abounds in instances where armies in far more terrible plight than those of von Hindenburg in the fall of 1918 have struggled on for years to ultimate victory. Frederick the Great, for example, fought on through the Seven Years' War and won it, although in the fifth year he was beaten to his knees, and, at one moment, in his despair, he had resolved to kill himself.

George Washington, throughout the War of the Revolution, scarcely knew the taste of victory but suffered defeat after defeat; yet he never lost heart and in the end he triumphed gloriously.

And in our Civil War, it can truthfully be said that the Confederate States, owing to their great inferiority to the North, both in population and industrial resources, had greater odds against them, when they began to fight, than the Kaiser had against him when he stopped.

Château Thierry was a less shattering blow to the Germans than Gettysburg was to the South; yet the South fought on gallantly for two years after Gettysburg.

Granting that the strategy of Marshal Foch had placed the German armies in imminent peril, and that von Hindenburg, already cut off on one side of the Argonne and threatened on the other side, saw a great disaster before him, even so, he might have recovered from this disaster. His armies were still on foreign soil. His military machine was working admirably, and he had a great docile population to draw upon in replacement of losses.

Why did he not withdraw his armies and shorten his front, first, to the line of Antwerp — Brussels — Charleroi — Sedan; and, later, abandoning French territory, to a very much shorter front from Liége to Metz? This, I am assured by a military expert, would have strengthened (thickened up) the German line by twenty-five per cent. and more than made up for very severe impending reverses, say, the forced surrender of 250,000 men.

The Germans could have gone on retreating — as Foch, with the soul of France behind him, would doubtless have retreated in a similar emergency — from river to river, from crest to crest, back, slowly to their own territory miles away, and back again, stretch by stretch, back behind the redoubtable barrier of the Rhine. And made a last stand there! They *could* have done this. They certainly would have done this, but —

But what? *Why* did they not do this?

Is the answer that the Germans were just plain cowards, yellow curs, who turned tail, yelping, at the first adversity? These are harsh words, and we must guard against exaggeration. Are the German people *really* cowards? Do they show cowardly and bullying traits? Are we sure about this? Or do we say it merely to gratify our animosity?

We say it because it is true, and we know it is true because we know that the individuals of a nation are as the nation itself, with the same good qualities and bad qualities. A nation is only a large group of individuals and *must* reveal the average characteristics of these individuals. Therefore, knowing the German nation to be a cowardly nation, as we do, (witness the bombing of Red Cross hospitals, the shooting of Edith Cavell, the submarine outrages, the firing on life-boats, the craven flight of the Hohenzollerns, the abject surrender of the German fleet) we are justified in saying that the German people are fundamentally a cowardly people.

That, however, only partially explains the facts of their quitting; (for even cowards fight desperately at times,) and we shall not understand what happened in November, 1918, unless we take into account the German intelligence and the much vaunted German efficiency.

How intelligent are the Germans? How efficient are they?

No doubt they are efficient in many ways, but they are victims of their own efficiency, slaves of their ponderous system, as appears in their abject dependence upon orders, their inability to deal with unforeseen emergencies or opportunities.

In a crisis of battle every German, from the most exalted general down to the humblest private, looks in a book of printed instructions (this is literally true) to see what his orders are. Unfortunately, while he is looking in the book to find out what to do in a certain emergency, some adversary, without any book but with initiative and imagination, may make a bold stroke "off his own bat" that will change the entire situation.

I have it on high authority that the Germans had actually won the War, after their great Amiens drive in the spring of 1918, but because of this very efficiency worship, they were unable to seize their advantage. They had smashed a hole in the British line thirty miles wide and had only to go on through instantly and snatch the fruits of victory; but the book did not provide for that. The book said to pause at Amiens (the farthest goal they had dreamed of), consolidate their positions, establish liaison with adjacent units and await further orders — another book!

Alas! the other book was not yet written — it takes weeks of inconceivable toil to prepare instructions by which a million and a half men are marched ahead for twenty miles, every unit knowing exactly what to do, every regiment, brigade, division, corps, army and group of armies, with a precise time-table from "Zero hour on Day A," when the advance begins, up to its estimated termination; a time-table that tells every soldier in this vast multitude precisely where he is to be at any given hour on the third day or the fourth day, or the fifth day, and what he will be doing — advancing so many miles, turning to the right or the left, eating (and where to get his food), sleeping, and so on.

In the case of Amiens, everything had been foreseen and provided for with superhuman thoroughness, *except immediate victory!* But immediate victory was what these too obedient Germans had before them. They had inflicted an irremediable disaster upon the divided Allied armies, if they had followed it up; but they did not. One more smashing blow and they held the English crumpled up against the sea; but they withheld that blow. A huge Teutonic triumph was theirs, with the Hohenzollerns supreme for centuries in Europe, with France a vassal, with Italy a vassal, with the British Empire shattered; all this was clearly theirs, according to competent opinions, but they could not grasp it because they were stupid in their obedience to stupid orders!

Stupid? Yes!

Germany has always been stupid. She began the War stupidly by violating Belgium, (which was quite unnecessary and brought England in). She continued the War stupidly with submarine atrocities (also unnecessary, and these brought America in); and she ended the War stupidly by a premature surrender. She laid down her hand before the game was played out.

A race of cowards! And stupid besides! That makes a bad combination, a quitting combination in the day of disaster, especially for

Major-General C. C. Williams U. S. A.

Chief of Ordnance

War Department
Office of the Chief of Ordnance
Washington

March 8, 1919.

To Whom It May Concern:

The Secretary of War has authorized Frederick L. Collins, President of the McClure Publications, Inc., to publish a series of magazine and newspaper articles in McClure's Magazine and prominent newspapers throughout the country, and to produce a motion picture dealing with the achievements of the Ordnance Department during the War just concluded.

He has directed all agencies of the War Department to co-operate with the McClure Publications, Inc., and their duly authorized representatives in the preparation of these articles and motion pictures by placing at their disposal such facilities as may be expedient.

Mr. Cleveland Moffett has been selected by the McClure Company to prepare the articles referred to above and on which the motion picture is to be based. He has already started his work at the Office of the Chief of Ordnance in Washington, D. C., and is preparing to visit various government plants and private plants engaged on government work.

On Mr. Moffett's arrival in Washington, I called a meeting of the Chiefs of the Divisions of the Ordnance Office, presented them to Mr. Moffett and instructed them to furnish him with any information, photographs, and any other assistance he may desire.

In the short time that Mr. Moffett has been with us he has clearly indicated a grasp of the immensity of the problem devolved upon the Ordnance Department in the prosecution of the War, and has shown an understanding of the difficulties encountered by us, which I feel is becoming a real personal interest. I wish, therefore, to request every Ordnance officer to whom Mr. Moffett may present himself with this note of introduction to feel that he is personally introduced by me and to extend him assistance and courtesy on that basis.

C. C. Williams,
Major-General, U. S. A., Chief of Ordnance

The Secret of Great Artillery, Guarded for Generations, Was Ours at Last!

a people intelligent enough to recognize courage in their enemies.

Moral courage! Physical courage!

What did the Germans think when America quietly announced that she would fight to the last man and the last dollar simply for the maintenance of right? And when America began to send her sons by millions and her treasure by billions — unselfishly, with no ulterior object? Did they not then glimpse their *schrecklichkeit* stupidity in sinking our ships and defying our flag?

Old Glory!

What did the Germans think when they saw it waving at Château Thierry? Waving over the Argonne Forest? And when our boys went into battle, our boys who had been clerks and farmers and factory hands and real-estate agents only a year before, but who had something of the spirit of Lincoln and Washington in them? Our boys who knew little enough about fancy warfare (except to go straight ahead), but who had never learned to retreat or to surrender — what did the Germans think of our American boys?

What did they think of Private Thomas C. Neibaur, Company M, 167th Infantry, who, at the *Côte de Chatillon* on October 16, 1918, when the rest of his detachment was wiped out, single-handed, with bullets in both legs, accounted for fifteen Germans, killing four and taking eleven prisoners!

What did they think of Corporal James D. Heriot, Company I, 118th infantry, (killed later in the day) who, on October 12, 1918, at Vaux-Andigny, under heavy fire from all sides, charged a machine-gun nest *alone* and forced the enemy to surrender?

What did they think of Lieutenent Robert Bly, 168th Infantry, who, on October 15, 1918, led his men up Hill 288 under terrific machine-gun fire and personally captured or killed *two entire machine-gun crews*?

Are these exceptional instances of American courage? Not necessarily. It is true these boys won the Distinguished Service Cross or the Medal of Honor, but four thousand other Americans were decorated for similar acts of bravery. And none can count the unsung heroes who were ready, if the chance came. Two million of them in France! Two million more waiting to sail from America! And ten million more behind them!

This brings us to an immensely important point, that Germany was fully informed as to our war preparations in America. Her spy system was more elaborate than that of any other nation, and, while it suffered from German ponderousness and lack of team play, due to over-elaboration of details and mutual suspicion between the agents — I will write about this in a subsequent article — yet it was efficient enough to keep the German High Command fully informed as to the immense military blow that America would be able to strike by the latter part of 1919 and from that time on. The Allies also knew what was coming and played their hands accordingly, taking war risks after July, 1918, with a dash and confidence that would never have been possible without the certainty of overwhelming support.

For forty years Germany had successfully bluffed the world about her military supremacy and industrial efficiency, *but now her bluff was called by America!*

America said to Germany: "We don't care how well prepared for war you are; we shall be better prepared. We don't care what your chemists, scientists, industrial leaders and others have done; ours will do more. We are not afraid of you. On the contrary, we are going to knock the everlasting conceit and wickedness out of you. We can do this not only because we are richer and stronger, but because we are absolutely on the level."

There was no doubt about it. America was going to do this thing. With all the manhood of the nation, with all the wealth and resources of the nation, with all the food supply, with all the mines, forests, furnaces, factories, shipyards in the land, *America was going to do this thing!*

That is what numberless German spies in the United States reported to the German High Command in 1918, and the German High Command believed it, *because it was true*, and in November, they moved for an immediate cessation of hostilities. *They quit before the wrath of God, thundering in the awakened conscience of the American people!*

The American people have been too busy with the infinitely varied details of this war job to take a comprehensive view of their immense achievement, or to realize what a splendid achievement it is; besides, for obvious reasons, the facts have been withheld.

This introductory article by Mr. Moffett is just the beginning of the big story of Why Germany Quit. Next month, he will reveal the kind of war we were prepared to hand the Hun in 1919, and, incidentally, the international agreement which allotted to America the task of preparing for the five-year struggle that never came. You will be proud to read this glorious romance of America's inexhaustible strength.

I consider it a great privilege and a patriotic service to present in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, with the assistance and authorization of the War Department at Washington, the following details, many of them published for the first time, of the blow — the overwhelming blow — that America would have struck at Germany by the latter part of 1919.

Industrial Leaders Who Worked for Victory

Upper row, left to right: C. L. Harrison, Cincinnati; S. C. Scovil, Cleveland; Geo. J. Roberts, New York; E. A. Russell, Chicago; R. M. Dravo, Pittsburgh; L. H. Greenwood, Boston; W. C. Bryant, Bridgeport. Lower row: M. E. Singleton, St. Louis; John C. Jones, Philadelphia; Brig. Gen. G. E. Tripp; W. H. Marshall, F. J. Robinson, Detroit; F. S. Noble.

In this series of articles I shall refer to several military secrets, hitherto closely guarded, and I am permitted to make known various developments that must be taken account of in future wars, and that may well quicken our pride in American power and resourcefulness.

What are these accomplishments of American Ordnance and the great industries associated with it? What is the nature of this formidable battlefield blow that America was about to strike against Germany? How formidable was it?

Well, let us be specific in a few items — take shoulder rifles. During the nineteen months of our participation in the War America produced over two and a half million of these weapons, as against 1,400,000 produced by France and 1,970,000 produced by England in the same period. The average monthly production during July, August and September, 1918, was: France, 40,500; England, 112,821; America, 235,562. In other words, when the Armistice was signed, America was producing rifles twice as fast as England and five times as fast as France. Soldiers wear out rifles as fast as they wear out shoes!

Again, take machine-guns and automatic rifles. We got into production more quickly than it had ever been done before in the history of manufacturing, and in the months immediately preceding the Armistice, America was producing more than twice as many of these weapons as France, and nearly three times as many as England.

In small arms ammunition (for pistols, rifles, machine-guns) our rate of production before the Armistice was twice that of France and ten per cent. beyond the rate of England. Between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, America produced *over three billion rounds*. If a person should count as fast as he could, say a hundred a minute, for ten hours a day and seven days a week, he would have to keep this up for 135 years before he could count three billion!

America was producing at the rate of 1,500,000 automatic pistols a year when the Armistice was signed, and had contracted and arranged for a production of three times this quantity.

In nineteen months America furnished her Allies with a billion and a half pounds of copper.

In nineteen months America shipped overseas so many shells for three-inch guns that it would require 2,925 freight-cars to move them.

Between March 1, 1918, and July 15, 1918, America produced in the Old Hickory Plant (one of several) a million pounds a day of smokeless powder. This plant, created out of nothing in a few months, comprised 1,112 buildings covering 4,706 acres and used a hundred million gallons of water a day — more than enough to supply the city of Buffalo. To build this city of 30,000 souls required more material than would fill a train of cars reaching from New York to Washington!

Without massing further statistics, it may be said that the Ordnance Department and the industries working in cooperation with it started in a small way with a modest personnel, when [*Continued on page 34*]

"The best way that a man could test his readiness to encounter the common variety of mankind would be to climb down the chimney of any house at random, and get on as well as possible with the people inside."
—Chesterton.

A House at Random

This Is One of Our Enthralling and Complete Little Novels

by Henry C. Rowland

Illustrations by Clarence F. Underwood

AFTER getting badly gassed and the heart-rib shorn out of him, they pinned a couple of medals on Dick Kenny and sent him home. This was ill-advised, as he himself pointed out, because there was a dearth of engineers at that moment and he had already started to grow a new set of lungs, while the uncommon weight and texture of his pectoral muscle made ample protection for his heart. But the surgeon told him to go home and breed more men like himself.

This advice sounded good to Dick, who decided, however, that before starting in to recruit the world's depleted man-power it would be a good plan to make provision for that quota for which he might some day be responsible. Wherefore, having both fought and loaned and thus feeling that he had the moral right, he returned to the far West and traded his Liberty Bonds in part-payment for a hole in the ground out of which he hoped some day to take a fortune.

But there had been obstacles, and he now found himself stone broke in the skeptical city of New York, reading a book and trying to get up the courage to confront his landlady. Dick had never shirked the idea of confronting Prussian Guards or barbed wire or poison gas or liquid fire, but landladies belong to quite a different class of culture.

Somewhere in the ancient and at one epoch aristocratic house, a clock struck the hour. Dick rose, reached in his pocket and drew out a handful of oyster crackers, his civilian ration for the day.

"The dust of defeat goes down with difficulty," thought Dick, and grinned. Not many men in his position would have bothered about the grin. Alone in a strange, big city, not a cent in his pocket, and he owed a week's rent. But being broke, desperate, in debt and at the end of his resources, was new and unexpected, and, therefore, romantic, and Dick was nothing if not romantic. It was Romance which had got him in this fix; purely commercial romance, and romance appeared the only channel by which he might hope to get out of it again.

But this was not in sight, and, therefore, according to the philosophy which he had just been reading, it was pure romance. That book had been a great comfort to Dick. "Reading maketh a full man," saith the sage; and the book, Chesterton's "Heretics," had been taxed to its limit. He had found it on the floor between the bed and the wall, overlooked by a previous lodger and also by the chambermaid.

Dick was forced to admit that he had failed, partly through lack of cheek, partly through lack of knowledge of how to arouse the interest of mankind in a proposition which technical experience convinced him was sound and good.

At the first of the month he must meet another payment of five hundred dollars on his claim or lose it, with the twenty-five hundred dollars which he had already paid. He reflected that it was as good as lost. All that remained to him was his return ticket to Nevada which would expire that day, the ticket and Nevada also as far as Dick's interest in either was concerned. He did not see precisely how he was going to manage the journey from New York to Nevada without food. To avail himself of the ticket he would have to abandon his valise, which contained practically nothing of value except some specimens of ore of which the value was quoted by the ton.

RATHER than come to an immediate decision Dick took up the book again, read a paragraph, then laid the volume down with a smile. What he had perused was as follows:

"The best way that a man could test his readiness to encounter the common variety of mankind would be to climb down the chimney of any house at random, and get on as well as possible with the people inside."

It struck Dick that this advice applied particularly to himself. There seemed indeed to be a peculiar fatality about his reading it just at that moment when he was at his wits' and purse's end because of his singular deficiency in the knowledge of which this method was the test. In a further paragraph the book also stated: "This is indeed the sublime and special romance of the family. It is Romance because it is a toss-up."

Dick began to speculate on what the practical result of such an experiment might be. Probably immediate arrest for house-breaking. But his legal knowledge told him that it would not be house-breaking because one could go down the chimney without breaking anything, except perhaps a leg. Neither could a charge of burglary be made if he did not try to burgle. One thing was certain: it would arouse interest in himself, and that was precisely what his last two weeks of strenuous endeavor had failed to accomplish in the slightest degree.

But there were two obstacles to the suggestion. Probably a man might be able to climb down the chimney of the old English house in which the book had been written, but not that of an American house, because the flues were too small. In the second place, such a procedure would ruin the one expensive suit of clothes which he possessed. However, it might not be necessary to take the suggestion so literally. Climbing down the scuttle in the roof, provided this were not hooked, would achieve the same result. Moreover, by so doing he could gain access to the street without encountering his landlady, whom he suspected of waiting in ambush for him at the foot of the stairs. Gaining speedy access to the street seemed to be the richest promise of the adventure.

Dick reflected that the writers of such statements assumed great responsibility. He decided to put the test to the proof, come what might out of it. His big, sole-leather valise for which he had paid fifty dollars only a month before would more than cover the amount of his bill. So Dick prepared for Romance. His room was on the top story rear, where he was the only lodger. Just outside the door was a ladder to the scuttle in the roof. The house was a large one in what had been fifty years before a fashionable quarter of the city, one of a brown-stone block, the roofs contiguous.

It would be a simple matter to gain the roof, walk down several houses and finding an unfastened scuttle

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climb down as Mr. Chesterton advised, and "get on as well as possible with the people inside." Dick made covenant with himself to follow the author's suggestions to the letter and comply with anything which the people inside the "house at random" might demand.

At any rate, the test seemed singularly easy of application. He picked up his hair brushes and looked in the glass where he beheld a broad-shouldered, bronzed young man of twenty-seven, jolly of face though rather lean of cheek and dark under the eyes, well-dressed and clean of linen. He brushed his wavy, reddish hair, wished himself good luck, then closed his window and started for the roof. The scuttle was unfastened and he slipped through, replacing it carefully behind him.

Proceeding as noiselessly as possible, he traversed a number of roofs, reflecting on the singular lack of personality in the carapaces of human abodes with their underlying lives and passions. Any turtle-shell, any beaver-house would present more individual character. He decided that perhaps roofs were constructed thus lacking in beauty or elegance because they were presented only to the eye of God, and that when flying became more general people might begin to decorate them.

The roofs were, however, something of an expression of the thrift of those they sheltered, and presently striking one in rather better order than its neighbors, he decided to elect this "the house at random." He tried the scuttle, which proved to be unfastened, reflecting on the inconsistency which leads a man to bar his basement windows with iron though open to the scrutiny of neighbors and policemen while leaving open to invasion an entry accessible from any house in the block. Dick raised the scuttle, slipped down the ladder and stood at its foot, listening and looking about him with considerable interest.

Somewhere below a man with a high voice was chattering excitably, the whining tones of a woman filling in the gaps. Dick heard the man say: "Marianne is in one of her cold rages. God help the fellow . . . if there is any fellow." Apparently the remark was overheard by its object, for there came a sudden swish at the foot of the stairs just under Dick, and looking down he was startled to see a pair of gleaming shoulders and to get a bird's-eye view of a robust girl in camisole and petticoat. She was leaning over the stairs, a shell-comb in one hand and a cascade of chestnut hair waving in the open space. "Will you stop that everlasting chatter, or else shut your door?" she called in a low-pitched, furious voice.

A door slammed. "Idiot . . . !" muttered the girl under her breath; and disappeared.

All desire to test his readiness to encounter the common variety of mankind faded in Dick's breast. In fact, he felt that it had been rudely tested and that further effort to get on as well as possible with the people inside this house would not prove brilliant. A homesickness for the street possessed him, and, determined to gratify it as soon as possible, he stole down the stairs. They stopped on that floor, the next flight being half-way down the hall. To gain this it was necessary to pass Marianne's open door.

THIS had a curtain which was not drawn. Dick peeped behind it — not as he who was struck blind for such offence, but to see if the coast was clear. It was partially so. Marianne was standing in front of a dressing-table combing her hair. She looked like an art advertisement for ladies' apparel. The street was his Mecca, and Marianne, stooping at that moment to rummage in a drawer, Dick went down two flights of stairs with the silent speed of a second-story worker.

He was almost at the bottom of the first flight, which was broad with a deep, handsome carpet and a heavy mahogany balustrade, when the front doorbell rang and Dick saw a tall figure in the vestibule. Disliking to bolt in the manner of a felon, Dick acted on impulse and slipped into the reception-room, where he seated himself in a dark corner. At the same moment he heard shuffling steps coming from the rear of the house. The front door was opened and a senile voice, apparently that of the butler, said: "Good morning, sir. Will you please step in here, sir?"

A pale young man in a shiny black suit entered the reception-room. He looked to Dick as though he might be a theological student or tutor or something of the sort, and also as if he were badly scared. The old butler did not see Dick. "Have a chair, sir," said he to the newcomer, and went out.

Now was Dick's chance, but he did not profit by it. He remembered his pledge with himself to see the experiment through. Besides, the extreme nervousness of the newcomer suggested the idea of his being a candidate for some position, and if so there was always the possibility that he might fail and leave the opportunity open to Dick. In the general air of tension which appeared to pervade this "house at random" the simple detail of how he had got in might be overlooked.

Several minutes passed. The silence was that which precedes the beginning of a funeral ceremony. There were rustlings about, but no actual sounds except the faint clinking of crockery far back in the butler's pantry. A heavy piece of furniture creaked of its own accord, and Dick's companion gave a start. Dick observed that the furnishings of the house were very rich, very ugly and very old. It represented the most costly and hideous early Victorian in all of its sullen gloom. For many years there had apparently been no effort to brighten or renovate, but all was spotlessly clean. A microbe lurking in the interstices of the brocaded lambrequin would not have dared stick out a claw. The shine of the useless porphyry ornaments on the mantel was like that of a well-kept sarcophagus.

DICK then observed that the nervousness of his companion was steadily increasing, growing poignant and as though approaching collapse. His white forehead and lantern jaw were bedewed with moisture, and his long, tightly shaven upper lip had an ashen tone. There was anguish in his eyes. Occasionally he swallowed, when his prominent Adam's apple appeared to rise at least four inches, stick for a moment, then gravitate slowly back in place. Another piece of furniture creaked and his prominent eyes looked wild.

Presently through the abysmal stillness came the sound of an upper door flung violently open. A voice which Dick recognized as that of Marianne demanded: "Has that darned fool come yet?"

"Sh'h'h'h . . . !" came a sibilant hiss; and Dick could visualize a pantomimic supplication for discretion. His companion drew a deep, shuddering breath. Dick glanced at him and thought he was going to faint.

"Well, then," snarled Marianne, "let's get the silly business over with!" More hisses came in answer. "Don't be such an idiot!" snapped Marianne. "I guess he knows what he's in for. He's getting well paid for it."

The tinkle of a telephone bell came down the shaft of the stairway. Somebody above gave a number. "That you, Dr. Lovejoy? Yes . . . yes, we're all ready . . . you'll be right over? Very well . . . good-bye." The man's high-pitched voice said reassuringly: "He's coming right over. I'll go down and talk to this young man."

"What does the imbecile look like?" Marianne demanded.

"I haven't seen him, my dear. Mr. Cheatham said he was most presentable."

"I'll go down, too. I want to inspect the dummy."

There came a gasp at Dick's elbow. His companion lurched upon his feet. The pallor of his face had become livid. "I . . . I . . . feel sick . . . be right back . . . " he mumbled, and whipped out of the front door, closing it with stealth behind him. Through the curtained window Dick caught a glimpse of his tall form cutting across the street at an angle, apparently heading for the corner saloon.

There came a rustling on the stairs, then a man and a girl entered. Dick rose and stood at attention, the light from the window throwing half of his clean-cut face in shadow. The man was short, fat, spindle-legged and nervous. The girl was neither short nor fat nor nervous nor (as Dick already knew) was she spindle-legged. She was a shapely girl with high coloring, nose in air and gray eyes which shot Dick a look of scorn.

"Good morning," said the bulbous man. "I'm Mr. Parchester, and this is my niece, Miss Darling. You are Mr. Simpson, I presume?"

"No, sir," Dick answered. "I am his understudy. He has abdicated."

The girl gave a short, [*Continued on page 55*]

Two New Poems

by Alfred Noyes

Nippon

LAST night, I dreamed of Nippon . . .
I saw a cloud of white
Drifting before the sunset
On seas of opal light.

Beyond the wide Pacific
I saw its mounded snow
Miraculously changing,
In that deep evening glow,

To rosy rifts and hillocks,
To orchards that I knew,
To snows of peach and cherry,
And feathers of bamboo.

I saw, on twisted bridges,
In blue and crimson gleams,
The lanterns of the fishers
Along the brook of dreams.

I saw the wreaths of incense
Like little ghosts arise,
From temples under Fuji,
From Fuji to the skies.

I saw that fairy mountain . . .
I watched it form and fade.
No doubt the gods were singing,
When Nippon isle was made.

To a Successful Man

(*What the Ghosts Said*)

AND after all the labor and the pains,
After the heaping up of gold on gold,
After success that locked your feet in chains,
And left you with a heart so tired and old,

Strange—is it not?—to find your chief desire
Is what you might have had for nothing then—
The face of love beside a cottage fire
And friendly laughter with your fellow-men.

You were so rich when fools esteemed you poor!
You ruled a field that kings could never buy;
The glory of the eve was at your door;
And all those quiet stars were in your sky.

The nook of ferns below the breathless wood
Where one poor book could unlock Paradise . . .
What will you give us now for that lost good?
Better forget. You cannot pay the price.

You left them for the fame in which you trust.
But youth, and hope—oh, did you buy them, too?
Courage! When dust at length returns to dust,
In your last dreams they may come back to you.

A Cure for Swine and Swinishness

by Campbell MacCulloch

Illustrations by Hy. Mayer

AND I tell you this country's going plumb to Hades with its foolishness! Here's this double-dashed income tax. Why, it's a damned unconstitutional iniquity! I've got to give up my fishing trip this year and two clubs to square off the six hundred and forty-odd dollars the Government stings me for — that is, if I can't switch some of it off. And then there's this fool prohibition. If I want one drink, or ten drinks, or twenty, whose blasted business is it? Just because a lot of yaps can't take a drink without getting drunk I've got to be put on the grill, I suppose! And look at the food business! Now we've got to suffer because those no-accounts over in Europe ——"

Biff! Bang! "Take that, you cheap, yellow-bellied near-American, you!" And I punched him in the nose and in the eye so that his nose ran red and his eye swelled and he whimpered and his friend fled and — and — and — eh?

Well, no, I didn't do anything of the sort, but by the spirit of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt I *wanted* to, for he was the twenty-seventh man, by actual count, that I'd heard whining because he was expected to pay something for the privilege of living and working and reaping a better reward than people ever before had the chance to reap in the United States of America!

And what's more, I had just left a man; a big-hearted, two-fisted human being from across the water who had given up two sons and a daughter and about nine-tenths of his personal fortune and his own left arm in four years and a half of war so that for three years of it the hound I'd listened to on the corner could sleep warm and live soft, and this man had said to me — you'd know his name if I mentioned it — he had said:

"I admire the American people for what they've done and for what they are, and I've full faith in their nerve to carry out what they start on; but, my friend, as a nation you are going to have some pretty bitter corners to turn, because ——" he paused and went on slowly, "— you haven't been made to understand the need of self-discipline. You have been indulging yourselves, and you've had the means for self-indulgence for so long, and you've been well-fed and prosperous and easy-going, and I'm just a little afraid that you are not going to be willing to pluck out the right eye and cut off the right hand; but — you'll have to do it. You'll have to do it if you are going to keep your bargain with humanity! If you are going to keep any sort of faith with yourself!"

And then I went out and heard a swine talking on the corner; a pig-in-a-sty, feet-in-the-trough swine grunting on a street corner about his own petty deprivations that it's dollars to doughnuts he makes his wife and children stand half of, anyway, and the day was that day when a real American who never whined in his life was being laid at rest out at Oyster Bay. It was about that minute that I came to a conclusion; the conclusion crystallized at the beginning of this jeremiad, which I'll repeat here once more:

> *LISTEN! Every male citizen, physically fit and able, owes the State a definite collectible service of not less than one year*

> LISTEN:—Every male citizen, physically fit and able, owes the State a definite, collectible service of not less than one year.

So that we may have no illusions, I'll say that the credit for this idea belongs to the late William James who first promulgated it some twenty years ago during the period of his professorial duties at Harvard University. He didn't say it in those words, but the basic thought was there.

Let's also get it clear that this is not a modulated and semi-concealed scheme for military conscription. It may or may not be a prologue or an addendum to it, but that is for the future. Just now we're after a cure for self-indulgent and selfish porkers. And also, just because I use the word *male*, it doesn't mean that I believe the feminine citizenry has no duty to the State, but merely that it is well to take one step forward at a time. As a matter of fact, from the way things are going with the sisterhood it should not be long before they will be camping on the steps of legislative halls and clamoring at the windows for participation in the plan.

There are no class distinctions possible here, in this thing we are discussing. The swine's progeny are not to be exempt. Silk pajamas and fur-lined slippers and political pulls are discounted — here, at any rate. Cook's son and multi-millionaire's heir rank equal, and their duty is alike. They owe the same debt and should pay it in the same way.

"But," somebody says, "this is anarchy, or socialism, or atavism, or something like that, and it's altogether foreign to our ideas."

Yes, and also there's another thing it *isn't!* It isn't Bolshevism, but it ought to count as an antidote for that, and it isn't any of the things you said, but it is plain, ordinary common sense, or something so close to common sense that it is worth thinking about. It's a bid for improved human relationships, and it stands on the same stones that were the foundations of the earlier Greek and Roman states.

There's nothing in the world that is so inert as the human mind; that is, the collective human mind. It goes around and around in its orbit, grinding its ruts deeper and deeper, and once in a blue moon or so some rebellious particle flies off at a tangent and we get a new idea born into the world; but the poor thing usually has one terrific fight to keep itself alight. And I have no manner of doubt at all but that capitalism and laborism and every other vested interest and right in the world will begin to squirm at the thought of admitting that there is such a thing as the common good and that the rights and interests of humanity are paramount to the wishes and desires of the individual — swine.

However, our job is to look this thing in the face and see if it won't operate. Everybody recognizes that there are tremendous forces at work in our world and that the things that were are shifting, shifting. We are passing into a new condition that we can only glimpse, but the strains and stresses our social structure is undergoing are bound to affect even the most solid of our institutions. He whom Emerson called "the man in the street" is beginning to see as through a wine glass dimly that the days of crass selfishness and rabid self-centered interests are no longer possible if the golden fabric our forefathers wove is to endure. Of course the *rights* of the individual can't be infringed by the State; the only thing necessary being that we want to be sure that when we say *rights* we don't mean the opposite things that the hog person has come to believe his own because he's been allowed to use them for so long.

Unbelievable things are happening on every side. Try to imagine the cataclysm that would have occurred two years ago if the Government had calmly annexed and run the railroads and the wire systems, and almost reached for the mines to run them, too. Wow! What a rumpus! And yet it would be a man as bold as he who first swallowed an oyster to say what the State won't be operating as a public utility a decade from now.

We mentioned the cook's son and the multi-millionaire's son a bit ago. If we think ever so little, instead of experiencing the reactions that we fondly believe we are thinking, we must realize that there are tremendous social problems confronting us on every hand. Among them may be found the perplexities attending adolescence, admittedly difficult [*Continued on page 47*]

The I-want-what-I-want-when-I-want-it fallacy

Biff! Bang! I punched him in the nose and eye

The Battle Line of Labor

How the American Federation Seeks the Safety of the World

by Samuel Gompers

Illustration by W. T. Benda

AMERICAN labor's loyalty to the fundamental principles of American democracy stands proven to the world in a record made through months of trial by fire. A loyalty so proven in such a test may be guaranteed to stand through the comparative calm of peace.

The loyalty of American labor during the War was a matter of world interest, a matter commented upon in all circles wherever men met over the world to discuss the fate of civilization and how best to protect its institutions against devastation at the hands of the enemy arms.

This loyalty was inherent in American labor. American labor lives close to the heart of the things that go to make the material side of what we speak of as democracy. Living thus close to the hard facts of it they understand the soul of it and breathe in communion with the very life of it. American labor is of the very stuff of democracy, because the life of the movement is close to the work of democracy, held there constantly by the paramount fact that work and body and soul are inseparable phases of the same life.

The American labor movement had never for a moment a single doubt as to what its course would be, where its heart was and where its duty led when the test came between democracy and autocracy. If the American labor movement had not been purely a movement of work—a movement having to do with the basic facts of life, this might not have been the case. If the American labor movement had been a movement of theory instead of a movement built upon and around work, there might have been a different story written into the record. If the American labor movement had been burdened with even an appreciable segment of detached theoretical leadership, there might have been a vastly different chapter. This is not said in condemnation of theory, but it is said in condemnation of theory which refuses to permit amendment from day to day so as to produce accord with the circumstances of the day.

Because the condition in the American labor movement is what it is, American organized labor stands to-day where it stood during the days of armed conflict, the great protector of true democracy, the keeper of the unceasing vigil of the citadels of right and justice and freedom.

And freedom, to American labor, is not something abstract. It is not merely a word for platform use. It is not a work of decorative rhetorical art. Freedom, for American labor, has no meaning until it is translated into terms of life — until it means an avenue to better, fuller, richer, nobler life; until it means opportunity for all to go on to the finest heights of human development, opportunity in such form as to beckon all to the upward path.

American labor believes that America means freedom of that immediate, livable, understandable kind. To American labor the name America means the best of America, the noblest, the truest, the kindliest, the bravest, the freest — all the rest must come up to that to become a part of what labor means when it proudly salutes as the flag goes by. For that the good fight was made on Flanders field, at Château-Thierry, at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne. For that men stripped to the waists in the foundries and froze in the shipyards until the foe gave up in ignominious defeat. For that American labor proposes to go on struggling. For that American labor proposes to go on fighting the good fight, whether it be at the peace table in Paris or in the coal fields of Ohio.

There are those who think that anything that exists in American life can be set forth bearing the label "America" and command the loyalty and devotion of American labor. This, of course, is not the case. American labor is the unrelenting foe of every institution everywhere that makes for oppression and unfreedom and the lowering of the standard of life for men and women.

The facts of history have written the record out of which these statements are made. Standing upon that record we look into the future.

Our course will not be different from what it has been in the past. The War did not compel us to make any change in our course. What the War did was to lay before us the necessity of putting our every ounce of strength and energy into the work of safeguarding what we had so long striven for. Our movement went on in the same direction. The War opened before us as a majestic, climactic episode on the road to the fulfilment of a great historic mission.

There were those — and in large numbers — who disagreed with us before the War. They cast stones at our heads and mocked the sincerity of our hearts. But in the great test our movement was the very fabric of our national life. The labor movement was an organized force doing the work of the War, holding steady and true the creative and productive forces without which there could have been no victory. Many there were who came to us and avowed agreement with our purposes. We had not changed in our purpose. They had either changed in theirs or they had come to see ours in its true light. The war removed much skepticism.

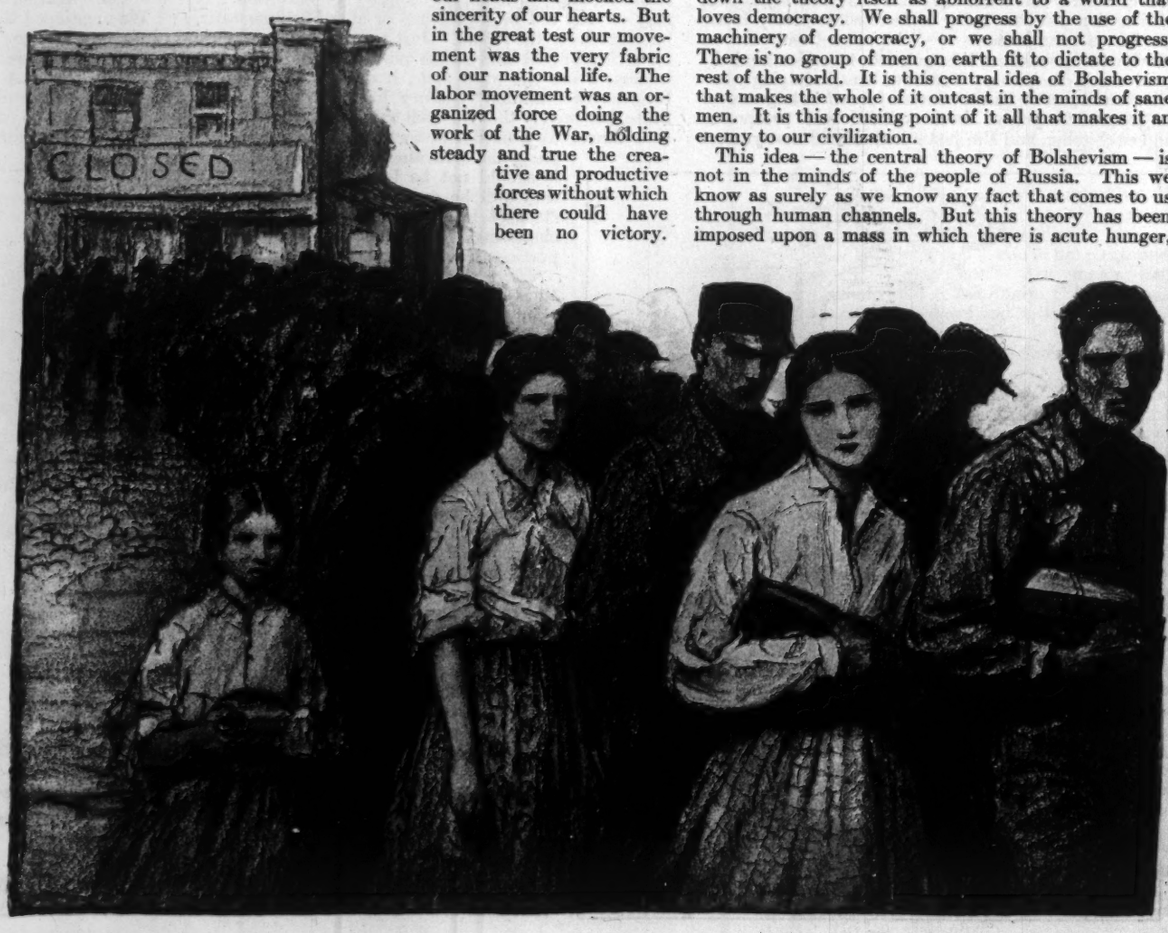
We have not done with being tested. Life is a continuous test for all things human. But just ahead of us lies a testing that will be scarcely less severe than that through which we went in the grinding months of war. Little is as it was before the great fires swept over the earth. We must build anew. In the building we shall build better or we shall build worse. Better to say we shall build wisely, or we shall destroy.

The movement of destruction is abroad in the world to-day. The philosophy of despair has its fanatic adherents. The lean body has furnished many a weak mind as prey to teachings of reaction masked under a pretense of progress. Those who see wisely into the future must, if society is to be saved from fires more consuming than those we have known, so shape the course of the world as to offer this hideous wraith of destruction no foothold. The lean body has a right to the opportunity to get food. If it is denied that right it is fair sport for the teacher of ruin. If it is denied that fundamental right it will sooner or later furnish a weak mind likely to fall prey to whatsoever may come promising relief, no matter how unsound or impossible may be that promise.

Russia stands before our gaze like a flaming torch of warning. A thing called Bolshevism has reared its ugly head in that sad and sorry land. Bolshevism is a theory, the chief tenet of which is the "dictatorship of the proletariat." Leaving out of consideration for the moment the story of murder and devastation that has marched with this theory into practise, we must set down the theory itself as abhorrent to a world that loves democracy. We shall progress by the use of the machinery of democracy, or we shall not progress. There is no group of men on earth fit to dictate to the rest of the world. It is this central idea of Bolshevism that makes the whole of it outcast in the minds of sane men. It is this focusing point of it all that makes it an enemy to our civilization.

This idea — the central theory of Bolshevism — is not in the minds of the people of Russia. This we know as surely as we know any fact that comes to us through human channels. But this theory has been imposed upon a mass in which there is acute hunger,

Next month:—Gompers On Labor and Beer



in which there is disorganization, in which there is no strong, normal soul or body left to combat evil immediately and effectively.

Were there an American Federation of Labor in Russia there could have been no Bolshevism. Were there no organized labor movement in America devoted to the ideals of liberty and right and justice and unshaken in its faith in progress through the orderly processes of democracy, there would be Bolshevism in America. If there should be in America any great denial of the just aspirations of the working people as voiced by their organized movement there would be a dangerous flow toward Bolshevism that would be neither pleasant nor helpful for America.

There is a tendency in the world to-day to say that everything of a forward-looking nature with which one disagrees is Bolshevism. It has become almost a habit to use that term loosely. But there is a just ambition for a higher standard of life and living that is not Bolshevism and that will not be denied, except at the imminent peril of those who deny, if they prove themselves strong enough to deny with compelling force. The safety of the world to-day—and I say this as one who loves with deep passion the institutions of our own nation and of all democratic peoples — lies in an orderly advancement toward better lives for working people everywhere.

We cannot and do not overlook the fact that there is in the world to-day a great deficit in the supply of things. There is a void where there used to be plenty. We must fill that void with things that go to make life as we know it. But we must try our best to fill that void in such a way that what we put into it will actually mean life for the people and not a surplus for the fortunate few. In our ability to do this will lie much of the safety of our institutions in the immediate future, and much of our chances to realize over the long stretches of time ahead the highest of the ideals with which the whole world has become imbued through our struggle to save the civilization we have built with so much sacrifice and pain.

To tear down is easy. Mere physical strength is required. Samson pulled down a great temple by the effort of his arms. To build a temple requires great labor and skill. There is no shortage of those who know how to pull down the temple to-day. Those who build can prevent destruction by building so well as to defy destruction.

When we emerged from the War there were men who, perhaps unthinkingly, set up cries in our country for the reduction of wages. They saw only one thing — reduction of production costs. They did not see the whole world problem as an entity. They saw their corner of it — and they spoke quickly.

Whatever may have been their intent, their action, if it were permitted to become action, would furnish the richest food Bolshevism could ask for in America. The world was not saved for misery, but for light and life. Reduction of wages has never led a people toward light and life. Always it has led toward panic and hunger and ill-considered action.

We have come forward toward light and life through such measures as the Clayton Law which provides that the labor of a human being is not a commodity or article of commerce; and the seamen's law which makes the seaman free from the bondage of earlier days. We have succeeded in establishing a concept in law and in administration that the welfare of the workers is a matter of paramount interest. In this direction we must go, for this direction is forward and any other must be backward. American labor does not necessarily ask for more law. Our movement has never sought a wealth of law, it has asked only such law as is needed to clear path to the progress. The great task has been to secure the removal of law that blocked that path.

THE field is littered with the whitened bones of those who have gone seeking salvation through laws. This the American labor movement has recognized, and there is no immediate danger that this philosophy will be deserted in favor of whims and caprices of similar portent. In the realm of political life there is always present the great personal necessity for remaining in political life. In the realm of industry there is only the necessity of going forward with the tasks and battles of industrial life, out of which we cannot emerge even if we should wish to. The facts are inescapable — the battles must be fought where they are. Industry is real — as real as tools and iron and coal and wheat. Men can lay their hands to the things of industry and get the feel of them. There is definiteness in industry, a great, all-enveloping, all-enfolding definiteness that comes as natural to mankind as life itself, because he goes through life by the feel of these things of industry.

There is nothing fixed and definite in the realm of abstraction — in the realm of politics. It lends itself to a false understanding of things that are real. When men depart from the fundamental productive process of the life of the world there is no power on earth that can guarantee the accuracy of the course they still pursue. Look back upon the record of falsity made by these movements of abstraction in the War. Against such error the American labor movement, in its loyalty to the cause of mankind, sets its face and must continue to set its face.

[*Continued on page 62*]

"The safety of the world to-day — and I say this as one who loves with deep passion the institutions of our own nation and of all democratic peoples — lies in an orderly advancement toward better lives for working people everywhere"

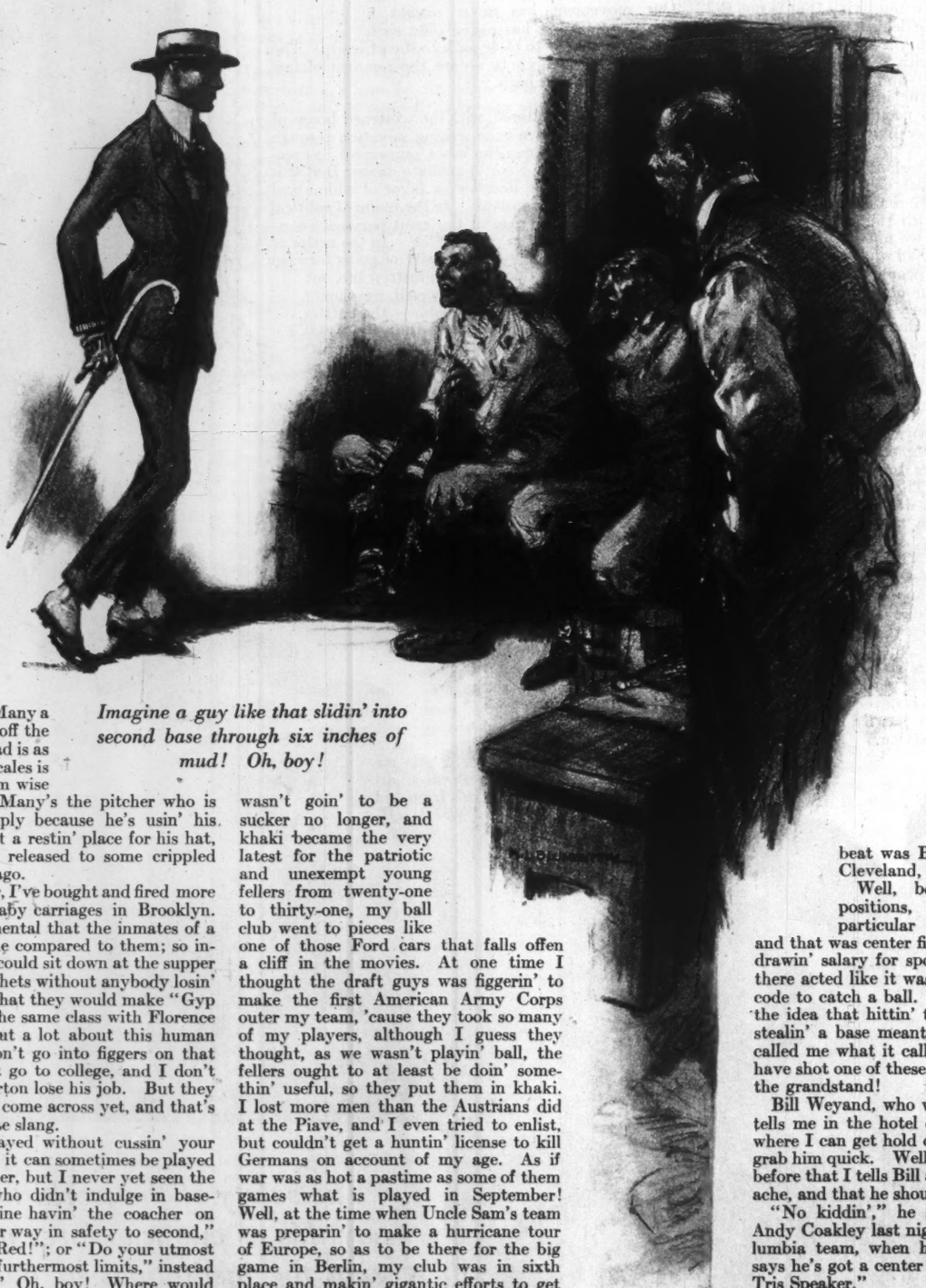
The Millionaire Kid

This Is the First of Some Whacking Good Baseball Stories

by Clifford Hollander

Illustrations by M. L. Blumenthal

THERE is a old proverb which says that anything goes in love and war. As the world got more civilized, pinocle, Irish stew and stud poker were added. I got another entry to make, which same is the great national pastime called baseball. I been in them mad fights for pennants and world's series money ever since Washington and last place became one and the same thing, which is a long time. Since my connection with the great national pastime (as them sportin' writers calls it), I've done everything on a ball-field but agree with the umpire, and once I come near buyin' a club of my own, but was saved in the nick of time by quittin' booze and takin' quinine instead. The guys what say baseball is simple could learn Chinese in a day and understand baby talk. I'm convinced they is more angles to the game than they is to Times Square, and I've picked up more things on a ball-field besides a grounder. Many a game has been won or lost off the playin' field, and a good head is as useful to a ball player as scales is to a fish, despite what them wise guys say to get laughs. Many's the pitcher who is winnin' games to-day simply because he's usin' his bean for somethin' else but a restin' place for his hat, when he should have been released to some crippled home for the infirm years ago.



Imagine a guy like that slidin' into second base through six inches of mud! Oh, boy!

Since I become a manager, I've bought and fired more ball players than they is baby carriages in Brooklyn. I've had guys so temperamental that the inmates of a nut asylum would look sane compared to them; so innocent and pure that they could sit down at the supper table with the Twelve Prophets without anybody losin' his appetite, and so tough that they would make "Gyp the Blood" seem to be in the same class with Florence Nightingale. I've found out a lot about this human nature stuff, too; but I won't go into figgers on that part of it, because I didn't go to college, and I don't want to have Hughie Fullerton lose his job. But they is one kind of feller I never come across yet, and that's the guy who would never use slang.

Now baseball can be played without cussin' your head off (as golf can't), and it can sometimes be played without committin' a murder, but I never yet seen the ball player, good or bad, who didn't indulge in baseball slang. Can you imagine havin' the coacher on third say: "Now make your way in safety to second," instead of: "Steal second, Red!"; or "Do your utmost to propel the globule to the furthermost limits," instead of: "Swat that ol' apple?" Oh, boy! Where would Hughie Jennings and those guys be? What pleasure would the fans get? The only time we played before a crowd that didn't use slang was when we staged a benefit game for a deef and dumb asylum, and they may have been cussin' their heads off for all I know!

But fin'ly I come across such a wonder, and I will now present the facts for the first time in history.

When the President at last decided that this country wasn't goin' to be a sucker no longer, and khaki became the very latest for the patriotic and unexempt young fellers from twenty-one to thirty-one, my ball club went to pieces like one of those Ford cars that falls offen a cliff in the movies. At one time I thought the draft guys was figgerin' to make the first American Army Corps outer my team, 'cause they took so many of my players, although I guess they thought, as we wasn't playin' ball, the fellers ought to at least be doin' somethin' useful, so they put them in khaki. I lost more men than the Austrians did at the Piave, and I even tried to enlist, but couldn't get a huntin' license to kill Germans on account of my age. As if war was as hot a pastime as some of them games what is played in September! Well, at the time when Uncle Sam's team was preparin' to make a hurricane tour of Europe, so as to be there for the big game in Berlin, my club was in sixth place and makin' gigantic efforts to get further back than that, so I guess the draft guys did a wise thing to put my team in the army, or the bottom would have dropped out of the league.

Well, when the draft got done with me, I had five guys left that knowed the difference between a base on balls and right field, and they was old enough to have been on the reception committee which welcomed Lafayette when he first visited this country. The club owners was gettin' dizzy, because our percentage and the spectators was fallin' off like clothes in a musical comedy, and they says to patch up a team which could finish the season and still make a run in a four game series with St. Looey, or I'd have to take up sellin' peanuts or somethin' like that for a livin'. They says I could spend money like a camel drinks water, and I knowed from previous years what they meant. A camel goes a week without a drink, and anyway did you ever try to spend water?

By the middle of May I was able to put at least nine men in the field, and by June we was makin' as many runs per week as Roossia was takin' Germans. In a few weeks we was winnin' games, much to the amazement of the owners and myself. The boss quit lookin' up prices on bichloride of mercury and says, if I could finish fourth or better, he would give every man on the team a bonus and promised me everything but Central Park. He claimed this oughter be easy, because all we had to beat was Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, and St. Looey.

Well, besides the other eight positions, they was one place in particular where we was weak, and that was center field. The guy which was drawin' salary for spoilin' the green grass out there acted like it was a violation of the penal code to catch a ball. Also he seemed to have the idea that hittin' the ball was cruelty, and stealin' a base meant Sing Sing. If the fans called me what it called him, I would at least have shot one of these here Minnie Weffers into the grandstand!

Bill Weyand, who was playin' short for me, tells me in the hotel one night that he knows where I can get hold of a good ball player, if I grab him quick. Well, I heard this gag so often before that I tells Bill aspirin is good for a headache, and that he should go to bed early.

"No kiddin'," he says. "I was out with Andy Coakley last night what coaches the Columbia team, when he ain't workin', and he says he's got a center fielder what's as good as Tris Speaker."

"That ends it!" I says. "I seen them guys which is another Ty Cobb or a Tris Speaker. They bats eight hundred on the spring trainin' trip, and when the season once gets started, they hits everything in back of the catcher. I suppose if you wins twenty bucks in a pinocle game, you'd think you was the Bank of England, eh? Lay off that stuff! The only thing them dead ringers for Cobb, Baker and Burns has got

in common is the way they wears their uneyforms!"

"Well, don't say I didn't put you wise," he says. "This guy can be got if you hurry. College is over, and he's waitin' for Andy to land him a job. The Boston Braves and the Giants are hot on his trail. He can hit three hundred with one hand and runs bases as if sent by telegram!"

For my part I don't think much of the college ball player. Connie Mack has been tryin' them out now for the last three years, and the only reason they keep them in the league is because they gotta have eight teams. But then again Eddie Collins and George Smith both come from this here Columbia, so I thought I could take a chance just because this guy comes from the same place.

"Has the U. S. army got any strings on him?" I asks.

"That's the best part of it," says Bill. "He's only nineteen, and the draft doesn't exist as far as he's concerned."

"All right!" I says. "'Phone Andy to-night to have this guy come out for practise to-morrow mornin', and if he's no good, I'll find a way of settin' you back twenty-five simoleons!"

He looked good in a uneyform

Well, bright and early the next mornin', or about ten-thirty, I was in the clubhouse locker room when in walks a feller that looked like one of these Kuppenheimer Clothes advertisements. Beau Brummel would have looked like a tramp, compared to him. The pink and white shirt wasn't so bad, nor was the green pinch-back coat, but what got my nanny was the gray silk gloves, the gray spats, and the yellow cane.

I hadn't as yet recovered from the shock when Bill Weyand edges up and whispers in my ear: "This is the new center fielder, Ed."

I was just on the point of tellin' this clothes shop model that this was a ball club and not a employment agency for chorus men, when he ups and says, after makin' a bow like I was a ambassador or somethin',

"Pawdon, sir, I believe you are the manager, are you not? Mr. Coakley was kind enough to recommend me to you and informed me that I was to report heah this mawning. I am desirous of playing the outfield, sir, and hope that I may be permitted to show whatever ability I possess. My name is Archibald Tewkesberry Butteridge, II."

Oh, boy!

I didn't know should I bust Bill Weyand on the nose or kiss this guy!

Well, I gives the feller with the movin' picture name a long, lingerin' look and fin'ly decides that Andy Coakley must have been playin' a April fool joke on me — only it's June. They seemed to be as much baseball in him as they is chicken in a chicken pie, and he acted like he wanted to grab a dirty ball like I want to touch a live wire. Imagine a guy like that slidin' into second base through six inches of mud! Another Tris Speaker — Oh, boy!

"Look here!" I says. "If you work for me, you play under the name of Archie Butteridge, which, Lord knows, is bad enough. None of that Huckleberry, II. stuff in this club! I ain't runnin' one of these exclusive sewin' societies, or hirin' chorus girls; what I wants is a guy what can play ball. If you could get runs with fancy names, I'd call everybody on my club Winthrop or Genevieve, and set out to win all the pennants from here to Walla Walla. I will lend you a uneyform without askin' for security and escort you to yon diamond. If you got anything besides a trick name, show it, and, if you ain't, I will point out the exit through which you better pass as quickly as possible."

"That's both satisfactory and agreeable to me," pipes out this guy. "I am very anxious to make a good impression and shall endeavor to put forth my best efforts."

With this little spiel off his chest, he starts for the lockers. Lefty Conners was blockin' up the aisle, and there was about as much room to pass as they is in a subway car durin' rush hour.

Archie taps him on the shoulder with his cane and says: "Beg pawdon, sir, would you mind moving slightly to one side so as to allow me sufficient room to pass?"

Lefty must have been on the verge of faintin', 'cause he suddenly drops down on the bench and looks at this bird with open mouth.

With a "Thank you, kindly," Archie passes in.

"Andy told me he's peculiar that way," says Weyand, noticin' the look of disgust on my face. "Says he always uses big words and has never been known to use slang. Father is a millionaire with a yacht, country home, and a barn full of coal. The kid plays ball just for the fun and exercise. Some guys is funny that way, I guess."

"Well," I says, "that bird will be about as comfortable with this club as a guy wearin' woolen underwear bustin' in on a cootie convention. These roughnecks is liable to break him up when once they gets acquainted. But if he shows he can hit a baseball, I'll protect him all right."

Well, out comes this Archie guy on the field with one of those dancin' master walks, swingin' from side to side like a oil lamp in a breeze. He was a well-built feller and looked good in a uneyform, but so would the guy what poses for the collar ads. If everything was as good as it looks, there wouldn't be such things as fortune-tellers, baby-faced chorus girls, and toadstools.

I put Archie out in the field and told him to cut loose. Red Carter hits him a fly that a chess player could have caught; but Archie must have suddenly got dizzy for he starts goin' round and round like one of these airyplanes in a tail-spin. Fin'ly the ball comes down and he just puts up his glove in time to prevent hisself from bein' hit on the head, and said ball bounces about forty feet into right field. Cactus Cravath, who just gets to first on a ordinary double, could of made third on it without even gettin' winded.

The rest of the bunch says things as complimentary as you or I would, were we speakin' about the Kaiser. Spike Mulligan was laughin' so hard I thought he'd get a stroke!

"Oh, boy!" I says to Weyand. "If that guy is another Tris Speaker, I'm a second Bill Shakespeare. I'll let him stay the rest of the mornin'. A good laugh won't hurt the boys."

"You wait!" says Weyand. "He'll show you and the rest of this gang up in a minute. Steady, Archie, old boy," he hollers. "We're all with you!"

Archie comes runnin' in to me and says: "Very sorry I missed that one, Mr. Manager. I believe I must have misjudged it, due to nervousness. Hope you won't regard that as a criterion of my ability. I prefer ——"

"SHUT up!" I hollers. "I don't wanna listen to no lecture. Get back and play ball!"

"Thank you, Mr. Manager," he says, and makes another one of them bows, like he was speakin' to Lord Reading.

Well, I said I'd let him stay the rest of the mornin'. Before it was even half over, I had him put his John Hancock on to a contract for fear somebody was gonna steal him away. After that first muff, this bird's work would have made Ty Cobb turn green with envy. He covered as much ground as Madison Square Garden, makin' all kinds of impossible catches. He caught every fly except one that went out into the street, and he'd a got that one if the bleachers wasn't in the way. At bat he never hit for anything less than two bases and purposely put one wild pitch in left field and one in right, besides puttin' two balls over the fence — and both of them off Lefty Conners, our best pitcher. After that I dragged him out for fear he'd lose all our balls. When we at last gets into the locker room, he walks up to Lefty and says:

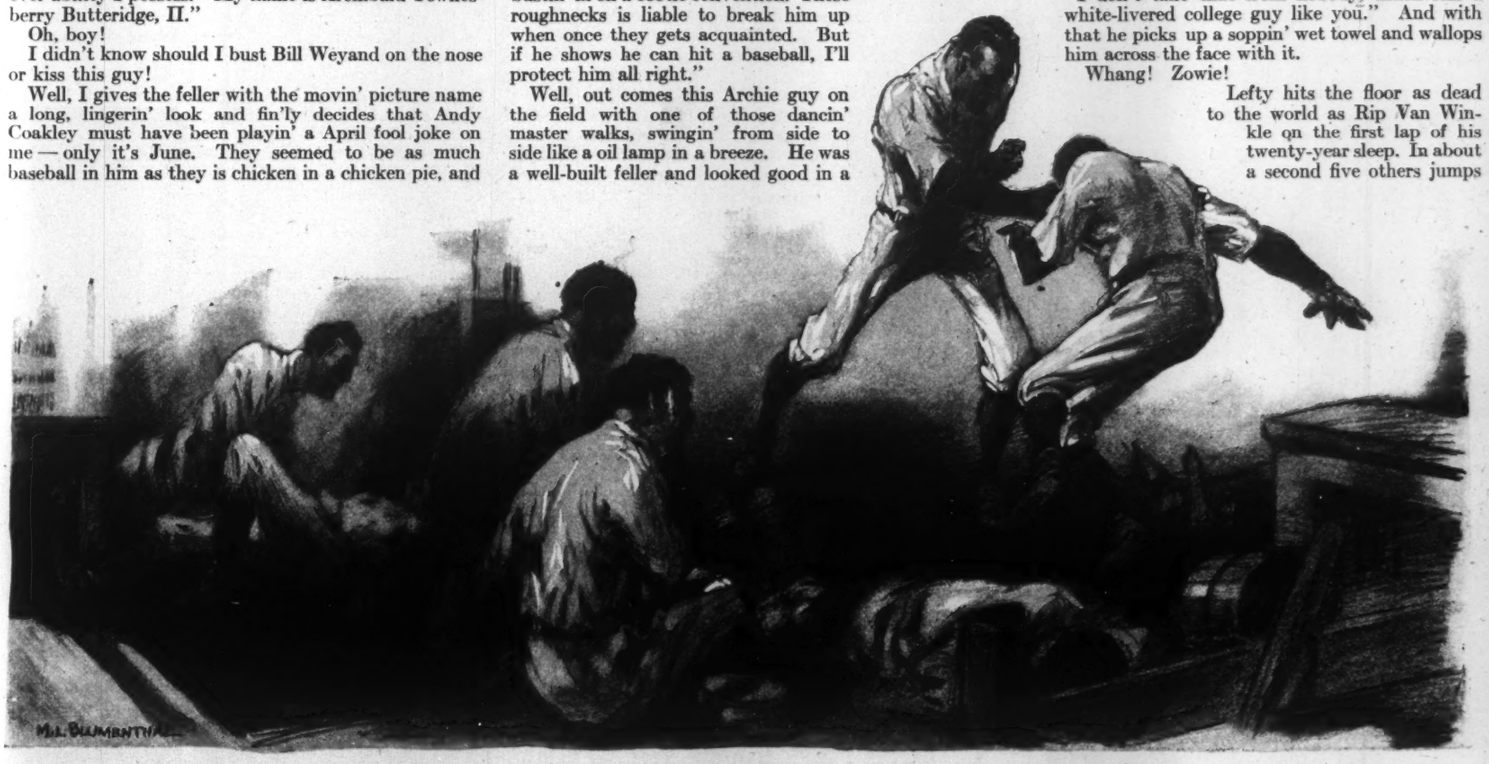
"Sorry, Mr. Conners, I was forced to hit the balls you threw so hard, but under the circumstances I was naturally anxious to make as good an impression as possible."

Lefty first turns white and then as red as a sunset. "Don't give me none of your lip!" he fin'ly busts out.

"I don't take that from nobody, much less a white-livered college guy like you." And with that he picks up a soppin' wet towel and wallops him across the face with it.

Whang! Zowie!

Lefty hits the floor as dead to the world as Rip Van Winkle on the first lap of his twenty-year sleep. In about a second five others jumps



In less time than it takes to tell it he had the place lookin' like the battle of the Marne

"Just a minute," says Archie. "I have two pairs — but they're both fours!" With my own eyes I saw him hold a pair of sevens before the draw. I was growin' dizzy!

in, and then Archie cut loose. In less time than it takes to tell it he had the place lookin' like the battle of the Marne — all but the fastest runners joined the gang on the floor. In his palmiest days Jim Jeffries never hit so hard and so straight. I only wisht I had the movin' picture rights to the scrap!

When the last feller had kissed the floor, Archie begins to comb his hair as if nothin' had happened. When he finished he walks over to me, and, as I was standin' with my back to the wall and couldn't run, I puts up a silent prayer that he'd show mercy to my white hairs.

"Sorry, Mr. Manager, but I was forced to do it," he says, relievin' me a lot. "You undoubtedly realize that under the circumstances the entire incident was quite unavoidable."

Just then, Jimmy Phillips walks in and asks what the excitement is about. Without a word Archie turns around and knocks him cold!

Well, nearly all the other clubs in the league got ripped wide open by the draft, on account of havin' most of their best ball players bein' either took for the army or jumpin' to the shipyards. This was a tough break for the Heinies, but it was lucky for us, because, with the whole league broke to pieces, we had a chance to land in the first division. Since the days when Hans Wagner was a baby, nobody ever seen no baseball like my team put up durin' August. We busted up the Red Sox's chance for the pennant, we made Detroit look like they was playin' parcheesi, and out of ten games with St. Looey we takes a even ten. With all that we had as much chance of winnin' the pennant as the Crown Prince has of bein' elected to the Belgian Chamber of Deputies, but we sure did make a race outer the thing and had the other teams figgerin' was it best to beat us with mustard gas or hand grenades!

THE baseball writers went nuts over Archie Butteridge. He got more advertisin' than Mary Pickford and had his picture in the papers oftener than Wilson. They didn't call him a second Tris Speaker, but began comparin' Speaker, Cobb and Sisler with *him!* And the fact that his dad was a millionaire was played to a fare-thee-well. A biography of his life was written, a cigar was named after him, and his picture covered three-quarters of a tooth paste ad! And the perfumed notes that was sent him! I'll tell the world that Tilly Shafer, when he was with the Giants, didn't get so many scented letters from girls in three years as this Archie guy got in a week. We was drawin' bigger crowds than any two other clubs in the league, just because of this bird. There wasn't a game that he didn't get two or more hits and pull down a couple flies offen the fences. The fans was talkin' more about him than they was of the War. They flocked from all parts of the country to see this guy play, and I could have sold him to any other club for more money than the First Liberty Loan got, but I would just as soon sell my right eye.

There was one thing about Archibald Tewkesberry Butteridge, II, though, that got me. That was his way of makin' a spiel. No matter what he says, he throws off big words a yard and a half long as easy as water rolls off a duck's back. Of course it was natural with him and not put on, but that is just what made me sit up nights thinkin' as to how long he'd last, because I never yet seen the ball player who didn't swear or use slang. But cuss words and slang was as foreign to him as a Hindoo psalm is to me. I think he musta been the guy what helped Noah Webster write the dictionary! When we was on the road, and the other boys would go out or to a picture show, he'd sit in the hotel readin'. And the books he read! Oncet I looked over his shoulder and saw the headin' of a chapter, which was: "Darwinism from the anthropological viewpoint." Oh, boy! If there was anythin' that guy didn't know somethin' about, it wasn't invented. But the thing that worried me was, could a guy like that keep on bein' a great ball player?

We was playin' the last series of western games with the Clevelands, and we needed every game to land in the money. The Clevelands needs 'em, too, because they was right on the heels of the leaders. The crowd that come out for the last game was as big as the American army marchin' on Berlin and as calm as a Bolsheviki mass meetin'. The players was fightin' over every play like it was Alsace-Lorraine. In the eighth innin' Archie Butteridge comes up with the score 1–1, two out, and a man on second dancin' around like he had the itch.

Well, the Millionaire Kid, as everybody now calls him, catches one on the end of his bat and sends it down the right field foul line a couple yards inside the white chalk mark for as nice a triple as you, I, or anybody else ever seen. Archie was goin' around the bags as if sent by cablegram when Hank O'Day, who was umpirin' back of the plate, and who oughta been in a old man's home long ago, bawls out "Foul!" We all rushes out ready to skin him alive, and even the Cleveland fans is so dazed at the decision they acts like they was in church. Archie comes hoofin' it in, and I thought to myself, now at last is the time he cuts loose with a assortment of cuss words that would do credit to a guy in a front line trench.

"Beg pawdon; Mr. O'Day," he says. "Don't you think it possible you erred in passing judgment on that last ball? I fully realize the uncomfortable predicament you're in, but possibly awfter due deliberation you might alter your decision. Viewing the situation from all angles ——"

"Yer out of the game," snarls the ump, "fer cussin' in public, and I fine you twenty bucks besides!"

Archie gave his belt a hitch. Oh, boy! I thinks, here is where a one round bout takes place, and the ump goes to the hospital in a ambulance.

"Dot his eye!" whispers Red Carter.

Archie turns around and, strikin' a Henry Clay pose, says to Red:

"It has been proven since time immemorial that nobody is infallible. It is only human nature to err, and, although sometimes these mistakes may prove costly, we should learn our lesson from them, so as to guide ourselves in the future. Especially in the heat of combat are mistakes likely to be made. I do not doubt but that the umpire truly thought the ball I hit was foul, and, as we are governed by his judgment, we should abide by any decision he makes. I beg your pawdon, Mr. O'Day," he goes on, turnin' round. "It grieves me that I permitted myself to doubt your word. I assure you that hereawfter I shall never debate the umpire's decision!"

WITH that he bows to this robber as if he was speakin' to Marshal Foch, turns on his heel, and prances off to the clubhouse.

The bunch nearly faints, and Hank O'Day drinks a whole bucket of water before he is ready to stand back of the plate again.

Well, after that, I gives this guy up, and so does the gang. The boys never says nothin' disrespectful to him, though, because some of them still carried the marks of that first mornin' when Archie showed up. They leaves him alone like he was a hand grenade, but that is what Archie wanted. On the trains, in the hotels, whenever he had nothin' to do, he pulls out one of them high-brow books and reads, instead of kiddin' the girl back of the cigar counter, or leanin' up against a bar, like the other guys done. The most intoxicatin' thing he drinks is ginger ale, and he keeps away from the women like they all got the flu. Havin' enough money to finance the Red Cross, the boys was naturally anxious to get him in a poker or crap game and fleece him. But this guy musta been wise, because he always politely declines the offer with a speech that was as good as anything Dan Webster ever pulled off — and that bird batted in the 400 class.

One rainy night in Chi, I was chinnin' in the lobby with Spike Mulligan, Foxy Hylan, George Sparks, and a newspaper reporter. Nobody else was around except Archie, who was sittin' in a corner readin' a book on psychology, as usual, the rest of the bunch havin' went to the movies.

Spike, Foxy and George puts their heads together and figgers out how they can get the Millionaire Kid in a poker game. For the hundredth time they can figger on no other way but to ask him, and Foxy is appointed to do the invitin'. He strolls over to Archie and says in his smooth way: [*Continued on page 59*]

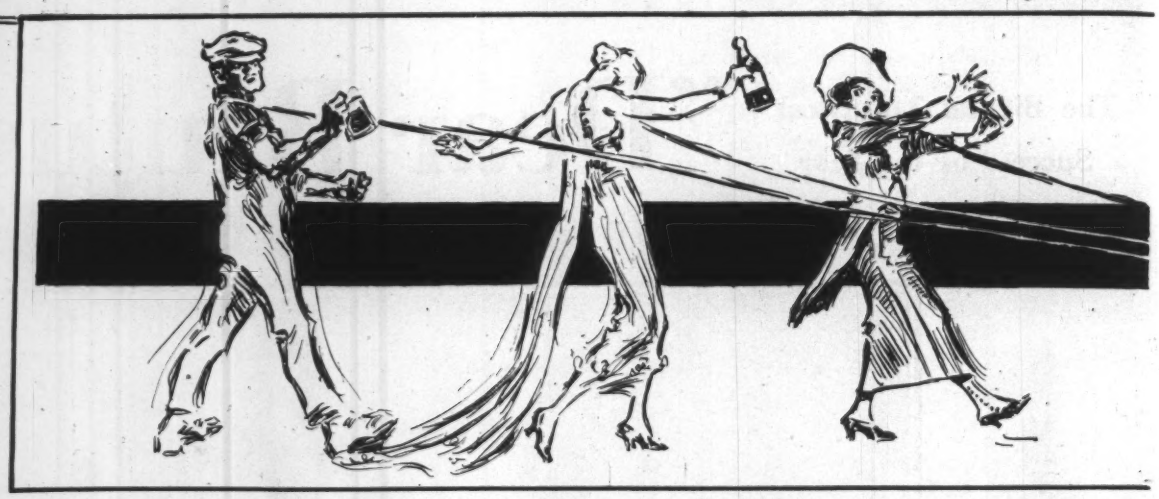
The Biggest Theatrical Success of the Year

"Dear Brutus" *by* Dear Barrie

Helen Hayes as the fairylike might-have-been daughter

William Gillette as the man who wanted a second chance

Barrie writes most of his plays in the kitchen of his little flat in Adelphia Terrace. Good things come out of kitchens, but nothing better ever came out of any kitchen than the things that Barrie writes. He says he likes to write before a glowing stove with shining pots and pans hanging around him. When he was a little boy in Scotland he used to sit with his mother in her kitchen, and it is in just such a homely room that he feels her inspiration most and works best



The dry amendment has some charms

Pro-Booze or

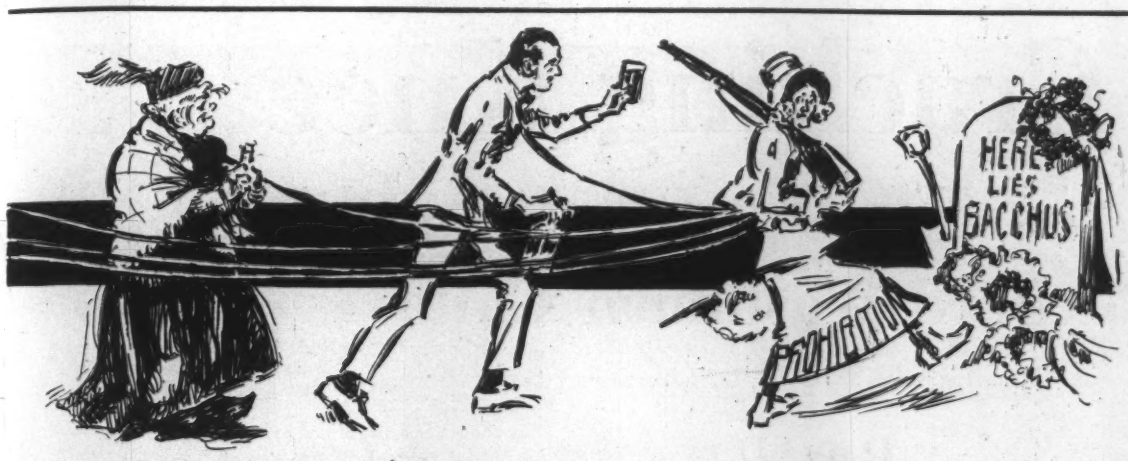
What Will We Do Buried on the

Sketches by

New Year's Eve—1919!

How will the bald-headed row stay awake?

The only bottle in sight



Pro-hibition?

When Bacchus Is Thirst of July!

Seddie Aspell

New Year's Eve — 1920!

No kick!

There's no doubt that the Wets Have It!

Going abroad for a cocktail

The Cracking Knee

A Serial Overflowing With Excitement, Love and Mystery

by Richard Washburn Child

Illustration by W. H. D. Koerner

Part II

THE consumptive owner of the "*Bobbin*," who was chief engineer and pilot also, was no better pleased than Dora with the menace of that shadow of Loong's rock and the compound built upon its top.

"What's the matter, Wu?" asked Binns, who had seen the yellow, dried apple face of the other scowling up.

"I no like," replied Wu.

"No like—what?"

"Ha-ha. I think more better no live topside rock."

"You'll think better of it when you go ashore and see the view from there."

"I no go," said Wu decidedly. "I stay by boat."

"Me," added the boatman watching the anchor rope tighten as their craft swung back over the shallows. The cook with bare brown shoulders was squatting at the stern scraping refuse from the luncheon plates; he grunted.

"They're afraid of devils," said Davy. "Just as soon as the existent devils are shopworn the Taoist priests invent new ones and sell a new set of charms against them."

Dora saw the three Chinese turn with one motion toward her husband's back and stare at it with the same noncommittal expressionless stare. He was quite oblivious to any implication to be drawn from their behavior. Indeed he was unwontedly gay; he sang, he danced about the cockpit; he raised his strong baritone voice louder and louder in a rollicking English hunting song.

"We must make Loong aware of our presence," he exclaimed. "We must be vulgar, noisy tourists — a noisy couple on a honeymoon — an attractive contrast to the bally whispering villains who are his occasional visitors. They say the old man, who is falling to pieces, loves the breath of youth — the excitement of banquets given to strangers from America and all that sort of thing—the breath of youth."

Dora turned up the corners of her lips. She said. "I hope you will not tell him that you are an American, Davy. It really wouldn't be convincing."

Binns clasped his strong fingers over one knee and Dora looked at the tanned backs of his hands.

"You have nice hands, haven't you?" she inquired.

He looked at her, vexed, jumped up and paced across the cockpit.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, turning back suddenly.

"What?" Dora's startled glance followed his.

"The old rascal is coming himself to look us over."

DOWN the steps cut in the cliff descended a tall lean figure clad in a long robe of dark brown. Two coolies in blue cotton followed this figure until it disappeared behind the ruins of the tea house at the landing. A flock of some strange water birds which had been feeding there were frightened as if Loong's figure cast the shadow of a hawk, and rising flew off across the river uttering peevish cries. The two coolies had jumped into a sampan and pushed it out into the black shaded waters upon which its motion drew an oily wake as it was propelled forward. Loong, straight as the stump of a mast, with his forearms thrust into the voluminous sleeves of the long brown silk coat, stood at the bow and his figure was reflected in wriggling, grotesque imagery in the mirror of the pool.

"Somehow he reminds me of a spider," said Dora softly. "He is like a spider who hears the buzzing of flies caught in his web and comes out of his hole."

"Instead of that he is nothing but a scholarly old rascal, educated in Berlin and London," said Davy. "A vain old celestial, an imperialist, soured with the Republic of China, proud of his ability to speak English fluently, very lonely here, no doubt, eager to be hospitable and about to take a viper into his bosom. The viper is me."

He was thoughtful.

"Do you know, that's the curse of a commission like mine. It isn't quite decent to hoodwink a host, now is it? Even in war? Even the enemy? Even a yellow-skinned old mummy of an oriental? Now really?"

"I would save my regrets for the end," said Dora. "And I would not talk quite so freely when one's voice carries so far over the water."

Loong beamed upon them as the sampan approached, bowed his long angular body forward over his locked forearms and bathed the strangers in a light of benevolence which shone upon a countenance which had wrinkled by age into the appearance of shrunken parchment stretched tight only upon a bald head edged by a fringe of ashen hair but containing, inscribed upon it, the record of philosophical meditation, infinite experience in self-restraint and perhaps something of a crafty design of life.

"I greet you," he said. "I am Chu Chien Loong, owner of this retreat you have seen on top of this ancient rock."

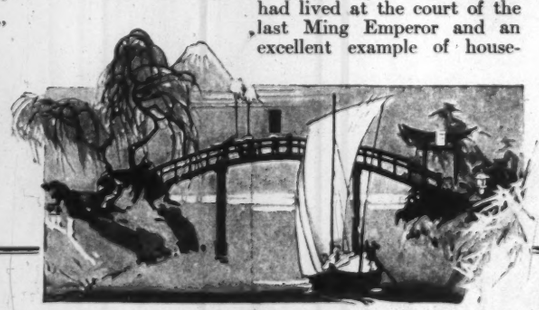
From Davy's eyes he looked into Dora's and back again without as much as a glance at any one of his three countrymen who were in the "*Bobbin*."

"I am Davy. Call me George Davy," said Binns. "My—wife and I are seeing—"

"An ancient land," said the old man bowing again.

"We have ascended the river as far as we wish to go," the young Englishman said.

"Fate, as you call it, has made my abode your journey's end — a turning point," said Loong. "I came to ask the honor of receiving from you a visit to my rock. You will find there within my compound walls strange old reminders of years gone, some porcelains which I have been able to collect — very old pieces of celadon, some strange trees planted by a mandarin who had lived at the court of the last Ming Emperor and an excellent example of house-hold architecture on the classic Chinese style. If you will be good enough to indulge an old man you will have an evening meal when the moon rises."



"It must be as my wife determines," said Davy, bowing toward her.

Dora looked into the noncommittal inscrutable eyes of the old Chinese. She caught her breath and said hastily, as if to deliberate would yield nothing but indecision: "It would be a great pleasure."

Loong's tongue thrust out its pointed tip and this tip went once around his thin dry lips upon which there had been an ashen gray as if these lips were dusted over with an astringent powder. This movement of his tongue may have been an evidence of his satisfaction.

"And when—?" he began. "My sampan is at your service."

"Now," said Davy, rather too eagerly. "If we may. The mists rise early here." He pointed toward the milky film hanging above the water all along the base of the dark rocks. "It might be pleasant to go higher before they settle around us."

"ALWAYS toward evening the mists rise," said Loong. "The rivermen call this the Pool of the Dead, for it is related that a Tartar invader brought his band to the base of this cliff in historic times to assault a monastery then built upon the rock. The cellars of this monastery were used by the tea merchant from whom I bought my abode. The Tartar, a young man, glowing with health, not mindful of death — just as young, as healthy as you, sir — was leading his men up the rock when suddenly the entire face of the cliff sliced off and tons of stone and many dozens of men were plunged into this deep and quiet pool of the Han. I think you will be glad to see the tea cellars of which I have spoken. You will be surprised that there is no dampness in them.

"It being the year 1918 I should have an inclined railway run by the most modern machinery," added Loong, when the three had alighted from the sampan.

They were standing on the landing under the shade of the old tea house, of which the porcelain tiles, yellow and green, had tumbled down through the débris of rotting wood, and were looking up the slippery steps carved into the wall of the sloping cliff. "To an American lady perhaps the climb is not too great; to a Chinese lady with bound feet it would be quite impossible. The Chinese lady would have to be carried in a chair swung upon a pole and borne by coolies. Alas—"

Dora no doubt felt an impatience with the solicitude of Loong.

"I am glad to walk," she said.

The Chinese rubbed his taper-fingered hands together with a rotary motion which produced a dry sound like that of two pieces of fine sandpaper, and with a measured and easy motion of his white, linen-encased legs began the ascent.

From the top the prospect was indeed of beautiful magnitude. The river below wound around the jutting rock and trailed off southward among the bare brown hills foaming over hidden shoals and dragging a soapy suds into quiet waters where it wound up the trail of froth into delicate watch-spring coils of white. The *Bobbin* swinging in the waters at the edge of the black pool below, appeared as a chip of wood. The wings of a hawk, swinging in wide circles, caught the rays of the setting sun and were transformed into wings of burnished brass. A single little junk was passing out of sight around a turn of the river. The faint breeze brought back the sound of the sculling oar, clacking rhythmically between the wooden tholes and the boatman's wailful

[Continued on page 40]

DAVY BINNS was no slacker in the War. He loved his country — England — with a quiet passion, but he would not kill for her. Some people called Davy a coward, which bit in deeply, for he was doing a noble work for the Allies in the Far East — a work that needed diplomacy, nerve, knowledge of Oriental customs; and finally it was work that made him need a wife. That's where Dora comes in. She met Davy in Pekin and they liked each other, but there wasn't much more than that to it. Then he told her how he'd have to go up the river to bait a certain old Chinaman in his den, but that to deceive this old celestial Davy must go as a tourist with his wife; so Dora marries him — to help the cause of the Allies.

"I rather think — that sometime ages ago — I have been here before," said Dora softly. And Davy, startled, answered her. "All of us have such moments — in the East"

"I See by the Papers"

by

Franklin P. Adams

Illustrations by
Crawford Young

"I didn't start this war. Prob'ly framed up"

"We go to the front to-morrow"

A.—January, 1919

". . . and Private Benjamin J. Flimpkins, 1799½ Joralemon St., Brooklyn, who had been gassed in the Argonne fighting. Like the rest of the wounded men on the returning transport, Private Flimpkins was cheerful, and was, he said, happy to have had a share in defeating the Hun. "It wasn't much I did," said Flimpkins modestly, as he stepped down the gangplank. "I'm proud, however, to have contributed my share in whipping Germany and in making the world a safe place to live in."—*New York Courier.*

B.—August, 1917

BENNIE FLIMPKINS, aged 22, whose days were slaved away driving the Bon Elite Laundry's wagon and whose evenings were consecrated to pool, was as good a customer as Max Bergman had. You may know Max's Billiard Parlor, in the basement, where the extremely popular price of 2½¢ a cue is a magnet for all the young men in the neighborhood who wear buttoned half-shoes and assert, in reminiscent monologue, their independence of their employers. "I says to him," you can hear any evening at Max's, "'I ain't supposed to do those kind o' things,' an' he says, 'You can do it or find another place,' an' I says, 'I guess I'll have no trouble doin' that,' an' I walked out. Quit right there. He don't own *me*. I'll say he don't. No, sir. He don't own *me*. He ain't used to havin' anybody talk back to him, that's the trouble." And so on.

One evening in August, 1917, our hero, young Mr. Flimpkins, was talking to Max, the proprietor.

"I should worry," said Bennie. "I got my notice from the draft board, so I went around there an' told 'em that I contributed to my mother's support — an' I would, too, if she needed it — an' I was needed at the laundry, too, an' I was thinkin' o' gettin' married, an' my heart was kind o' weak, an' my eyesight ain't any too good."

"Sure," said Max, whose customers were always right. "They got enough suckers without you have to go."

"You know it," agreed Bennie. "*I* didn't start this war. It's a rich man's war, anyway. Prob'ly framed up."

"Sure," said Max. "Pretty soft for Rockefellers and all like that."

"You know it," coincided Bennie, lighting another cigarette. "An' Wilson — what's he do? Gets us into a war. Does *he* have to go? Nah! He sits up there, doin' nothin', an' gettin' soft money f'r tellin' other people to go to war. Gets a fortune a year, not countin' the pickin's. Pretty soft f'r him, I'll tell the world. Well, I don't let nobody tell me if I got to go to war or not. I guess this is a free country."

C.—April, 1918

"I HEAR," said Private Gazish, "that we're goin' to France soon."

"I guess we won't all go," said Private Flimpkins. "All you got to do, I hear, is put in a request to the Lieutenant that you'd be more valuable to the country here than a strange country where you can't speak no French. I got no interest in defendin' a country I ain't ever even seen."

D.—June, 1918

"I HEAR we're goin' to the Front to-morrow," said Private Gazish, as he and Private Flimpkins were washing their mess kits at a pump in a rest camp near Brest.

"Not me," said Private Flimpkins. "I'm a lot more use to the Army right here where I am. I used to be in the laundry business before I enlisted an' my experience had ought to be valuable to 'em right here, if they knew how to run an Army."

E.—October, 1918

"WE'RE goin' out on a trench raid to-night," said Private Gazish, as he was polishing his bayonet one afternoon in a little town in the Argonne.

"Hell, we are," said Private Flimpkins. "Who's that Lieutenant think he is, anyway? We ain't had enough practise yet. They can't order me around like that. I won't stand f'r it."

F.—November, 1918

"PEACE?" said Private Flimpkins to the nurse at Base Hospital No. 18. "An' I don't get another wallop at them birds?"

G.—January, 1919

See A. ——.

"Who's that Lieutenant think he is, anyway?" asked Private Flimpkins

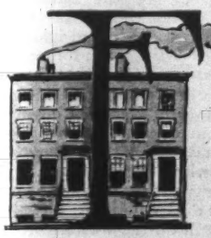
"Peace? An' I don't get another wallop at them birds?"

Light On Mr. Groley

The First of a New Series of Little Tales of the Big Town, that Will Put the Author in O. Henry's Class

by **Wallace Irwin**

Illustrations by Tony Sarg



FOR nine years Mr. Groley's family and mine have lived as nearly together as two families can without crowding into the same apartment. Our little brownstone dwellings stand side by side in one of the Nineties and just around the corner from Park Avenue; they are brothers, these houses, so much alike in outward appearance that they might be named Tweedledee and Tweedledum or, more appropriately, Cain and Abel. Cain and Abel, perhaps, is far-fetching the simile. I shall never become sufficiently well acquainted with Mr. Groley to slay him; such intimate violences are impossible in New York, where people may live a long lifetime in adjacent houses and remain quite unaware one of the other.

On work-day mornings I pass Mr. Groley going toward Fifth Avenue where, I take the liberty of supposing, he rides on the bus; the Lexington Avenue car is my objective, so Mr. Groley and I very narrowly avoid collision. I am aware, in passing, of a blank which might be Mr. Groley's face and of cylindrical striding things which are probably Mr. Groley's trousers. We never speak. Why should we? We are next-door neighbors playing the game as it is played in the City of New York.

A thin brick wall separates our drawing-rooms and out back a gray board fence divides the intimate apparel of our respective families — the Groley wash, flapping on Mondays, seems far more animate and human than it would if the Groleys were inside it. There is not space enough between our drawing-rooms to smother the inaccuracies of Miss Groley, thumping a home-made version of "*Sanson et Delilah*" on a spiritless piano; even this is only mildly annoying. If the Groleys should all die — provided they left no infection in their wake — we would waste no thought on the business, which would be none of ours. This cast of thought may seem unnatural; even the monkeys in the zoo, you argue, chatter together from cage to cage, keeping up as nearly a social contact as their cruel imprisonment will allow! Aye! But the ape has been snatched unwilling from a democratic jungle, while the New Yorker has been born in captivity. In this respect, as in a thousand others, we Manhattanites can prove our superiority to the ape.

WE are different — or shall I say indifferent? In this city of dreadful distances, this city without neighborhoods, we live in the fixed delusion that there is no such place as the house next door. The people next door are named Groley. How did we learn that? The postman offers us the Groley mail on rare occasions when his mood is generous. We have this annoyance in common. Anything else? Their furnace leaked into our dining-room once back in 1911. We settled it by telephone.

Oh, yes! There is another thing about the Groleys which we have done our best to overlook. They have an automobile; as a matter of fact, so have we. Mr. Groley's car is of a make of which I do not approve, and he has a way of stopping it with its rear wheels on my share of the pavement, thus insulting my riparian rights. He has a habit, as I have, of burning gasoline for pleasure purposes only, and it shocks me every Saturday to see the fender of my car jammed against the tail-light of his. It suggests an attempt to get acquainted which is altogether unpleasant. "We ought to speak to Mr. Groley about that," says my wife — meaning more in sorrow than in anger. "We certainly ought," say I. But the speech has never been made, and our cars continue to defy the unwritten law.

When the buds are opening in the Park and New York begins to smile with all her opulent charm, my wife, being a true New Yorker, starts to move into the country. It was on the April morning after she had taken the children and all the servants to open up our Bellport house that I chanced to look out of my bedroom window and observe that Mrs. Groley and her offspring, male and female, were departing in the Groley car. I don't know why I wasted a valuable minute upon the insignificant spectacle. Possibly it was the weather, which was golden, a languid vehicle for distant notes of a street piano which implored "*O sole mio!*" in a hiccuppy tremolo somewhere down Yorkville way. Pan, the arch-democrat, has control of spring, causing the tightest soul to expand a little. At any rate, I caught myself inspecting the Groleys' good-bye. A blank, gray gentleman came hatless out of the house and, leaning into the tonneau, kissed everybody — with the exception, of course, of two colored maids and a chauffeur. After a stiff wave of the hand he took his punctilious way back into the house.

The commonplace scene intrigued me into the thought — unworthy in a busy man of affairs — that Groley and I had been abandoned on the same day. And I wondered if Groley, looking from his bedroom window, had regarded my good-bye as scornfully as I had regarded his? I turned shamefacedly from my spying, conscious of a breach of ethics, and I am sure that my unworthy or Groley tendencies would have died the death then and there had it not been for one of those whims of Nature which breach Chinese walls and cast up islands out of the sea.

It came rather late that evening after I had returned from dinner and a game of bridge at the Wholesale Novelties Club. A charwoman had tidied the bedroom for me and when I switched on the lights I smiled to observe that the good, cultured soul had laid Volume Two of Bryce's "American Commonwealth" on the stand beside my bed. The "American Commonwealth" is a favorite of mine, especially the chapter which deals with our national flexibility in social intercourse.

But I digress.

I had scarcely untied the lace of my right shoe when the whim of Nature chose to strike the world with blindness. The electric lights went out. The lamp beside my bed, the one in the hall, the one in the bathroom, ceased to be, with the perfect unanimity of a general strike. I did the rational thing in the circumstances — swore and searched for a match. After much groping along the wall I found the switch; but the button could do nothing for me, save to utter hollow metallic clicks. I maimed myself on a corner of the bed, bruised my fingers on strange surfaces, and at last found a box of matches in the most unexpected quarter, namely, my pocket. All this time I was entertaining a vague memory of a wee bit of candle-end I had once seen among silken scraps in an upper drawer in my wife's dressing-table. Good luck! The little waxen cylinder was just where I had suspected it to be, and I was able to light its charred wick with the very match-flame that had discovered it.

Being an average man I did the average thing, which was to call up the electric light company. The line, of course, was busy. Probably a thousand average men and women were standing in darkness at that moment, waiting to issue complaints similar to my own. The candle which burned so faintly on my dresser had but a brief life to

[*Continued on page 52*]

"Mr. Flint?" asked the perfect stranger from next door. "I am Mr. Flint," I admitted, with a proper show of caution. "My name is Groley."

What Are You Getting Out of Life?

by Coningsby Dawson, Lieut., C. F. A.

Author of "Living Bayonets," "Out to Win," etc.

SUPPOSE an inhabitant from another planet were to tumble into this world and, having done the grand tour of our activities, were to ask you, "What are you getting out of life?"— how would you reply? Would you have any answer ready? Would you have to confess that you had never thought about it? Do you know what you are getting; or are you simply a rudderless ship, drifting hither and there by the chance will of any wind or tide?

Even then you are getting something — getting the habit of drifting, perhaps, with the attendant consequences of battered rigging and torn sails. No one can be a part of life without accumulating something, whether worthy or unworthy. You must be getting something. You ought to be sufficiently curious about yourself to discover what that something is.

Let's tackle the answering of this question from the point of view of the inhabitant of the other planet. He may have arrived among us by his own deliberate effort or by the accident of having lost his way in a celestial super-airplane. In either case he has a knowledge of and a respect for space. He has passed by stars on his journey, each of which is traveling without colliding, and obeying the heavenly traffic regulations. Some will is responsible for those regulations. He may not have encountered the possessor of that will, but he has proof that the possessor exists. He knows that somewhere or other there lives a divine policeman, who insists that everything shall move in an ordained and prearranged direction. On making a safe landing in this world, he naturally argues that we are each one of us a kind of miniature star, controlled by the same eternal purpose that rules the heavens. He concludes that we also move individually in an ordained and prearranged direction; so, having acquired an original curiosity from his unusual experience, he asks every person that he meets, "What are you getting out of life?" He expects a prompt and different reply from each of us. Could we give it?

After having been with us for a short time, especially here in America, he has been impressed by the enormous drive which is exerted by us as a nation. He has seen our factories as large as cities, our mines in which men barter daylight for gold, our harbors, populous with leviathans, our railroads like veins of quicksilver flashing health and prosperity throughout the globe, our skyscrapers like forests striving toward the sky, and our subways tunneled among the roots of the skyscrapers that puny mortals may save time. He has seen all our reckless and ingenious contrivances for piling up possessions and hurrying more days into the week than a leisurely Creator ever intended. He has also seen the results of all this prodigal expenditure of energy: unparalleled luxury for the few; anxiety, bitterness, bone-weariness, thwarted hopes for the many; hospitals, jails, and the gutter for those who are physically too weak to stand the pace. This display of energy is splendid and terrifying to him as a spectacle; it can be justified only by the destination. If it has no destination, it is chaotic and mere madness. Then men become like lawless stars, which have left their courses and lurch drunkenly through the firmament, setting the clouds aflame. "What," he asks us, "are you getting out of life?"

There are certain answers which we can give without reflection. We are getting a roof — some sort of a roof — to cover us; a bed — some sort of a bed — to lie on. Most of us are getting at least three meals a day, otherwise we should die. "But are these things all that you want to get out of life?" he asks us.

Obviously not; the brute creation gets more than these. If these were all the gifts that we received from the hands of existence, the mother-bird coming home to her nest at twilight would be better off. She has her loyal man in his coat of shiny feathers, perched upon the bough to greet her. She has the excitement of her eggs waiting to be hatched out. When they have been hatched she has her fledglings to snuggle beneath her wings making demands on her for protection. All night she has the stars to watch her through the leaves and the winds to rock her. When morning comes and the red sun rubs his eyes above the horizon, her loyal man hops from beside her in the nest, sings his ecstatic love-song, and darts away to the cafeteria of the woods to forage her a breakfast. Her days, like those of the stars which wink down on her, are carefree, ordered, unhurried, and predestined. She gets more than food and lodging out of existence; she gets love, responsibility, music, sunshine, and the immortality of seeing herself perpetuated in the merry-makers of future summers, which break so miraculously from the eggs which she has warmed against her breast. If food and lodging were all that we got out of life, we should get less than the beasts that perish.

Then what do we get?

We get out of life exactly what we put into it. If we put into it work and only work, we get the rewards of work. If we put into it ambition, we get the rewards of ambition — power. If we put into it love, we get the rewards of love — friendship.

FOR life is a bank; we open an account at the moment of our birth. The bank is scrupulously just; it pays us interest on all our savings, but it knows no false generosity. It never sends us a false statement; it never permits us to overdraw our account. Our capital is safe; the bank can't break, for its assets and funds are secured by eternity. Sometimes you hear men and women say that their lives are bankrupt; if that be true, it means that they have either lived on their capital or have never saved. It does not mean and can never mean that eternity has defaulted and that the bank of life has put up its shutters. What we have brought to life, whether it be the gilt-edged securities of sacrifice or the unredeemable trash of passion, is always in the vaults of life for us to draw against until it is exhausted. There's an old saying, "God doesn't pay debts with money" — not with money, perhaps; but he never fails to pay his debts. So, if you don't know how to answer the question, "What are you getting out of life?" there's another question which will give you your answer, "What have you given to life?" For what you have given to life is what you are getting out of life with interest; and if what you are getting out of life makes you discontented, there is only one remedy — give to life more wisely and more lavishly.

If our stranger from the other planet had visited us any time within the past twelve months his question, "What are you getting out of life?" would have been readily answered by thousands of men in the front-line, "We are getting life itself." They were getting life itself because they were trying to give their lives for the sake of others. Which brings us back to Christ's wise and wonderful saying, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? He who loseth his life shall find it."

Before the outbreak of the European War most of us were drifters. We had ignored the traffic regulations of the stars; forgotten the divine policeman; forgotten that it was useless to fill out worthless checks against the bank of life. We were most of us trying to overdraw our accounts — trying to get more out of life than we gave — trying to act as though what we did was our own affair, as though we could go where we liked without any sense of responsibility, any acknowledgment of guidance, or any consciousness of destination.

With the firing of the first gun on the western front the divine policeman raised his hand; instantly we bowed to his authority and obeyed his signals. Overnight we, who had been agonizing to gain the whole world, accepted the truth that he who loses his life shall find it. After gambling in a myriad wild-cat schemes of physical and spiritual speculation, we owned them to be valueless; we joined up in our battalions of death and marched away to encounter the hell of shell-fire, because we recognized that in losing our lives we should find life and that we should regain our souls in foregoing the world. What were we getting out of life? Life itself.

Not only the men in khaki, but civilians also have learned this lesson. We used to be dodgers of responsibility, because responsibility curtailed our pleasures. To men of fighting age came the responsibility to die that women and children might be safe. To their amazement they found that they could die gladly. To those who could not fight came the responsibility to work overtime and without pay, to give their health, their wealth, themselves. They discovered that in giving — giving to the point of exhaustion — they were for the first time truly happy. Through giving they were getting something out of life.

And they learned another lesson; they learned that through adding to their responsibilities, they were increasing their own efficiency and capacity. They learned that the limitations to their endurance and to their ability to absorb new knowledge were wider than they had ever dreamed. Their new emotions and sympathies pushed back the old physical and mental barriers and enabled them to expand. Under the spur of necessity men and women achieved the inaccessible, outdoing their own best records.

When war overtook us we one and all competed in unselfishness that the world might be kindlier for children yet unborn. In making ourselves poor, we forewent the world and took command of our own souls. That was what the War taught us to get out of life— the happiness which comes of forgetting self.

Any one can attain this happiness. There are no sumptuary laws when it comes to sacrifice.

We have smashed a good many things in the past four years —nations, landscapes, churches, cities, fleets, tyrannies, men's bodies. Some of the things we have smashed were bad and deserved to be broken. But the days for breaking things are ended, and we've got to rebuild the world. It was the spur of necessity which changed us from dawdlers and drifters into people valiant and splendid, creating Florence Nightingales out of factory girls and Nelsons out of trawler captains. Shall we work less honestly for others now that death has ceased to threaten? What do we plan to get out of life now that peace has come?

What are you planning to get out of life? It's a personal question.

During the past four years you have found a happiness which you never hoped to grasp — you've been concerned about what you could give and not about what you could get. What are you going to get out of life now?

What you give to life you will get.

The spur of necessity changed us from dawdlers and drifters into people valiant and splendid, creating Florence Nightingales out of factory girls and Nelsons out of trawler captains. What do we plan to get out of life now that peace has come? What are you planning to get out of life? It's a personal question.

They discovered that in giving — giving to the point of exhaustion — they were for the first time truly happy. They were getting something out of life

Repopulating the Earth

Will the Great War Bring About in This Country a Deterioration of Our Race or Have We Learned Lessons that Will Ultimately Make Us the Sanest, Best Educated and Physically Strongest Nation in the World?

The Last of the Notable Reconstruction Series

by

Newell Dwight Hillis

Illustration by Neysa McMein

THE Great War has brought to the American people a sudden and brutal awakening to the dangers of the repopulation of our country with undesirable citizens. Thousands of anti-Americans have had to be shut up in internment camps; hundreds of Bolsheviki deported or imprisoned; we have between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 defectives; 200,000 soldiers, out of 2,000,000 sent abroad, were unable to read or write home to their friends; 10,000,000 are technically illiterate, and 20,000,000 of all races and colors essentially illiterate — a group of facts that is ugly and most disquieting. Experts are stressing the threatened breakdown of the American physique. Various commissions have issued warnings that war, nervous excitement, drunkenness, vice, overworking of poor parents and underfeeding of their children, will bring about race deterioration, and possibly race extinction. We have improved our spectacles, but are losing our eyesight; we are enlarging our looms, but we are stiffening our fingers; improving our foods, but losing our digestions. But all fine thinking stands on fine brain fibre. The Parthenon and the statues of Athens were so superior that their very fragments are the despair of our American sculptors and architects, yet the superiority of the Athenian's art was in the quality of his brain and nerve as instruments of fine thinking. If we let the Parthenon stand for Athens, the picture gallery for Italy, the château for France, the cathedral for England, the emblems of the United States are splendid steel buildings and vast asylums for the defective, the insane, and the invalided.

Warnings by Experts

Our medical journals are filled with warnings. The first indication of the breakdown of a race, whether that race is Roman, Grecian, or Assyrian, is found in the inability of their women to produce large, strong and healthy children. The New York Bureau of Municipal Research has examined fifteen hundred school children in the Bowery district and ninety-three out of every one hundred had imperfect teeth, faulty heart action, subnormal sight and hearing. And that race has started to go to pieces whose mothers have so little vitality that they cannot build enamel for the teeth, or construct a perfect lens for the child's eye. When the mother has all the blood and nerve she needs for herself, the excess goes to build a perfect babe. In Manchester, England, among the factory classes, an exhaustive study showed that only ten per cent. of the children had perfect teeth, while teeth taken from a plague pit into which the bodies were cast after the Black Death of two centuries ago showed faultless enamel even in very aged people.

In 1813 the British standard for admission to the army was six feet; in 1845 the standard had to be dropped to five feet six inches; in 1883 it was lowered to five feet and three inches; during the Boer War it was lowered to five feet; and in 1915 and 1916 practically all standards had to be dropped. The decrease in the birth rate also indicates a national breakdown. And even of the women that bear children, Dr. Holt says that three children out of four born in the homes of the well-to-do classes here in the United States must be fed at some other fount than at the maternal breast.

Everything under heaven should be done to keep the mothers of America radiant, happy and strong

One Group of Americans Improving, Another Deteriorating

The simple fact is that the better element of our race, that gives proper time to exercise in the open air, and is obeying the laws of nature, is growing taller and stronger, healthier and handsomer, while the other half of our race is degenerating, steadily losing in stature, beauty and health toward the point of extinction. Our dry climate is full of ozone, and, therefore, is exciting, stimulating to the nerve and heart. Also the stories of self-made men who have made marvelous successes have become a spur to ambition, while the pace has become so fast that all save the strongest soon fall by the way. The new chemistry also, has discovered new stimulants, with drugs for the brain, nerves and heart, until wine, beer, whiskey, absinthe, that once could be endured without immediately fatal results, because of the simplicity of life among our fathers, have now become deadly to their sons. Living in our American climate and fulfilling their career despite conditions that are most complex, young men use whiskey and deaden the nerve by excessive amounts of nicotine, and their excitable nervous system is reproduced in the babe, with the result that defective children are one of the most alarming facts of our era.

The Defective Class

The head of the Department of Public Health in New York has made a report that we now have in the United States two million defective and feeble-minded people, who have been classified, and another million of defectives who should have been included, but escaped by reason of the influence of their relatives. It is a notorious fact that the lowest classes rear very large families. The lioness produces one lion; the cat many kittens; thus, the upper classes have small families, and the illiterates and defectives very large ones. Our Republic had three million people in 1776, and now has one hundred and ten millions. Left to themselves, are these three million defectives to increase to another one hundred and ten millions? So great has become the peril that several states have passed laws and appointed commissions of physicians and surgeons to perform a certain painless operation that makes propagation impossible for mental defectives and those moral idiots, called "confirmed criminals." Unfortunately this law carries no sanction or penalty, and for that reason its purpose has been defeated. Now has come a moment when army physicians have become so alarmed that they are preparing the agitation of a movement to secure a law that will make compulsory the sterilization of defectives and criminals in every state of the Union.

The Collapse of the Melting Pot Idea

Bitter disappointment also has followed the collapse of the melting pot idea. That phrase was so picturesque, rhythmical and encouraging, that it captured the imagination of the American people, and was considered a justification of the open door to any and all immigrants. Multitudes came to think of the United States as a huge vessel whose one side was the Alleghany Mountains, with the Rockies for the other side, a vessel into which metals, precious and base alike, were being poured, while under the clouds of steam a transformation was being performed, in that all mud was becoming marble, and all clay gold. The melting pot delusion was backed up by superficial thinkers and politicians, who quoted what seemed to be history. These men never tired of telling how the Norman blood influenced the old English stock; and how the Scotch, moving to Belfast, bettered the Irish blood. But as a matter of fact history teaches the very opposite of the melting pot theory. It was because the Norman was a distinctively superior man, that he sent warm light colors of wit, humor, imagination and beauty into the very warp and woof of the heavy Saxon stock, just as Scotch superiority lent solidity and seriousness to the gay and excitable Celtic temperament.

The Unscientific Melting Pot Idea

Everything in science also, is against the great American delusion concerning the melting pot. Out of nothing, nothing comes. The metallurgist draws from his furnace in molten steel just what he puts in. If he throws in magnetite iron ore [*Continued on page 50*]

The BRUNSWICK

The Amplifier

How We Banished Metallic Sounds

BEFORE The Brunswick Phonograph ever came to market, Brunswick executives were insistent upon a vital betterment: Reproduction.

We had been making phonograph cabinets for others for years. We had won top place during the past 74 years in the wood-crafting art. To stake our reputation on a Brunswick Phonograph was a momentous undertaking.

And so tone reproduction was studied for months. We tried every known method, the ones then accepted as supreme.

But every phonograph we ever heard in all our tests had good tones and bad tones, alternating in annoying frequence.

Higher Standards

Our task was to do away with the so-called metallic sounds. These, we found, came from metallic construction. Tone waves must vibrate to attain their volume. And so, as a superlative feature of The Brunswick Method of Reproduction, we evolved the scientific Brunswick Amplifier under our own patents. It is built entirely of moulded wood.

This achievement, all acknowledge, is one of the great steps in the progress of phonographic art. It brings out tones hitherto lost. It banishes the raucous.

Another amazing advancement is the Ultona, our own all-record player — in-built, not an attachment. This reproducer, at a turn of the hand, presents to each make of record the proper needle and diaphragm. Each record is played at its best.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is one of the greatest triumphs of The House of Brunswick since its establishment in 1845.

Hear—Then Judge

You owe it to yourself and to your family, as you decide upon *which* phonograph, to become acquainted with The Brunswick. In your town there is a Brunswick Dealer who will be glad to play this super-phonograph for you.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company

General Offices: CHICAGO and NEW YORK

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of United States, Mexico and Canada

Canadian Distributors: Musical Merchandise Sales Co. Excelsior Life Bldg., Toronto

Brunswick

Twice the comfort —half the coal!

Old-time heating devices don't trouble you until each stormy day arrives, or when wife or children fall ill and bedrooms are drafty and cheerless. Then you'd gladly give hundreds of dollars if you could have an IDEAL-AMERICAN outfit put in within an hour. Why run more risks? Why pay the high cost of postponement by denying yourself the guaranteed comfort, sanitation, and convenience—when you know these IDEAL outfits soon repay their first cost in fuel savings, household cleanliness, and easy caretaking?

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

No "cold side" to the house—no drafty floors or chilly corners. They heat where others fail.

With IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators a rental house, flat, store, or office will bring 15% higher rent, and will hold the tenant contented. No repairs necessary and the outfit will outlast the building. No freezing and bursting of water pipes. No uneasiness about the fires going out or burning up the house while away from home. No smoke, ash-dirt, or coal gases to injure health or damage furnishings.

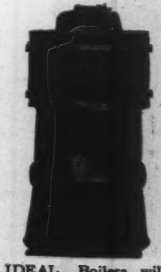
Why you should prepare for next winter's heating Now!

We have announced a 25% price reduction to stimulate building and remodeling, and to aid in employing demobilized men. Get an estimate TODAY from your local dealer. Don't wait until the building wave begins, nor for the fall rush. Act now!

The ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner is cellar-set and piped from floor to floor. Put in any new or old home without tearing up. Now also made in two-sweeper size for apartments, hotels, office buildings, etc. Fully guaranteed. Lasts for years. Sold on Easy Payments. Send for catalog.

Send for our Free Heating Book

We want you to have a copy of "Ideal Heating." It goes into the subject very completely and tells you things you ought to know about heating your home. Puts you under no obligation to buy.



IDEAL Boilers will supply ample heat on *one charging of coal* for 8 to 24 hours, depending on severity of weather.

Showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Dept. 21 816-822 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Gone at Last

Is the Endless Drudgery of the Home

by Mabel Dulon Purdy

NO more "dirty work" to do! Have you ever thought of that? It is not a new thought entirely, only it is now being persistently forced upon us from a somewhat different angle. *No dirty work to do*—it was once a hope, a wish, the expressed dream of some blissful, impossible paradise. But to-day the hope and wish are giving way to something very real. We have glimpsed our earthly paradise. It is not so very far away, after all. No dirty work to do is at last a possibility—for those who believe in it—and will have it so.

There are all kinds of work to be done in the world. And with almost all work there has always been some unnecessary or some misunderstood portion of it commonly called drudgery, or "dirty work"—putting back the matter that some one else has misplaced, or doing over and over and over again some seemingly trivial routine task. Spiritless, thankless toil—menial, ignoble labor, the dictionary calls it. But fortunately for our storm-tossed world, there are at least some broad-visioned, clear-thinking men and women who realize that there is no need, any longer, for this so-called spiritless toil or drudgery; that there need be and must be no more dirty work to do; that drudgery can be eliminated from the map of our work-a-day world, and that the world will be richer and all its people better off when this is done. It may sound Utopian, too good to be true, but the miracle is going on nevertheless. Farms, factories, warehouses, freight yards, shops are making every environment, every phase of work attractive, and, as a result, the one time drudge is now developing into a thinking, creative, productive, responsible member of society. With a very big significance, labor is reclaiming interest and dignity.

> THE *labor-saving devices in America are aids to a new domesticity which will gradually do away with the servant question as it exists in so-called civilized countries. The new democracy holds the solution of domestic drudgery. . . . To have only beautiful things and artistic devices in our homes in order to produce a simplicity de luxe would be to emancipate many women and cheer many men. The new home will be a well organized expression of a new life in which men and women together will gradually make disorder, dirt, and extravagance conspicuous by their absence.*—*Mrs. Havelock Ellis, in the Craftsman Magazine.*

Unhappily, very unhappily, possibly the greatest amount, at least, the most endless amount of drudgery to be done in the world, has been connected with the home. Homemaking—the care of a household, cooking, cleaning, washing, picking up, setting to rights, and then beginning the unending routine all over again—has for some unfortunate reason always borne the drudgery stigma. But the time has come to wipe away the blot once and for all—*to make all unnecessary "dirty work" non-existent; to make all necessary routine work attractive;* in other words, to likewise restore interest and dignity to every-day household labor, so that joy shall take the place of toil.

PERHAPS the first—to make unnecessary work non-existent—is the simpler problem, or, at any rate, the most readily appreciated. It can be accomplished, as we all know, through household organization—fewer things, dirt-resisting materials, insistent order, family cooperation. Dirt after all is only matter out of place. Where there are few things to get out of place, where system reigns and order is the rule, and each member of the family thinks of the others, does his own picking up, replaces every bit of matter he has put out of place, leaving no helter-skelter scum and froth of personal litter in his wake, then, presto! where is our drudgery, our menial household work? Gone, the biggest part of it—gone forever. Moreover, much more or less necessary hard work connected with housekeeping can now be greatly controlled, even eliminated, through the encouragement and wise use of our increasing efforts at cooperative living. Such things as gardens, furnaces, hot water, the ice-man, some cooking, the serving of certain meals, emergency help, are falling under the spell of community interest, and the drab cloud of confused, weary living is being colored with hope and rest and happiness.

But the routine work that still remains, which many of us must always do, work that cannot be lessened or entirely eliminated—the general upkeep of a home, the regular cooking and serving of meals, the care of our children—how can we take away the drudgery element here? How can we make this work always attractive? How reduce the many little time-wasting soul-cramping, fretting troubles?

THROUGH science and art, very definitely, we can find an answer—if we will. By applying the right technical knowledge to the work in hand—skilled labor against unskilled—interest is at once added to the day's routine, we have a real job to do, with glorious possibilities, and the drudgery element dwindles. And then for the final blow, last, but by no means least: we must surround ourselves with the contentment, joy, inspiration, the ever fresh incentive that comes from true art in the home. We must demand a higher artistic standard in all household furnishings and equipment—everything we look at, touch, use, should rest and inspire us by its sincerity and its beauty—and when this demand is universally made and met we shall have to look very hard indeed to find any remaining trace of spiritless toil in the home.

And now is the time to make this demand. The iron is hot, and we must strike. The War has left us seeing deeper into the real things of life, thinking bigger thoughts, wanting newer better and more honest things. We are a bigger people than we were before, and we cannot longer be satisfied with the frills and tinsel and attendant ugliness and consequent weariness, that we accepted before without a protest. Art in America is no longer a luxury—it is becoming a necessity, part of our every-day life. "Every human being is born with a love for beauty and a desire to create, produce, understand, or possess it." If this is so, then where have we a better right to place, find and cherish art than in the home—and in the form of those simple, practical things with which we come in daily contact—our dishes, our furniture, our pots and kettles, our rugs and wall-paper. America is at last seeing this.

There is no need for ugliness, for dirty work, for uninspiring, soulless toil. This new beauty, this harmony, this very real every-day art, we must and can now have throughout our homes—in our kitchens, our pantries, our dining-rooms, our bedrooms, our clothing, our back-yards, our gardens—in everything we see and use and need every day. And if we have this, out of it must come a power for accomplishment, a force for good that we have never known or felt before. Our whole standard of thought and living will be raised, our usefulness increased, our whole life strengthened. Bringing forth light and beauty and freedom where once darkness ruled—this is one of the great warp and woof problems of the present era. Let us by all means "make reconstruction real construction," and begin at once with the improved construction of the material, intimate home things that surround us so closely and constantly that they perforce must shape and influence our whole existence.

Next Month:—"Food for Thought," by Mabel Dulon Purdy.

For a Quick, Safe Stop—the Tread That is Geared-to-the-Road

THE emergency brake is of no use when the car slides on and the wheels are locked. Every motorist has had that experience and knows the dangers.

Geared-to-the-Road tires are needed the famous Miller Tread of many caterpillar feet that lock with the ground like cogs.

Transmits Full Power

This scientific principle is used in all branches of mechanics. But for tires it comes in the Miller only for we control the **Geared-to-the-Road** patents.

In motion the Miller tread meshes with the road, so you get full power ahead from the wheels. And **Geared-to-the-Road,** by its positive traction, helps the speeding car to *hold* the road.

Long-Distance and Uniform

Geared-to-the-Road would make any tire desirable, but coupled as it is with Uniform mileage, it makes the Miller doubly valuable to motorists. Tire after tire—not merely some—are built to a single long distance standard. Our workers are trained to this system of uniform workmanship. That is the only way to make mileage uniform.

When tires like these are made, why go without them? Find the authorized Miller dealer, or write us for his name.

Miller
GEARED-TO-THE ROAD
UNIFORM MILEAGE
Tires

The Miller Rubber Company, Dept. A121, Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—the Team-Mates of Uniform Tires. Also Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods—for Homes as Well as Hospitals

DEALERS: Write for attractive tire agency proposition in open territory

Why Germany Quit — *Continued from page 11*

the War began, but it grew to incredible size and importance, until, finally, it controlled 8,000 factories employing over 2,000,000 people. And it spent about ten billion dollars! Forty-two cents out of every dollar paid into Liberty Bonds went into the manufacture of ordnance. The remaining fifty-eight cents were distributed over all of the other governmental war activities, such as those of the Quartermaster Corps, Shipping Board, Food Administration, Signal Corps, War Industries Board, Medical Corps, etc. The forty-two cents out of every dollar which went into the manufacture of ordnance supplied the troops with practically everything but food, clothing, medicine, and transportation. In fact, it went into a hundred thousand separate articles, everything from harness needles to giant guns and monster tanks forty feet long, each tank containing about 2,000 parts.

Let us now take a closer view of one of these industrial achievements.

There is a fascinating story that I got from an army officer of immense difficulties that arose in connection with the famous three-inch and six-inch field cannon which we undertook to turn out after the French models. It appears that the power released during the discharge of one of these six-inch guns (in one one-hundredth of a second or less) is so enormous that, if all the train-hauling power of the New York subways, operating at full capacity, were concentrated at a given moment against the projectile of a six-inch gun, it would not furnish a greater driving impulse than is exerted by the ordinary powder charge in the barrel of a six-inch gun every time the gun is fired. And the power expended in firing a fourteen-inch gun is sufficient to lift two 27,000-ton battleships a foot in the air. And the power expended in firing a sixteen-inch gun is several times greater than the entire power of Niagara Falls!

This huge propellent power obviously tends to drive the gun backward in recoil, since action and reaction are equal, as violently as it drives the projectile forward. Therefore, every artillery piece must be fitted with a recoil device to take up this backward thrust smoothly and completely, so that the gun's position will not be disturbed.

The most wonderful recoil mechanism in the world, as all agree, is the French recuperator on the famous 75's and 155's, a miracle of ingenuity and workmanship; so perfect in its functioning that these guns, once sighted, can be fired over and over again without readjustment. This recuperator is simply a long steel cylinder containing a cushion of air and a cushion of oil against which the recoiling gun comes to rest; but, so cunningly is the mechanism devised and so intricate are its parts, that, try as they may and have for years, no other people on earth have been able to imitate the French original, not even with that original before them. During four years of war the Germans captured many of these French 75's and 155's and used them against the Allies, making shells to fit; yet with all their vaunted Krupp and Essen ingenuity, they could not turn out duplicates of these marvelous guns that might have given them victory, *because they were not clever enough to make the recuperators!*

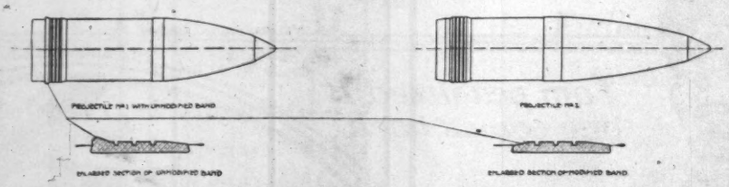
The incredible accuracy in the fitting of parts achieved here by the French is shown by this fact, that, in spite of the constant and terrific recoil pressure of a plunging piston against the air cushion, this recuperator steel chamber *will hold air for two years!*

How did the French accomplish this miracle of air-tight fitting and adjustment? That is what von Hindenburg, gnashing his teeth in baffled fury, wanted to know. That is what America had to find out when it undertook to manufacture these 75's and 155's in quantity, with recuperators to go with them. It was a matter of life and death importance to the Allies, early in 1918, that America proceed to do this thing, this apparently impossible thing.

Even the French experts, who were only too eager to give us all the assistance in their power and to reveal their innermost artillery secrets, said it was impossible for America to produce these delicately constructed recuperators by machine methods. The thing simply could not be done. The steel chamber would leak, and various other unfortunate things would happen, and the whole effort would certainly fail. America was a great, hustling, slap-dash country, excelled at turning out standardized products such as shoes and ships and automobiles, but it was folly to think of standardizing this complicated recoil mechanism. As well might Americans try to standardize a great telescope. There was no such thing as quantity production for recuperators, which could be made only by specially trained machinists working with special tools, and that meant slow shop production, virtually hand production.

"We will send our artillery experts and our most skilful machinists over to America," suggested the French army heads, "and they will start schools to educate your American gun-makers and machinists in this business so that ultimately they will be able to make these recuperators as well as we can."

Ultimately! The American experts did not care very much for that word. It meant a delay of at least nine months before we could even begin slow production, and things were going badly in France. The Germans were smashing forward. The Allies needed field artillery, a whole lot of it, *right away.* The fate of Europe and civilization was hanging in the balance. The War might be lost while France was painstakingly organizing schools to teach America how to make guns.


PROJECTILE NO. 1 WITH UNMODIFIED BAND
PROJECTILE NO. 2
ENLARGED SECTION OF UNMODIFIED BAND
ENLARGED SECTION OF MODIFIED BAND

The great mathematician mentioned in this article made a few changes such as are shown here — slight changes in the tip of the nose of the shell and in the curve of its tail — and the thing was done!

THIS is the thrilling and true story of a job as big as that of building the Panama Canal every thirty days

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Accordingly, the situation was laid before American manufacturers; but most of them shied at this recuperator proposition. They had heard so much about the difficulties involved that they were afraid; they did not wish to undertake something that was doomed to failure. It was a matter of common knowledge that no artillery officer in the French army could adjust this recuperator mechanism; if anything went wrong with it, the whole gun had to be sent to the Puteaux Arsenal for repairs. The thing was too complicated; there were too many small and intricately fitted parts of silver, rubber, copper, leather, forming all manner of washers, and packing devices, including a particular kind of grease kept under heavy pressure by powerful steel springs — all this to prevent the tiniest leakage of air. No, it was too much of a gamble, said these manufacturers.

Not so one of our great automobile makers who has an immense plant in Detroit. In this emergency he came forward with the real American spirit and declared that he would undertake to manufacture these recuperators in quantity — he would put this thing through on a machine basis or sacrifice his reputation. The army people said "Fine!" and he went to work, while the French experts held up their hands in horror, insisting that this was a wicked waste of money and precious time, and that the whole thing would have to be done over again.

But this Detroit man (his name is John, and I take off my hat to him), calmly proceeded to saw wood, and presently, on the site of vacant fields, he had eleven acres of factories humming with the activities of his new job, and several thousand men and women hustling on the details. He wasn't afraid of recuperators! He proposed to manufacture in quantity recuperators that would recuperate every bit as well as any recuperators that had ever recuperated in France. Let doubters and objectors watch him!

(By the way, is it any wonder Germany quit when she realized that she had against her in America thousands of men at the head of great affairs who were willing — yes, glad — to stake everything they had in the world on the issue of liberty against tyranny?)

It must be admitted, however, that this automobile maker had troubles of his own; more than once he looked failure straight in the face. There were endless difficulties with steel forgings from which the recuperators were made. These must be tough enough to be strong enough, yet too not hard; they must be soft enough to be machineable, yet not too soft; and the steel had to be treated by wearisome heat processes, baked so long, boiled in oil so long — everything just so, lest it lose the exact ductility that was necessary, or fail in some other respects.

And then the metric system! Every gun measurement, drawing, specification, model, artillery secret, and method of factory procedure was presented to the Americans in meters, liters, kilograms; whereas the Detroit plant was equipped with drills, lathes, reamers, taps, dies, screws, nuts, bolts that would only function accurately in accordance with our English system of measurements, and there is no way of changing so many centimeters into so many inches without leaving an endless fraction dangling over, and loose fractions make against microscopic accuracy.

Nevertheless, the Detroit manufacturer drove ahead, overcoming each new difficulty with a new exhibition of American resourcefulness. They told him these guns were sometimes fired so fast on the battlefield that the barrels became red hot, although the thermometer might be far below freezing, and that he could never hope to make this delicate recuperator mechanism resist such extremes of heat and cold. He replied that the French had done it, so why shouldn't we do it? And if no one had been able to imitate the French in twenty years (which was true), then it was high time America did the thing.

And so on!

Then came August, 1918, and at last the new product was ready for the testing.

And in the first test it fell down!

"We told you so!" said the French experts.

But the automobile man replied: "Wait. I'll show you yet. We've made some little mistake — that's nothing — we'll find it and fix it. This thing has got to come out right."

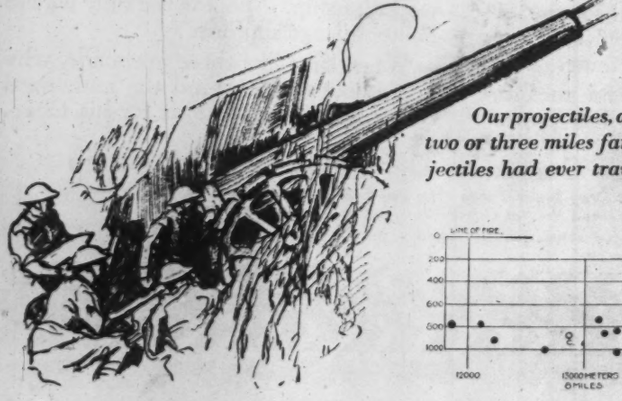
There was the indomitable American spirit that broke Germany's heart — *this thing had got to come out right!*

And Detroit went ahead! She had to do in a few months what it had taken France twenty years to do; but she went ahead.

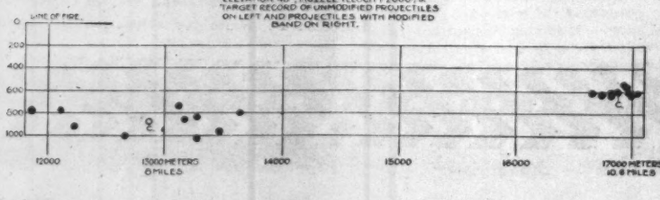
A few weeks later — they were anxious weeks — another test was made. Everything had been gone over carefully and a softer metal substituted in certain parts of the recuperator. The Frenchmen, still skeptical, were on hand to observe results. Perhaps some German spy hovered about at this historic moment. The question was, had America at last learned the secret of French supremacy in field artillery? A secret guarded from all the world for a generation, like some holy mystery? And why not? Was it not these incomparable guns, the 75's and 155's, that had saved Paris from the invader? *Vive la soixante-quinze!* — the pride, the hope, the religion of France! Was it possible that America had penetrated the mysteries of the *soixante-quinze?*

Yes, it was possible. It was true. This second test was in every way successful. The machine-made recuperator worked perfectly, held air perfectly. Even the Frenchmen were convinced, and admitted that, in some respects, the Detroit product surpassed the original. The impossible had been accomplished!

In October, 1918, America began quantity production of these victory field guns, recuperators and all, that Germany could not make, that no nation in the world except France had ever been able to make — began this quantity production not only in Detroit, but in the Rock Island Arsenal and in the immense plant of a world-famous sewing-machine company, not their old plant at



Our projectiles, after the professor had finished with them, traveled two or three miles farther and very much straighter than six-inch projectiles had ever traveled before. Later they went five miles farther



Bon Ami *for crystal-clear windows*

Made in both cake and powder form.

THE panes are actually *invisible* after I have gone over them with Bon Ami—not a speck of dirt or a cloudy streak remains.

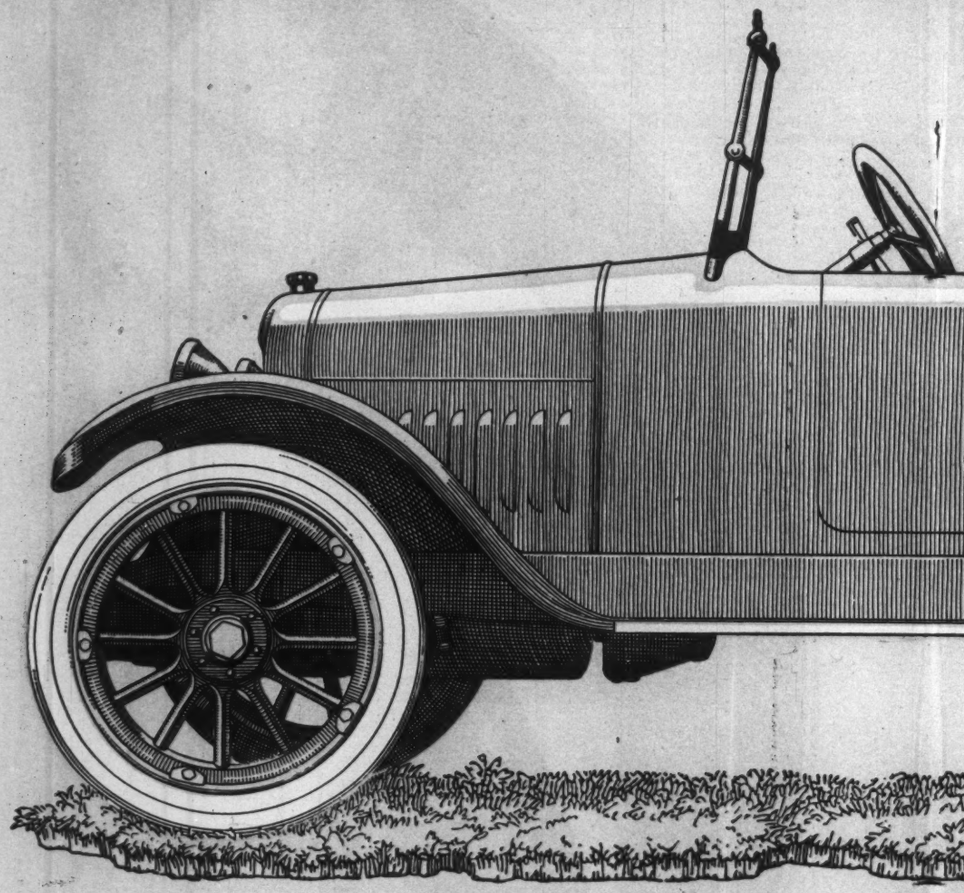
It's so easy, too! Just a thin, watery lather of Bon Ami spread over the glass and then wiped away when it's dry!

Tissue paper is good for wiping off the dry Bon Ami—saves soiling a cloth.

"Hasn't scratched yet!"

Maxwell

More miles per gallon
More miles on tires



300,000

They Tell a Mighty

A MAN that has acquired wealth is usually a man with a story worth listening to. And a motor car that has acquired a manufacturing run of 300,000 has a mighty and endless story.

Maxwell is that car.

More than 5 years ago a chassis was designed that was absolutely featureless, simple to a point that was striking, planned so that it was easy to build, and planned so that it would deliver endless mileage.

This chassis was not designed by laboratory engineers. It was designed by road engineers.

These engineers were men who understood more about manufacturing cars than they did about design. "Of what use," said they, "is a 'beautifully' designed chassis if no factory on earth can produce it consistently."

So they said good-bye to all the little tricks of "fine engineering" and stood pat on common sense and micrometers. Not calipers, but micrometers. There's a wide difference.

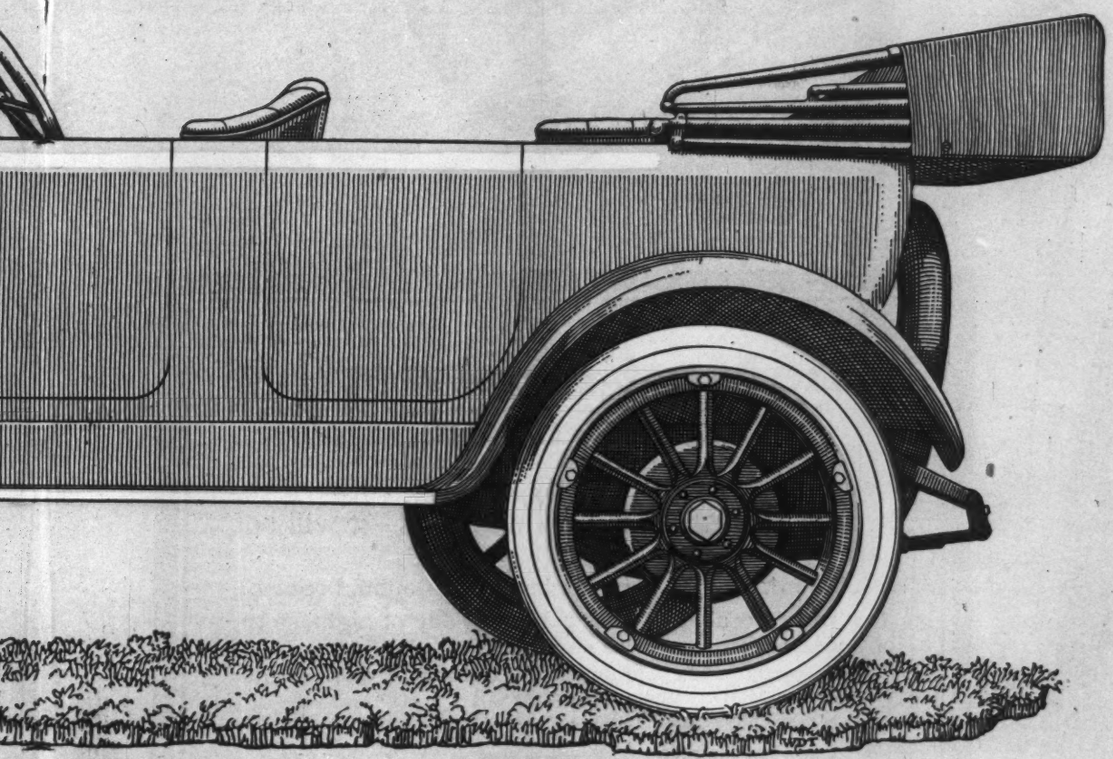
Their vision was clear. They wanted to build the highest efficiency ever put into an automobile. So they went immediately to simplicity.

They made it simple so that there would be no overweight, and consequent "drag." They made it simple so that it would be easy to build and therefore better built. They made it simple so that it wouldn't get out of order. (Complicated things always do.)

They made it simple so that any man could take care of his own car without calling in the experts every second Saturday.

MAXWELL MOTOR COMPA

MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY OF



0 Maxwells!

hty and Endless Story

They made it simple so that it would have no "grand opera moods," as some possibly more sensitive cars on occasions seem to possess.

They made it simple so that it would be everlastingly reliable.

They began making this car five years ago. They have never shifted from the original program laid down.

They have never made a single radical change in design.

They have made more than 1000 improvements. They have made each new Maxwell better than the last. "Yesterday's Maxwell a good car—tomorrow's Maxwell a better one!"

How well an old-fashioned policy like this succeeds is registered in numbers. Today more than 300,000 Maxwells have run endless millions of miles. Today there are 8 great Maxwell plants and a manufacturing inventory that runs into many, many millions of dollars.

There are 4000 merchants in America selling the Maxwell and making a satisfactory profit.

There are Maxwells in almost every spot on earth. And the demand, as this is being written, has shown a bound forward that no previous day in Maxwell history has recorded.

When they got through making this car simple they found they could save the buyer a handsome sum on the price, and many a thrifty dollar afterwards, by making the car good to begin with.

You pay $895 f.o.b. Detroit for a Maxwell. Were it not so simple you might easily pay $200 more.

OMPANY, Inc. DETROIT, MICH.
NY OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO

"The Most Trustworthy Tires Built"

Your motor car is exactly as good as its tires. It can't be better, for—without tires—it will not carry you a single mile.

Doubtful tires make even the best car a doubtful reliance.

You must be able to trust your tires day or night, storm or sunshine, city street or country road.

Service, comfort, even your own safety and that of those who ride with you, depend on trustworthy tires.

OLDFIELD TIRES

are tires founded on the observation, experience and study of Barney Oldfield, the greatest tire user in the world—a man who has, for nearly 20 years, earned his living on tires—trusted his life to them on track and speedway—on the roads of every state, in every kind of weather and going.

Barney Oldfield designs and builds these tires for you, and recommends them as "The most trustworthy tires built."

A strong and resourceful company has been formed and financed to supply your Oldfield Tires. These tires are already being delivered to distributors. You will soon see them on sale everywhere—in every size, fabric or cord, plain or anti-skid.

But you will find them in only one quality—the highest—the quality Barney Oldfield is willing to recommend to you.

Tire Merchants: Oldfield Tires will be sold through dealers and distributors. Your territory may still be open. Write or wire for application blank.

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO.
BARNEY OLDFIELD
PRESIDENT
CLEVELAND, O.

OLDFIELD TIRES

Bridgeport, Connecticut, but a brand-new plant specially erected for this purpose a short distance out of New York City. And the final result was that, throughout 1919, America would have turned out more of these three-inch and six-inch guns than France and England combined, and at a great saving.

Here is another story of a characteristically American achievement, the sort of thing that "jarred" the Germans. It sets forth the effort of a certain Chicago professor to serve his country — early in 1918. This professor knew nothing about guns or ammunition or the flight of projectiles, but he was one of the great mathematicians of the country, one of those astonishingly gifted men who not only grasp easily all the intricacies of higher mathematics that cause the despair of ordinary mortals, but who actually go ahead and invent mathematical systems of their own, something that is higher still — parabolic function, or elliptical functions or what not, just for the sheer joy of the thing. These great mathematicians are quiet and modest citizens in everyday life, but when they begin to talk about their specialties they find themselves in a highly rarefied atmosphere, where only half a dozen men on a continent can understand them.

It was a mathematician of this caliber who told a celebrated astronomer that if, on a certain night at a certain minute and fraction of a second, he would point his telescope to exactly such a point in the heavens, he would find an undiscovered planet — he *must* find it because higher mathematics proved that it was there. And, sure enough, there it was, the planet being Neptune, as every one knows.

It is a mathematician of this caliber who is to-day paid a hundred thousand dollars a year by one of our great electrical companies just to sit and look out of the window and think his particular kind of mathematical thoughts — which save the company millions!

Such a man was this Chicago mathematician, who came to Washington, having volunteered his services for the War, and was fortunately recognized as *the* very man in all America best qualified to deal with certain baffling problems connected with the flight of projectiles. One shudders to think what a difference it would have made if his precious talents had *not* been recognized and if he had simply been sent over to France to fight in the trenches. Happily, Washington knew how to sift and assign such men, according to fitness, and the professor was received with open arms, given a major's commission and told to sit down with pencil and paper and see if his unusual knowledge would enable him to make any practical suggestions for improving the work of our field artillery, about which he knew absolutely nothing.

The professor smiled and sat down, and after a few months of calculation he reported that he had reached certain conclusions. I am unable to indicate what his calculations were, and no one would understand them anyway, for he is the kind of man whose deepest sorrow in life grows out of the fact that logarithmic tables are made out only to ten places of decimals!

Among other things, this abstract mathematician informed the government experts that, if they would make some slight changes in the shape of the tip of the nose of their six-inch shell, and some slight changes in the curve of its tail, and some slight changes in the form of the rotating copper band that fits in the rifled grooves of the gun-barrel that makes the projectile turn, then he thought they would be pleased with the results.

Pleased! The experts were simply astounded, when, having made these trifling and inexpensive changes, they tried out the modified projectile in the roaring six-inch guns that hurl high explosive shells eight miles or more. Here surely was something to make the whole world sit up and take notice, for, with the same gun, the same powder charge, the same conditions of fire, save for the changes mentioned, this professor of mathematics, who knew nothing about war, had actually gained results in accuracy on the target and in distance of flight that surpassed any previous accomplishments of these six-inch guns or of any other six-inch guns. His projectiles, with their noses a little sharper, their tails a little rounder, their rotating bands a wee bit different, now traveled *two or three miles farther and very much straighter* than six-inch projectiles had ever traveled before either in America or Europe!

Says an official report that I have been privileged to read: "A long series of experiments in modifying the standard projectile in machine shops in Aberdeen was carried out in 1918, with the result that the range was increased 4,000 meters and the dispersing (scattering of shots) decreased to about one-eighth of its original value."

And subsequent results were even better, an increase of range of sixty per cent. (about five miles) being reported in October, 1918.

Which simply and literally means that, had the final test come, the best German batteries of six-inch guns would have been hopelessly outranged and out-targeted, blown to pieces before they could strike back, by our American six-inch batteries.

I may add that these remarkable improvements in range and accuracy apply not only to our six-inch guns, but more or less to guns of other calibers; so this is a permanent advance in the science of gunnery, although the changes themselves seem unimportant. Without spending an extra dollar in the manufacture of these guns and projectiles, the numerous industries working in cooperation with the American Ordnance Department have obtained an enormously better result.

All of which makes one wonder why Germany, with her boasted efficiency and her forty years of intensive preparation for war, did not think of busying some of her abstract mathematicians with important problems of projectile flight. I should like to put that question to Von Hindenburg!

Next month Mr. Moffett tells the story of what America did with steel to win the War

Faces—and Masques

by Paul Morris

THERE was a time when a man's face was a mirror in which could be seen his character. If he were generous, if he were crafty, or kindly, or lovable or hateful, it was reflected in his countenance. But civilisation which ought to refine and educate and which does teach men to feel deeply, also teaches them to conceal their feelings. It is making masques of human faces. The cleverest man to-day, as the world sees things, is the one who, without revealing by look or word his own emotions, can force others against their will to unveil their secrets. Expressionless faces are now in vogue.

With hard stone pavements come hard faces. Buildings pressed closely together are in keeping with faces from which beauty and expressiveness have been pressed. City life which makes strong minds, deadens the senses and extracts character from the features. Only the weak and the inexperienced show to the world what they actually are.

We are developing a race of "poker faces." Those faces which can be easily read are being altered by mechanical means. Men grow beards to cover weak chins and surly mouths. Women paint thin lips to make them seem fuller and repress thick sensual lips by drawing them inward. A high or a low forehead can be altered by a clever hairdresser. But chiefly, the expression of the eyes and of the mouth can be changed by the will. Power and self-control are being developed at the expense of beauty and truth.

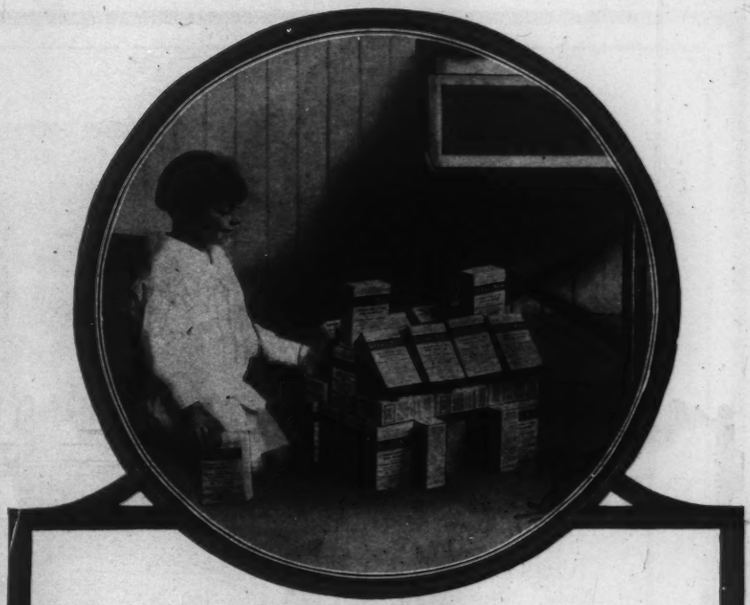
A portrait painter once told me that only with the greatest difficulty can he make his subjects express any positive emotion.

I remember returning to the city after a sojourn of several months in a country village where life moved simply and leisurely, where men lived natural normal lives and their countenances mirrored their virtues and their faults. Scrutinizing the blank faces opposite me in a street car I asked myself:

"Are these real people? Are human passions burning beneath their cold visages?"

Even an evil face is more interesting than one without expression.

A child playing in the street laughs and cries lustily, but a strong man stores away his real self beneath the surface and presents to the world a cold, calculating countenance. This is an age of reason and logic. We think in figures. Even the expression of our faces is preconceived. Are we becoming a race of Sphinxes?



Grape-Nuts

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The Cracking Knee

[*Continued from page 24*]

song of the East and of the mysteries of his own existence.

When they turned away from this view and had stepped through the round gateway of the thick compound wall upon the immense stone flags leading toward the heavy wooden, carved doorway of the residence, a sense of the weight of unpleasant memories lingering within this enclosure, came upon them. The grass that tried to grow upon the soil of that open space, the sickly trees in bulging tubs, the one ancient trunk in the center snapped off in some mighty wind but still trying to thrust out its leaves, like an old and broken countess decorating herself with garlands, the water jars sitting along the house wall as if they were the original containers of the Forty Thieves and the odors of damp stones and of a pile of wooden packing cases freshly opened and smelling of new wood, all came into the senses to create an indescribable emotion of repulsion. From inside the house with its open windows came the endless little clatter of pictures and inscriptions on unrolled scrolls hanging on the bare walls and rattling in the wind.

"I rather think — that sometime — ages ago, I have been here before," said Dora softly.

DAVY, startled, looked down at her. Her long lashes were spread out upon the soft smooth surfaces beneath her eyes; the lids were closed as if she were trying, behind these curtains, to recall something of a forgotten past of her spirit.

"All of us have such moments — in the East," he said. "Oh, quite so! Not only in China. I once felt that way about a Llama temple in Thibet."

Loong stopped them at the entrance of his house and pointed at a great drum — a barrel of wood with an oily skin decorated by dragons and stretched taut over each end.

"This has been here for many years," he explained. "When pirates or brigands from the mountains came down the river and their boats were sighted, then this drum was beaten to sound an alarm."

With a leather covered knobbed stick, shining from the grip of many a greasy hand, he struck the end a blow. The drum thundered out a mighty vibration which rolled away and came echoing back, rising and falling like the noise of a giant cannon ball bounding across soft valleys and thumping the rocks of the hilltops. Three ravens concealed in the top of one of the spreading maidenhair trees, rose cawing and flapped off toward the silver dish of sun which was dipping below the western peaks.

The Chinese host gave vent to a shrill burst of laughter in the key one associates with an old and toothless crone. With his laugh the century-old benevolence of his face rearranged itself into the leer of a high-cheeked fiend and, with the last cackle, settled itself back again into the expression of a philosopher whose calm no emotion, no pain, no violence could disturb.

"In this way there was announced the coming of an enemy," he said. He had closed his eyes and had tucked his long-fingered slim hands up the loose sleeves of his coat.

"And now," said he, "if you will forgive my absence I will suggest for you a stroll out through the garden. Please look here and look there at your will. My humble little plateau is yours and you will do me the honor to accept all that I have. Until dinner then — until dinner."

He bowed low. When he had pushed in through one of the heavy doors and had closed it softly after him, it appeared that the last soul within many miles had vanished. The coolies had disappeared as if they were soft-footed creatures who had no reality; Loong had disappeared like a figure of a dream.

"Davy, isn't this rather odd hospitality?" asked Dora.

"I do not think so," replied Binns. "These old Chinese are most inexplicable fellows. On the whole there is some skill in a hospitality so discriminating."

He had it on his tongue's end to say, "I would be quite content to be alone with you for good and all," but he shut his lips tight with an expression of obstinacy and for a moment the two stood in the gathering dark, both listening, as if to catch any sound of human life and both hearing nothing but the faint rustling of the grove beyond the compound wall and the listless chirping of insects.

There was something startling in the suddenness with which the dusk rose up from the lower and darker levels, the moment the silver-dish sun had dropped out of the dusty sky. In less than an hour it was no longer possible to see the gnats and river flies which had hung in the air above their heads in noiseless swarms.

"The world is quite empty now — except for you," said Davy.

The girl's fingers touched lightly the back of his hand; through this momentary contact he sensed the tightening of her nerves.

"I do not feel so," she said. "I feel — I feel as if a hundred pairs of human eyes were upon us."

He laughed.

"It is always so in China. You are not afraid?"

"I am not afraid," she answered. "But I think there is the odor of hate and violence in the air — hanging in this ominous silence and breathless night just like the perfume of some gorgeous, tropical flower which one drinks in, only to learn that it is a deadly poison."

Binns did not laugh now. A light had sprung up in the yamen windows and it threw its yellow rays up into the branches of the umbrella trees of the garden. Black bats came into these rays out of the night as if shot up from the black unfathomable river depths below the cliffs or diving downward from the black and starless and unfathomable bowl of the sky. The light struck a pathway across the stone flags of the garden walks between two ancient grinning stone dogs, and down this pathway came a coolie, his yellow skin reflecting a radiance like oiled brass. He wore a greasy smile and beckoned them toward his master's dwelling.

They could see as they entered and passed around the carved and painted screen a tablet of bronze inscribed with Chinese characters, which was fixed upon the wall facing the doorway. Below it a shrine table bore three altar vessels fashioned of *cloisonné* with handles provided by six squirming dragons. Plates of red-meated oriental peaches and small green fruits, and highly colored confections in decorated bowls were placed below this tablet, and among them burned several columns of rare incense which filled the hall and the rooms opening from it with a warm and drowsy aroma.

Binns, directed by the coolie, whose face was like a grinning mask of brass with eyes as expressionless as lacquer beads, stood back from a second doorway to allow Dora to precede him into a smaller room in which a teakwood table bore the first courses of Chinese hospitality. The moment they had entered, the sliding door behind them was closed. As its weight slid over the sill it gave forth a shriek ending with the dull thud of its weight meeting the obstructing jamb.

THIS sound was the signal for the opening of another sliding door in the opposite wall through which Chu Loong stepped with cushion sole slippers, moving noiselessly toward them.

"It is sorrowful that I cannot provide for you here some European delicacies," he said in his measured diction. "Perhaps you will not regret this to-morrow — since new mornings wipe away old evenings. I will be honored if you will partake of a dinner in Chinese style — though no doubt you have tasted better in Canton or Pekin where rarities may be had in the markets."

"I think we are the ones who are honored," Dora remarked, looking about as if she wished to take in all the details of the room in one glance. "I found it cold and damp outside. Here it is warm and there is the delicious spicy smell of tea leaves."

"From the old dry cellars below us," said Loong. "There are still some packages of tea stored there."

Binns who had noticed the tight fitting wooden shutters which filled the window spaces and which, except for a single quaint portrait of an ancestor painted on silk were the only interruptions to the bare walls of soft stone carved with tiny figures and characters, felt behind him for the handle of the sliding door which had closed after them, and was relieved to find that it had not been fastened. He felt humiliated that Dora's

Banff Springs Hotel, in the Canadian Pacific Rockies

An Invitation to Canada

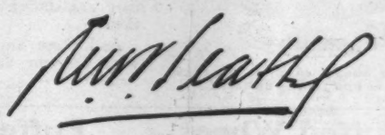
Under the stress of War, the Allies have learned many things, chief of which is that they have a common purpose, common ideals and a common humanity. War has made them better acquainted.

In the days of Peace this better acquaintance should continue, particularly between such near and good neighbors as Canada and the United States. It is for this reason that Canadians wish to emphasize that if any Americans decide to visit Canada this summer, they will be more welcome even than in the past.

They will find a country of unique grandeur and beauty if they come, for instance, to the Canadian Rockies. They will travel in Canada over a railway, the service of which has not been impaired by War, to hotels of which the Canadian Pacific is justly proud. They will, moreover, find a standard of comfort which the experienced traveller appreciates

But, most of all, Canadians desire Americans to know that they wish to get still better acquainted. They like to visit your country and would like you to come and see theirs.

In spite of the War the Canadian Pacific Railway has maintained its organization of offices and agencies in the United States and these are at your service for information and particulars.



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MONTREAL, *Easter*, 1919

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The Puffed Grains, prepared by Prof. Anderson's process, are the best-cooked cereal foods in existence.

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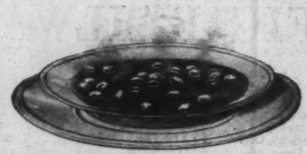


Think what airy, toasted wafers for your soups

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(3881)

apprehension had been contagious; in his better judgment he knew that Loong could not afford to remain as a great spider in the center of German intrigue in China if he were to allow harm to come to foreigners within his citadel or have a disappearance of a British agent and a young American girl traced to his compound gate. Besides, the old Chinese had put on a pair of spectacles with heavy silver rims; they gave his long philosopher's countenance a benevolence which matched the quiet smile on his thin dust-dry lips.

"Here there is quiet," Loong was saying as he motioned to his guests to take seats upon the carved benches beneath the native oil lamp pendent from the painted ceiling. "We must think well of this quiet — this peace — this humble meal. Somewhere men are falling like grain reaped down by the sweep of the scythe, most of the world is drunk with war madness, over great territories humanity squirms and dies for lack of a day's ration of bread. But here it is all different and you are welcome at the table of one whose ancestors and whose gods are opposed to the taking of life."

HE had raised a china spoon filled with the aromatic broth to his lips, but he put it back into the bowl with a decisive click and, resting his yellow, bony fingers upon the dark wood of the table stared at Davy with as noncommittal and peaceful gaze as comes from the painted eyes of a wooden Buddha looking out of the door of an ancient temple.

"I have heard that in occidental countries there are also individuals and sects who are opposed to taking life," Loong went on, half closing his eyes and almost chanting his words as a Taoist priest might chant them. "But I do not think there are in America from which you come Mr. — Mr. George Davy, any men of strong bodies and sound spirits and courage who could stand the test which we, of my faith, know is the final test which will prove whether or not a man will kill."

"I know what you mean," said Dora with a new light in her brown eyes. "It is the test of fear."

Old Chu Loong glanced at her with an expression of anxiety.

"Ah, you have hit the nail upon the head — as Americans say," he admitted with a cackling laugh. "It is fear. Suppose an armed man came to my house and, being my enemy, I believed he was seeking my life. Would I not be tempted to place a poison in his food? It is when my life is placed against his that there comes the final test of my belief. And war itself is always an expression of fear, for war is often brought about by the distrust and fear of two peoples, or sets of peoples for each other and always, at least one side, fights because of fear. So with men, too. Men kill for fear — fear of loss — fear of loss of property, of loss of freedom, fear of imprisonment, fear of loss of a woman, fear of loss of life. Fear alone makes deliberate. And here your western civilizations break down in the test of principle — you kill — at least you kill in fear — in self-defense."

Davy Binns had leaned forward over the table. The light from the floating wicks of the swinging oil lamp shining down upon his tanned face brought out the strong young features and the lines of firmness about his eyes and around the corners of his mouth.

"I would not kill — even in self-defense," he said with a sharp cold tone. "Neither in peace — nor in war, neither as a soldier nor as a man."

Dora turned quickly toward him.

"Davy!" she exclaimed.

"I know," he replied. "I should have told you. For several generations it has been a part of the religion of a deeply religious family. I am not different."

The girl stared at him in surprise and horror. Something of an impulsive loathing came into her eyes.

"A conscientious objector?" she said with scorn.

"Quite right," he answered firmly and met the challenge of contempt in her eyes with an unflinching, unwinking gaze. "It is your habit to rag me about my British characteristic of standing forever on a principle. Well, I did not wish to talk about principles. This one—well, I stand upon it."

An oily smile came upon the face of Loong. He locked his bony fingers and rubbed his dry palms together so that a noise like the hiss of a snake came from his hands.

"Ah, I would not be the cause of contention," he said. "Perhaps a beautiful young woman could be made to see that it is better not to kill even in fear, and perhaps an honorable young man, with his principles against inflicting death would not meet the test of fear. Who knows? Who knows how soon human views will change? Who knows how?"

"I know," said Dora angrily. "There is something flabby about those who will not defend, even to killing, their honor, their love and their lives — call it principle if you will."

Davy shut his lips closer and turned away.

From the garden, beyond the closed shutters, came a wild scream.

"You need not be alarmed," said Loong to Dora. "It is only a coolie — a miserable, dirty native of the hills."

"And why does he scream?" asked Davy.

"He screams from fear," Loong answered, rising. "Ignorant animal — a beast in man's form. He screams from fear. He screams like a thing of the night. And would you like to see why this water carrier — this jibbering beast of burden has screamed? Come!"

Rising to his full lank height, he pulled at the shutters.

"Come!"

"No!" cried Dora, shrinking back.

"Look!" said Loong with his dry laugh which ended with the sound of fallen leaves rustling in the cold wind. "Look! Nothing but the dark night and the wind eternally blowing down the river!"

He flung open the shutters.

From the black night outside, a great rush of air poured into the chamber. The floating wicks in the pendent oil lamp sputtered; their light, flickering wildly, sent shadows chasing about the walls like a frantic hysterical mob of ghosts which had come tumbling in from the dark. With a moan rising into a final wail the night wind gave its final puff through the aperture. The last flame was snuffed out. As if the world of vision had suddenly exploded and total blindness had come the two guests of Chu Chien Loong were left in the black mud of utter darkness. They heard the slam of the shutters and a low soft laugh and the sound of a sliding door.

Davy was about to rise when he heard Dora's one sudden scream and the muffling of it which came as suddenly, ending with two short gasps as if her soft throat had been throttled by two giant hands.

He had leaped forward and the dishes of the overturned table were already crashing into bits upon the stone floor when other hands from the dark seized his neck, his wrists, his arms, his legs. He struggled viciously but the force of many, silent except for the panting of their hot breath, bore him backward and he felt the bite of a rope bound about his ankles and the agony of pain in his arms which had been twisted behind him and were being bound together with a strap. The weight of half-naked bodies and their warmth and smothering pressure were upon him until he had been trussed like a fowl ready for the spit. His collar was torn from his neck by coarse fingers, a sharp blade ripped the sleeves of his coat and his shirt. The shoes upon his feet were drawn off and his stockings cut away. And at last, panting with the fight he had offered in vain, he was lifted up and seated upon the bench where ten minutes before he had been Loong's guest.

He had not uttered a cry or an imprecation; all breath and energy he had saved for his futile struggle Now, however, he said one word.

"Dora!"

There was no answer.

IN his desperation he struggled again with the bonds which held his limbs, but at last he leaned back and when his bare skin touched the surface of the wall, which was as cold as the stone flooring upon which the bare soles of his feet rested, he realized that he had been stripped to the waist.

He could hear, he thought, his assailants withdraw; but it was not until the flare of a match was touched to an oil wick once more and the enlarging circle of radiance had spread outward that he could know that the grave, philosophical and crafty face of Loong had fixed upon him its benevolent smile, above which the beadlike eyes in contradiction sent toward him their evil gleam.

"Behold your companion in fear," said the Chinese calmly. With the long pointed nail of the first finger of his yellow hand he indicated the figure which had taken Dora's place across the table. The three were alone in the closed room.

The coolie, a man of the hills, as was indicated by his long black matted hair which fell almost to his shoulders, had also been stripped to the waist. His forehead was low, his two slanting eyes were set close together, his coarse yellow skin, pock-marked by contagion, was drawn into shining tightness over high cheek-bones, but his body was alive with

admirable muscle and sinew, his shoulders at the top of wiry, long arms, were meaty from the labor of a beast of burden, and the front of his bare chest was divided into two great flat muscles which lay under a surface of brassy skin, like two metal breastplates of polished armor. Beneath these two plates, as the water-carrier strained against the bindings which restrained him, smaller chest muscles, ovoid and hard like English walnuts beneath the skin, appeared and disappeared just as the welts of sinew in his lean arms leaped into sight and faded out as their stress was called into action and released again. Binns thought this miserable creature, whose low concave forehead and broad nostrils and protruding teeth thrust forward from the gums, was indeed, as Loong had described him, an animal — something more of an animal than a dog, something less hopeful than a wild beast, less decent and more a monster than the devil whose face grinned out from the background of the portrait of Loong's ancestor, painted on silk and hanging on the opposite wall.

DAVY turned his dripping body toward the old Chinese. He said, "You are mistaken if you think I am afraid. What have you done with her?"

"Be calm, my friend," Loong answered. "She is quite safely provided for. She awaits the result of our trial — of our test."

"Test of what?"

"Test of philosophies and principles — my dear friend, Mr. Davy Binns of Gallingsgate, England, whose father wrote so estimable a work upon astronomy and yet who failed to find in all the heavens the star of destiny for his son which I have found so soon."

"No doubt you realize that at this moment not only the British office in Pekin but the Japanese and French as well know exactly where I am."

Loong thrust his hands into his sleeves and bowed.

"Of this I am aware — of this I have been informed," he said. "Your coming, my dear spying friend, is disturbing to me. It will give you satisfaction to know that the very fact that you have suspected me of being an agent of German plans for China is quite enough to cause me to vacate my pleasant isolated residence upon this rock. You have found the nest you sought, my friend. Am I not frank with you? And if you had not talked indiscreetly and forgotten that China is a land of listening ears and unseen watchful eyes you would have found many things to see here upon my rock — in the nest of the old gray hawk."

Binns stared, his lips pressed together.

"But the old gray hawk must migrate now. And for this he is not grateful to you, Mr. Davy Binns. But, as you have said, he is not foolish enough to kill you. Indeed, how could he do so? His religious beliefs forbid it. And they are well founded through a long line of ancestors who worshiped the same principles and the same gods. No, I will not kill you."

He thrust forth the tip of his tongue to wet his powdery dry lips. Davy thought the thrust of this tongue and the expressionless gleam of his lacquer-surfaced eyes were like the attributes of a poisonous snake.

"However, when I leave to-night for flight into the mountains toward Mongolia, I will leave the evidence that a philosopher has dwelt here, my young friend. You belong to a new civilization, impulsive and childlike — I, to an old civilization, calm and ingenious. Accordingly I have invented a little game — a little game for Principle and Destiny."

He put before him on the table two pointed knives of dull steel and rough wooden handles, carved with corrugations to fit grasping fingers. The double edges of the blades were waved and the brightness of the metal at the tips and along these edges indicated that the knives had been newly ground to razor delicacy of cutting power.

"I show you these, my friend, because one of them is my parting gift to you and the other shall be my parting gift to your new acquaintance there. Depending upon the pranks of fate, and upon the reformation of your conscientious convictions, the one or the other may some day thank me for my gift — since it is the gift of life itself."

"Say what you have to say," growled Davy. "I have no use for your palaver."

"Below us, my friend, is a stone cellar. There are masonry supports in it and a few chests of tea and a few lead containers within their outer casing of woven grass. Otherwise there is nothing — not even light. There is adequate ventilation provided by small apertures in the upper corners where wall meets ceiling, but I assure you that the night is dark, the openings small and when you are within you will see nothing and if you remain quiet you will hear no sound."

Loong pointed again to the half-naked beast-like coolie who sat across the table.

"You will admire that which you will call oriental ingenuity," he said quietly. "I shall put you and him into the cellar together. Your bonds shall be severed. Upon the floor in front of each of you will be placed one of these pretty, long, graceful knives. And then you will be left alone. By morning, I and my servants will have traveled many miles. And here — below us in the old storeroom — who knows?"

"The girl—" began Davy.

Loong smiled. "I have thought that I would send her back to see what the outcome of our game would be. If she finds you here alive and well you have my congratulations upon renewing your affectionate companionship in a quiet and isolated place. On the other hand, if she finds our friend yonder — such is destiny."

Davy ground his teeth and strained at the thongs which bound him, and seeing this the old Chinese scholar laughed.

"I wish to call your attention to your rival," he said. "Look at his face. Consider his importance and the importance of his existence. It is nothing. His life is nothing. He is like millions of a degenerated humanity. Plague kills them in hundreds of thousands. No one is missed. Famine sweeps them away and the dead go uncounted. Flood swallows up hordes and it is mentioned by a passing word. And here is only one — an animal of the dirt, an atom of less than no value, a creature in the mud of ignorance, wallowing through existence, a mouth to stuff with rice — that is all. No family leans upon him. No mark is made when his life is ended. If you could speak a word he could understand or if he could speak a word you could understand — which neither of you can do — there would be nothing more in common between you and him than between you and the pig wallowing in the moat of Nankin."

"And what have you told him of me?" asked Binns.

"I have told him that you seek his heart to make a soup which will bring you vast riches," replied the Chinese. "I have said that the foreigner must only get such a heart by stealth, by the speaking of fair words or the making of signs. I have said that you have paid a great reward to me for bringing him here but that your tribe kills no unarmed man. Look at his face! It is livid with fear, my friend, and it is fear which gives desire and cunning to the killing hand."

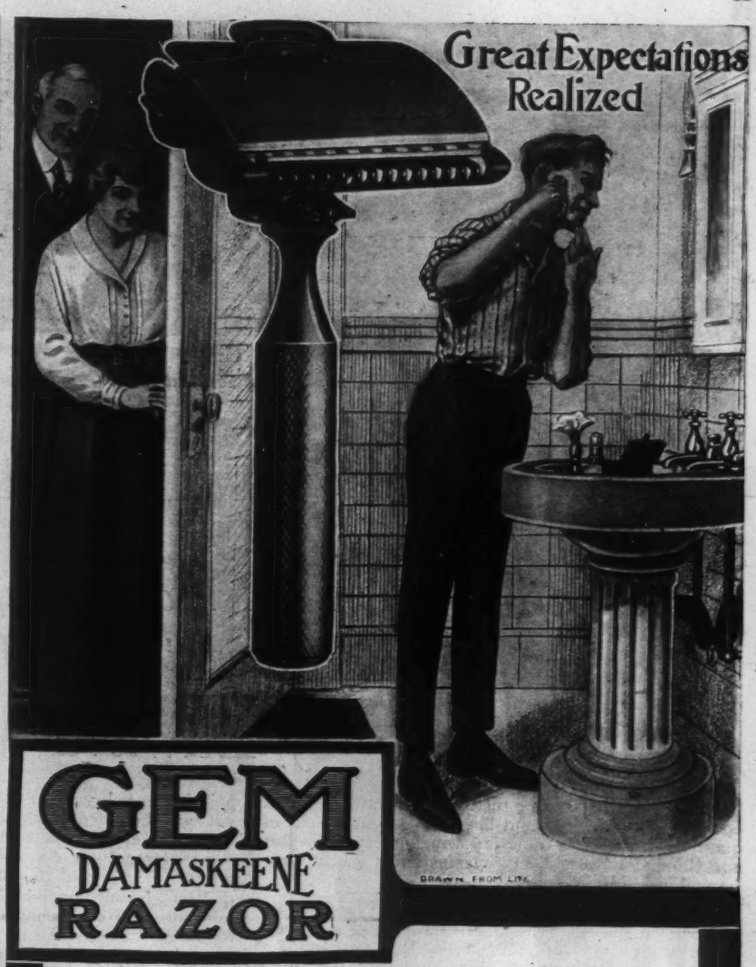
BINNS turned slowly toward the terrible being across the table and saw in the bestial face the wild look of an animal at bay.

"You will find him skilful in hunting his game," said Loong. "He will know that strategy forbids making a sound. He will creep noiselessly upon soles of feet and palms of hands like a cat. He will come silently out of the dark. He is lean and powerful and the thrust of his knife will be clean and long. He will listen for your breathing as you listen for his, and his ears are keen. He wil smell for you like a beast and slide over the stones as softly as a snake. But you will stick to your British principles as the lady has said. Neither fear nor reason will allow you to take knife in hand — to kill, to kill, to kill."

Loong threw back his head and indulged in a long cackling laugh. The cords of his lean and wrinkled old neck fell away from his windpipe which stood out like the support of a skeleton's skull. With a long hand he waved at the lighted wick in the bowl of the oil lamp. The flickering sent the shadows dancing like fiends around the room and then once more, like the oblivion which follows an explosion, darkness came.

[To be continued]

Coming next month: Another bully baseball story by Clifford Hollander



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Omaha is sick of ugliness and squalid areas. It condemns a place like this and turns it into a splendid park

The City of Magic Plans

Already On the Water Wagon, this Western City Has Put Its Breweries Up For Sale as Flour Mills

by **Edward Mott Woolley**

ONE of the first places I visited after reaching Omaha was a large room, marked City Planning Department, on an upper floor of the City Hall. Inside were drafting tables covered with drawings and blue prints, and dozens of queer mounted maps hung on swinging fixtures. But one thing that caught my eye instantly was a large framed inscription:

> Make no little plans; they have no magic to stir men's blood, and will not be realized. Make big plans; aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble and logical diagram, once recorded, will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing.

Here at the start I got the atmosphere of the new Omaha, with its plans — plans that are indeed big enough to stir one's blood. Omaha is among the best examples I have found of the type of city that is building for coming generations. It belongs also among cities that have been awakened by world events to greater possibilities. While city planning in Omaha dates further back, our war with Germany has touched with something like divination the imaginations of those who now look far into the city's future. These men are visualizing Omaha as it will be in fifty years, and are replacing the individual view with the community one. They want to expand the personal, short-sighted outlook into a big composite force that is going to make Omaha one of the most beautiful and prosperous of cities.

I reached the Nebraska metropolis on a cold but clear winter morning, and took a taxi to a hotel as beautiful in its appointments as one could find. From my lofty window I had an inspiring view of the city and of the hills it will occupy long before these great plans are fulfilled. Omaha to-day has 200,000 people; it aims to have 500,000 within thirty years — nor do its ambitions stop at that.

Any community that is set among picturesque hills is already a long way on the road to city planning, especially if you can add the touch of a lake or river. In the sunlight of this winter morning I saw the Missouri River winding away beneath rugged bluffs, which, I learned afterward, are to be reclaimed for parks. But already I understood something of Omaha's possibilities.

A few minutes later, on emerging from the hotel, I asked a policeman to direct me to the Chamber of Commerce. Experience has taught me that this institution is the first place to go in quest of information; and I have found it a test of a city's mental condition to inquire my way of policemen. In some cities these functionaries don't know things.

This particular bluecoat, however, displayed knowledge and enthusiasm. He took me by the arm, to my embarrassment, and led me a block to Farnham Street, pointing to a skyscraper down the hill. "Take the elevator to the seventeenth floor," he said.

It was evident that Omaha's city planning had stamped something of its spirit on the police force. Soon afterward I reached the Chamber of Commerce headquarters, from the windows of which a still more magnificent view, embracing the whole horizon, was unfolded. An executive of the Chamber took me from window to window, and it needed no great argument to convince one that Omaha had within its hilly boundaries the framework for a great and splendid city.

IT chanced that on this day the Good Fellowship Club of the Chamber was having a luncheon in the dining-room on the top floor, one story up, the subject for discussion being "Why Cities Grow." In the course of the speaking some of the reasons for Omaha's growth, and for its still bigger plans, became apparent. The main force that makes a city grow is *men*. So-called natural resources are far less important.

In the afternoon of my first day in town I saw the city and its suburbs through the windows of a limousine. I wanted to get something of a photograph in my mind, as a background. We rode perhaps forty miles, beginning with the manufacturing and stockyards districts. I should say here that Omaha is a packing-house city — in the narrow sense of the term. While the packing establishments and yards are immense, they are well off to one side, in South Omaha, and do not silhouette themselves against the city's skyline. Nor is any of the environment of livestock or packing in evidence in Omaha proper.

Much of my ride was over snow-covered bluffs and through broken or craggy parks. Even now Omaha has 991 acres of park lands and thirty-five miles of boulevards. True, in the course of this ride I saw discordant things — unbeautiful streets, houses quite the reverse of artistic, large areas of unredeemed civic nakedness. But these things of themselves were reasons for city planning.

But before going into the subject of Omaha's planning, suppose we take a look at the people and the town to-day.

The city has its own individuality, and in this respect occupies a position somewhat unique. I don't know of any other large community so closely tied up with farmers. With the exception of a smelting plant, food industries heavily dominate; and Omaha is the Mecca, trysting-place, show-town, convention headquarters, and all-round business center and playground of the farm people of Nebraska and western Iowa. At times there are more than 50,000 farmers in Omaha; but you need not stand on the street corners in a hypercritical attempt to pick them out. I have seen towns where it required no Sherlock Holmes to point out the tillers of the soil who might be in the village to sell eggs or buy sugar, but the average Nebraska farmer melts into the Omaha atmosphere — which is distinctly metropolitan. So do his wife and children. In fact thousands of farmers come to Omaha in their automobiles — and usually they are not cars of the cheaper type. Two or three large hotels, cosmopolitan and not over-cheap, are favorites with the visiting agriculturists, and many conventions of farmers' organizations are held in these hostelries.

I was told that large numbers of farmers, having gained competence in the vast reaches of Nebraska, had moved to Omaha with their families, acquiring substantial homes. To them the lure of Omaha is as strong a magnet as the witchery of New York to the ultra-ambitious young man. In fact, Omaha is the New York of Nebraska farmers. Its skyline of high office buildings, its convention halls and theatres, its land and implement shows, and the opportunity to mingle with everything that is new and progressive in agriculture, make the attraction irresistible. Nebraska is notable for its many organizations of farm interests. Livestock men, potato growers, and fruit, poultry, and cooperative activities of various kinds are always well represented in the Omaha throngs. Committee meetings, special conferences, and farm congresses are a distinctive part of Omaha life. Here one finds the heart of specialized education in agriculture; for example, a winter lecture course on poultry raising.

Nebraska farmers, moreover, are quite inclined to study heavier economics; they discuss the pros and cons in a way that puts to shame the knowledge of the average city man.

Another drawing card is the Ak-Sar-Ben — which, read backwards, is Nebraska. The daylight and illuminated parades of this organization are comparable to the New Orleans Mardi Gras. Great crowds come to Omaha on these occasions, composed largely of farmers and their families. So firmly entrenched are the doings of the Ak-Sar-Ben that it employs an artificer at a salary of $7,500 a year. No sooner is one annual event finished than he begins plans for the next, devising many elaborate floats and other features. During the winter the Ak-Sar-Ben holds weekly "initiations" — always fine sport. President Wilson, the late ex-President Roosevelt, and other prominent men have been given a softened third-degree in the "den," but many a farmer has received the third-degree without modifications.

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artistic developments of Omaha have an attraction. A creditable art gallery was founded long ago, and has had a big influence in building up schools of music and painting, and in establishing art associations and a long series of exhibits.

The broadness of Omaha's educational opportunities, altogether aside from agriculture, also draws the farm populace. Within the city are two prominent institutions of higher learning, Creighton and the University of Nebraska, with courses in law, medicine, dentistry, agriculture, horticulture, forestry, engineering, and other branches.

Omaha, too, has a High School of Commerce, with exceptionally high standing both in commercial and vocational work. The regular high schools, of which there are three, have compulsory military training — dating far back of the War.

Omaha's educational plan for its 39,000 school children includes extension work and community-center activities — concerts, lectures, debates, dramatic events, gymnasiums, and a chorus. These centers exchange talent.

While driving on Florence Boulevard a number of fine homes were pointed out to me and jocosely spoken of as "farmhouses." This boulevard is one of the best in the city, running along the edge of a low ridge and dipping down to an extensive plain that is still farmed. Thus some Florence Boulevard dwellers have front doors on the best residential area of Omaha, and back doors overlooking their farms.

Omaha has the largest percentage of telephones of any city in the United States; the habit is practically universal. Fifty per cent. of Omaha families own their homes, and 40 per cent. of these were built through Building and Loan Associations. This indicates the town's thrift. There is no slum or tenement-house district; although apartment houses have been developing, the people live in detached dwellings as a rule, with plenty of ground.

But the farmers, despite the big part they play, are by no means the dominating element. Omaha is personally conducted by business men. It was my privilege to lunch on more than one occasion in the great dining-room of the Chamber of Commerce, and I found it crowded with hundreds of manufacturers and merchants. One thing that impressed me especially was the fact that most of them seemed familiar with the local geography and business affairs of New York itself, and of other leading cities.

Another thing was the radical difference in viewpoint between these Omaha men and business men I know in New York. In the latter city one feels all the time an atmosphere of overwhelming competition and surfeited markets. The idea in New York is not so much to find wholly new markets as to invent strangle-holds on the old ones — to discover some new way of approach, or to work out a different psychological point of attack. In Omaha the business man's vision is more in the line of virgin markets. Many men in Omaha are trying to do things that nobody there ever did before. They are laying foundations for new industries, with the background of a market more or less naïve but plethoric with money.

Omaha is a city largely lacking in display of wealth, although it has many rich men and women. Their homes, with few exceptions, are modest, and their functions without pageantry. Nevertheless the social observers say that the percentage of well-dressed and fastidious people is far greater in Omaha than in New York or Chicago. Some of these families go back to the city's early history, which is most dramatic. The town grew out of the Union Pacific Railroad, which was completed to the coast in 1869. Pawnee scouts guarded the trains against the Sioux tribe. Then came the great Omaha boom.

A few years ago Omaha first began to think seriously, forming the Civic League and then the City Planning Commission. The War caused some delay, but in the end proved a great stimulus not only to the city but to all that Nebraska country. The Commission, in one of its reports, says: "As a consequence of war, city planning everywhere is regarded as even more vital and pressing than ever before. . . . Omaha is ready for big things.

Parks, playgrounds and boulevards form an important part in the plans, which, however, go vastly further and include transportation, the development of waterfront facilities, railroad terminals, industrial housing, zoning and reasonable control over private property in the interest of the community.

A well-known city-planning engineer was secured from Boston as a permanent member of the Commission, and three consulting experts were engaged. The survey, as revealed in the twenty-odd data maps, represents a study such as no other city has had.

Perhaps the most fundamental map bears the title, *Use of Land*. This shows the varying uses to which the areas within the city limits have been put, and points the way to make each portion of the city serve the people to the best advantage. It shows where conditions have developed, industrially or otherwise, to the great detriment of adjoining residential property.

A map called Waste of Land gives a special picture of undeveloped districts within the city which might have become important parts of the community except for unfortunate and preventable conditions. In establishing homes people passed by these unlovely and ramshackle regions, and perhaps went far out into new districts. This made necessary the extension and maintenance, at great cost, of water mains, sewers, lighting systems, and other improvements before they might have been needed otherwise. In this connection a map of sewers, too, is significant.

The Property Values map shows up other conditions such as exist in the majority of cities to the great detriment of public welfare. On this map the city is divided into areas of all sizes and shapes, determined by the front-foot value of land. When studied in connection with data developed by other maps, the causes of price fluctuations are apparent. For instance, Ah Sing and Jim Lee located their laundries, without hindrance, within one of these areas; a barber shop, grocery store and junk yard also found entrée. Without power to protect themselves against these obnoxious and arrogant invaders, the property owners saw their investments shrink maybe fifty per cent. In other areas, the values are shown to be high.

THE Distribution of Population is shown on a large map in which each dot represents fifty people. At a glance are shown the congested blocks, where the city planner must be on the watch for overcrowding and bad housing, and where playgrounds are needed.

Another map, with similar dots, shows the location of the working population. It also tells where the industrial establishments are, and, in connection with the other maps, reveals many of the local requirements.

Unsanitary houses and the location of crowded dwellings are shown on another map.

In Omaha, as in most of the larger cities, street-car transportation is among the paramount considerations. A Transit map, drawn with "time-lines," shows what parts of the city can be reached in five, ten, fifteen, twenty-five and thirty minutes from the city center. This map shows how deficient the transportation facilities are in some parts of Omaha, and how excellent in others.

Few cities have made any attempt to develop their street system to keep pace with the rapid growth of motoring and gasoline trucking. The economic burden arising from such conditions in Omaha is shown on a map called Trucking and Automobile Routes.

A map of Existing Pavements and another showing the Life of Pavements are studied in conjunction with the Automobile map.

The Contours and Street Gradients map is one of the most remarkable, presenting graphically the street grades in percentages, and indicating where cuts and fills are needed.

A map devoted to Parks, Playgrounds and School Property, when analyzed in its relation to some of the other maps, shows definitely the greater need for such improvements.

Public and Semi-Public Buildings is the subject of a map which indicates the location and extent of districts insufficiently provided with structures of this character.

Omaha, by the way, is strictly on the water wagon. A woman from Chicago bought a bottle of alcohol for bathing her baby, and was fined a hundred dollars. A man shipped in six barrels of gumdrops filled with liquid joy — but was caught. They are glad of prohibition out there, and the breweries are for sale as flour mills.

Other maps show the Street Lighting, Places Where Foodstuffs Are Sold, Parking Places for Automobiles, Grade Crossings, and other features on which depend much of a city's prosperity. The whole group of maps is a remarkable revelation of the problems confronting Omaha—problems which not many people in that city even imagined until the study was undertaken.

One of the more immediate undertakings is the zoning of the city. A packing-house zone has been established, and deadlines will be laid out for heavy manufacturing, light industries, mercantile houses, and residences.

Omaha is projecting ultimate improvements to cost large sums, in order to get a firm hold on peace growth. For one thing, it

proposes to reclaim seventy-one acres of beautiful natural ravines and hilly slopes, now disfigured by decaying houses.

A perpetual health drive has been inspired by the War; plans are laid to provide complete vital statistics, and to wage a campaign against tuberculosis.

Omaha has an unusual Welfare Department, which, among other things, interests itself in the domestic felicity of its people. A somewhat high divorce rate prevailed in the county—835 decrees in a year. The city, with its Legal Department, was able to refer many applicants for marital freedom to the Department of Domestic Relations, for conciliation, and out of 352 such cases in a year complete rehabilitation was established in 137 homes—and in many another instance an armistice.

In order to control public dances Omaha has itself braved the critics and purists by giving free municipal balls in its own Auditorium, which latter institution is another evidence of its broadened civic outlook. The building seats 7,000 people, and is an ever-valuable asset for conventions, musical events, the various land shows, automobile exhibits and farm implement expositions.

Some of the city commissioners — the town has commission government — are discussing the possibility of broadening the small municipal coal business into a big institution; also of selling steam heat from a central plant.

About 18,000 people work in the Omaha packing houses, and the Stock Yards rank next to Chicago's.

According to authorities the favorite trysting place of Nebraska lovers is in the vast fields, where the girls often run huge caterpillar tractors, monster electric-lighted harvesters which can be operated at night, motorplows, hay loaders, and such implements. Many a match has been made beneath the canopy of a two-row cultivator.

It is nothing unusual for the big farmers to have offices in the towns, with bookkeepers and stenographers. Farms of a thousand acres or more are plentiful, and one set of heirs owns 100,000 acres. The "Alfalfa Queen" grows 40,000 tons of hay — and resides in New York during the winter.

The state, too, has the second smallest percentage of illiteracy—less than two per cent.; and only one-quarter of the people live in towns of 2,500 or more. It is a farmer's state, and out of one hundred members of the legislature forty-four are tillers of the soil. Governor S. R. McKelvie owns a big farm paper at Lincoln.

Since the War began Nebraska has virtually discovered a giant new industry — potash. Some years ago a young man, a keen observer, collected incrustations from lakes in the western part of the state and sent them to the University of Nebraska for analysis. Shortly afterward he died, but two students at the institution saw possibilities and proceeded to file claims. For a time nothing happened, but now they are rich. In 1918 Nebraska produced sixty-five per cent. of all the potash obtained in the United States. There are now eight big companies, with a total investment in plants of $6,500,000. The lands and lakes are mostly leased, and the royalties have been large. Few of the local people, however, got in; they were incredulous until too late.

The War will repay itself in the end by giving many cities the big vision it has brought to Omaha.

A Cure for Swine and Swinishness

[*Continued from page 15*]

of control and handling. From mother's knee youth graduates to the corner, and from the ordinary activities of childhood to loafing, and from corner loafing to petty law-breaking, and from thence to crime. A prison official told me a little time ago that seventy per cent. of criminals are without the means of legitimate self-support; that to a preponderant degree had they trades or professions it is unlikely they would have touched crime. And we have also the tremendous problem of inadequate Americanism. That's a mouthful, isn't it? But it is magnificently explained — you see, I admit it — in the first paragraph. It is simply a pitiful lack of understanding of our national ideals; a danger that we're just beginning to wake up to. We have been shoving the individual up ahead of the country for so long that the individual think's he's bigger than the country, and what he gets when he sees the flag waving is an emotion that wrinkles his skin on the outside and doesn't disturb anything inside.

Now, we won't need to argue over the fact that at the age of eighteen or thereabouts a boy stands at the crossroads. That's the most impressionable time of his life, and from then on to twenty-three or so his character is formed. We know what the value of self-sacrifice, self-discipline, and willing service in the interests of humanity are. They're the basis of true character, of course, and they are the things that make for decent citizenship. Consequently, if we want good citizens we have to train them, and as there are about a half million young men approaching maturity each year we ought to be doing something to make them fit to vote like human beings and not like toy phonographs because Big Bill This, or Long Tom Whoosis told them how to vote.

Let us suppose that when Willy Smith reaches a point that is six months before his twenty-first birthday he is required to take a couple of hours off fro n whatever he happens to be doing, whether it is driving Grocer Briggs's or Butcher Burns's wagon, or shoveling coal into an open furnace door, and report himself to some adjacent federal bureau. I believe there are about 60,000 post-offices in the country, so we have the basic equipment for our conscriptional machine ready to our hand. Willy, then, drops in casually on some federal officer or other, gets a blank or two and fills them out. He is sent along to a local practitioner and looked over for spavin, rickets, or what-not, and in the event that some should shy at the introduction of a physical examination, let us say that it is intended merely to make difficult the assignment of a delicate or slight boy to an unsuitable or dangerous task.

Then comes a mental or occupational inquiry, and all the papers in the case are sent forward to the central bureau in Washington. In due course maps, dossiers, plans, and what you please are consulted, and an assignment for Willy Smith is made out and sent back to his local bureau, where it is held on file until Willy comes of age. Then, or within five days of then, he reports himself once more and now receives instruction as to his work and destination, draws his working uniform, his transportation and expense money, and departs for the shops, or the dam, or the canal, or irrigation project, or arsenal, or shipyard to which he has been assigned. Master Smith's destination is determined wholly from his individual preferences and obvious suitabilities, for our plan has nothing in it of the rule of a dictator, nor will it be organized to deal with or make machines. Its main function is the production of a higher brand of citizenship, with the swine element of selfishness left out. Quite obviously, since we are all human beings, mistakes may be made, and so we must have the right of appeal from improper or unsuitable assignment. Yes, of course, there is the opportunity for favoritism and wire-pulling, but that will probably be tried in heaven — and most certainly at the other address.

By the way, did I say that Willy's father was a cook in a local restaurant? Well, after all, that is neither here nor there. Willy climbs aboard the train, finds a seat and the necessity for dislodging the kitbag of Sinclair Bonbright, III. who has preempted the window location. Class distinctions are touchy things, and productive of personal enmities, and the heir to the millions of Bonbright has led a life that has bred touchiness and a very accurate left hook. By the very circumstances in which he was born and brought up Master Sinclair tends to self-indulgence and the blunting of a fine appreciation of the rights and needs of others, while, similarly, by the destructive conditions in which he was dragged into the reluctant world, Willy Smith leans automatically to an equal incapacity to appreciate responsibility for other people's rights. Willy wouldn't know a moral code if he saw a diagram of it, and every instinct he has is that of the wolf pack.

Let us assume that the pair manage to reach their destination in Colorado, — a huge irrigation construction work under the supervision of Colonel So-and-so. There has been some little feeling between the railroad officials and the heir to the house of Bonbright because he has not been permitted to buy better transportation than Comrade Willy. The conductor has

[*Continued on page 58*]

ROCKINCHAIR

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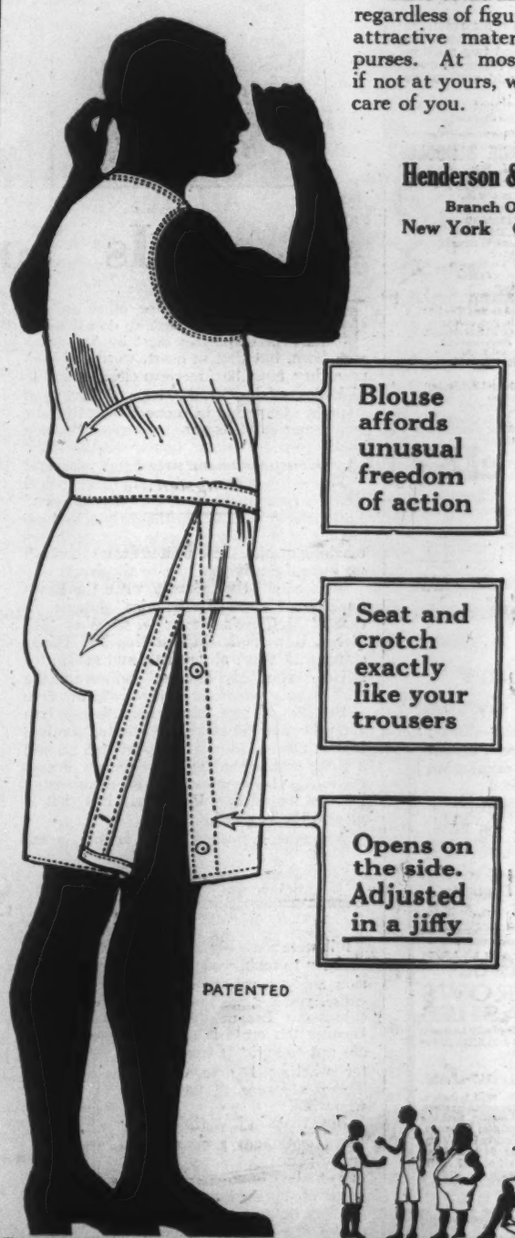
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Seat and crotch exactly like your trousers
Opens on the side. Adjusted in a jiffy
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Fortunately for you there is an unfailing way to do it. Train yourself for bigger work, learn to do some one thing well and employers will be glad to pay you real money for your special knowledge.

You can get the training that will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best, whatever it may be. You can get it at home, in spare time, through the International Correspondence Schools.

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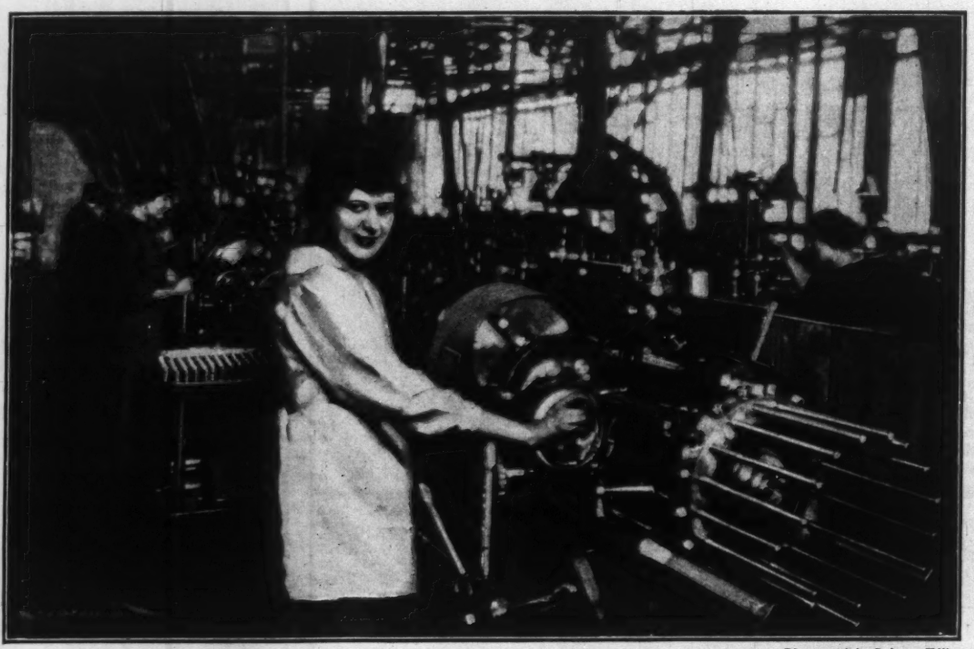
The "My America" League



Photograph by Lejaren Hiller

Is Your Factory Loyal?

These Are the Days to Ask that Question

IS your factory, shop or office an All-America one? By that we do not mean that the employees must be American-born, but that in heart, word and purpose they must be American citizens, in the highest meaning of the term. Have you thought about this in connection with your own responsibility toward the men and women about you in business hours, whether they are your employees or your fellow workers?

This is the question which, in these critical times, earnest members of the "My America" League have been asking themselves, and are answering in such a way as to affect, with far-reaching results, these United States to which we have the privilege to owe allegiance.

First of all, they usually write the headquarters of the "My America" League, in care of McClure's Magazine, 25 West 44th Street, New York City, stating how things stand with them at present, and asking for advice. The "My America" Editor and the staff of busy, patriotic workers who are here in the office for just this purpose, then go into the particular problems confronting the factory or office worker who has written us, and a letter and several helpful circulars of suggestions go back promptly, with membership buttons for all new members. But that is merely the beginning.

A League is formed in the factory, a roll of members made out, reports are sent monthly to headquarters, problems discussed, and the special encouragement needed by these men and women is always forthcoming, and the nationalization of the workshop or factory is enhanced.

Members are pledged to fight the menacing red flag of Bolshevism whenever and wherever it crops up. We want no red except what we find in the good old Stars and Stripes, blended with the blue of loyalty, and the white which stands for the ideals of a Christian nation, and therefore for the brotherhood of all men.

We have large "My America" Leagues already in more than a score of important factories, railroads and business concerns. These men and women have taken hold of the "My America" idea with enthusiasm. They intend that it shall mean something of definite constructive good to the people about them as well as to the people afar off—like the children of devastated Belgium for whom some of these Leagues are raising money, or the homeless refugees of Serbia and Armenia. Each League chooses its own work, and all members club together for some worth-while purpose. If you are an employer, why not look over the situation in your factory to-day and see if conditions of unrest, inefficiency or labor disturbances are interfering with your greater success? If you are not an employer, but one of the workers, then these same conditions of unrest, this ignorance and inefficiency in the man or woman working beside you, are interfering just as surely with you, and unless checked will be a hindrance to you in your labor—a hindrance to your plans for a bigger life.

These things can be eliminated. Ignorance and inefficiency can be stamped out by the aid of classes organized and run by your factory, or shop Leagues. The rumblings of unrest and sedition, the circulating of perilous propaganda can be fought staunchly by the All-America work of your League—if all the loyal Americans will strive together. It is in the handling of just such situations that the "My America" League has accomplished its greatest good.

Write us frankly of your problems. We will not publish your letter if you prefer your communications to be treated confidentially. We are only anxious to help you to better citizenship, that here in America we may all be equipped to face the problems of the future, and decide them wisely and well for the good of our country and ourselves.

Let's Save One More Baby!

IF it were some big sacrifice you were called upon to make you would rise to the occasion nobly—we are convinced of that because, you see, we know of some of the big things our League members can do. But because ten cents is so small many people are apt to say, "It won't matter whether I give or not. There are sure to be others who will."

But that is just the point. *Every one* must give, or the entire plan is a failure. There must be hundreds—thousands of ten-cent pieces if we are to save those hungry babies across the sea. Put yourself for a moment in a Belgian mother's or father's place. Picture the baby, whom you would give your own life to save, crying to you that he is hungry. And suppose *you had no food to give him!*

The "My America" League has set for its immediate goal the establishing of a fund to buy milk and chocolate for these Belgian children during the coming summer months, while their brave little country is getting back into its normal industrial and commercial life that shall make it able once more to care for and feed its own babies.

Will you aid us as far as you can to reach this goal? Fill out the coupon on this page, and if you feel that you can give more than the small sum we ask for, do so, but in any case send us at least ten cents and help us to help these pathetic babies who need it so much!

The "My America" League
McClure's Magazine, 25 West 44th Street, New York

Send a bar of chocolate to a hungry Belgian baby for me.
Here's my ten cents!

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The outstanding features of Stearns mechanical practice heralds this as the truly exceptional motor car. See it. Ride in it. Test it. "You'll KNOW when you sit at the wheel."

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BOYS' SHOES Best in the World $3 $3.50 $4

IF you have been paying $10.00 to $12.00 for fine shoes, a trial will convince you that for style, comfort and service W.L. Douglas $7.00 and $8.00 shoes are equally as good and will give excellent satisfaction. The actual value is determined and the retail price fixed at the factory before W.L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W.L. Douglas to protect his customers. The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

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McClure's Magazine, 5th Avenue and 13th St., N. Y. City

Repopulating the Earth

[*Continued from page 30*]

with coal full of sulphur and phosphate, he cannot draw off hematite steel. The fire pot holds no magic. Chemists know that the materials that go in determine to a nicety the quality of the steel that comes out. Vegetable law, also, not less than mineral law, denies the melting pot delusion. In obtaining the Concord grape, Thomas Bull passed by hundreds of clusters until he selected the largest in size and the richest in color, and then he searched the land for a tiny sugar grape, loaded with excess of sweets, and emptied the sweet flood of the little grape into the acid flow of the large one, and gave us the Concord. There is absolutely nothing in the Concord or Delaware that was not first in the two grapes to be united. Nothing is gained by crossing a strawberry and a pumpkin, but much is lost, for all lovers of strawberries and cream in June and pumpkin pie in November. Nature is very accurate. She mixes her raspberry and her pomegranate flavor by chemical formulæ. She has no place for magic or alchemy. Every child is the sum of the physical and mental *gifts* that once were distributed among its ancestors, but at birth are swept together and compacted in a single life The melting pot idea is the great American delusion. You cannot cross an American, who is all *forehead*, with certain low races, who are all *backhead*, without debasing the forehead, and lowering the level of the nation. Civilization represents the harvest of blood. Every form of advance owes its impulse to a great soul, with unique gifts. Back of the Hebrew code stands Moses; back of the Principia stands Newton; back of St. Peter's stands Michael Angelo; back of our Constitution stand Washington and Hamilton and Madison; back of every Renaissance stands a generation of great souls. One hundred and ten million stones brought together in one New England fence will not turn the stones into diamonds.

The Reproduction of the Illiterate Type

From another viewpoint the American people have had a sudden awakening to the problems of repopulation. The announcement by the head of our army in France that we had sent across the seas two hundred thousand soldiers who could neither read nor write was received by the people at home with feelings at first of doubt, then of amazement, and finally of alarm. But men who have been in touch with soldiers abroad have not been skeptical as to the peril of American illiteracy. Landing last summer at Liverpool we watched three thousand American boys step from the steamer to the English wharf. Before these columns started for the rest camp on the outskirts of Liverpool a chaplain ran along the lines distributing postal cards, and shouting, "Better write a few lines to the folks at home, saying you have landed and are well." The Y. M. C. A. secretaries called out, "You have only a few minutes; some of you may write slowly; if so, step over here and we will help you." To my astonishment, at least one hundred soldiers crowded about one chaplain. The simple fact was, these soldiers could not write themselves, and the chaplain met the emergency with the utmost tact. But every ignorant man is a dangerous man to the Republic.

For the farmers of Northern France and Belgium, one of the gravest problems is the unexploded bomb lying just beneath the soil. Experts, with electrical devices for detecting the presence of iron and steel, go over the field carefully and remove these dangerous explosives. Far more perilous to the Republic are the twenty million illiterates who are unable to read paper, magazine or book, and are quite unfit to ask themselves the questions, "What is the truth about militarism? What are the facts about the taxes? What is Bolshevist truth and falsehood? What is the new Labor-Capital Parliament in England?" Thoughtful men realize at last that we cannot run this Republic any longer with five million voters who have to make their mark when they sign a note for ninety days, or receipt for the week's pay, or vote "sight unseen" on grave national problems.

The Thinning of the Nation's Blood

More startling still the watering of the nation's blood. On December 21st, 1920, this nation will celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the *Mayflower*, whose men brought the seed corn of the Constitution. Preparatory to that celebration historians have written the history of the descendants of the *Mayflower* and also of the Puritans who landed in Boston. To the astonishment of scholars, it has been found that the descendants of the *Mayflower* are rapidly becoming extinct. One historian goes so far as to say that these children of the *Mayflower* families can now be placed upon another ship the size of the old *Mayflower*, and sent back to Holland. The mere thought of the extinction of the old Puritan families stirs alarm in all lovers of liberty. Carlyle once said that the *Mayflower* carried a political and spiritual cargo the most precious in the history of the world, and he makes the fame of the *Mayflower* eclipse the glory of the *Santa Maria*, upon which Columbus sailed, or the *Argo*, upon which Jason went forth in search of the Golden Fleece.

A National Peril

All this becomes the more alarming because the early settlers of New England were renowned for their large families. Their blood was strong blood. Many scientists believe that one drop of that rich historic blood went farther than any blood known to history. For the settlement of this new world all Europe was sifted for men of independent minds; these independent minds were sifted to obtain the Puritans, some of whom remained in England, as, for example, Cromwell, Hampden and Milton; and some of whom, Brewster, Winthrop and Bradford, came to this country. To take the influence of the Puritans out of American history would be like plucking Moses out of the Hebrew people; like taking Phocion from the Greeks, or Cæsar from Rome, or the Magna Charta and the English Revolution out of Great Britain's life. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the great men and women once reared in the little towns around Boston, men of supreme intellectual gifts and achievements walking in regiments across the years, and the present-day large factory towns around Boston with scarcely a single name that represents a contribution to the tools, the books, the laws, the reforms of our country. In the old days when the blood was pure and undiluted, with a population of only two or three thousand, Northampton produced within one century about one hundred physicians, more than one hundred lawyers, one hundred and twenty clergymen, more than forty college professors and presidents, several of our greatest authors, and one vice-president. What the Puritan blood did is illustrated by the Field family of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, the Beecher family of Litchfield, Connecticut, with the Emersons, the Cabots, the Lowells, and a score of other Puritan families. The extinction of this blood or its thinning would be a calamity to our Republic.

Brain Life in America

Our physicians and scientists who are studying the signs of the times and speak with a note of authority, have much to say about the influence of our complex and heated life upon the heart and arteries and the increase of nervous diseases. England's great nerve specialist goes so far as to say that if the excitement of the War had been continued much longer, "The entire British race would have become insane." The superintendent of one of our asylums is an authority for the statement that it is only a question of time when the crazy people will be so numerous "that they will break out of the asylums and put the rest of us in." Constant excitement, speed and overwork are breaking down that wonderful engine named the human heart. To-day three times as many people die of diseases of the blood vessels as died ten years ago. Life insurance men have made a singular discovery: during the last century the average life has increased from thirty-three years to forty-two years, but strangely enough the gain has been through the saving of infants, while the life expectancy after forty years has notably decreased. Dr. Kellogg tells us that "the real measure and physical vigor of the race is not the age at which the average man dies, but the proportion of individuals who attain great age."

History God's Judgment Day

The time has come when the breakdown of the human physique, in France, Great Britain and the United States is something more than a possibility. Man's brain and nerve have never known excitements so consuming, or burdens so heavy. Just now this Government is preparing for drastic measures in regard to two diseases called the Black Plagues. It seems that our military authorities are certain that in contrast with other armies, and especially the German soldiers, our regiments show a far lower average admission into hospitals for these diseases. Nevertheless, these authorities feel called upon to send out the note of warning. They tell us plainly that every soldier who is suffering from either of the two "red plague" diseases, has been registered by the military medical authorities, and that these men should be known and registered by the health authorities upon their return home. Hitherto our readers have maintained a conspiracy of silence. The Black Plague is known, the law of heredity is known, but the press and the pulpit have been silent; the parents and teachers have been silent; and the silence has been cruel, dastardly and damnable. But yesterday a physician, who had received the wedding cards of a young man, hurried to the father and mother and protested, saying, "The condition of your son is such that his marriage would be a kind of murder of this girl." In his burning indignation the physician said a few days later, "Better that young man had brought a rope and strangled the girl, and then the State would have had a right within a few months to choke him to death at the end of another hemp rope!" That physician is one of the most eminent medical authorities in this country. In the olden times a victim was compelled to thank the inquisitors for the rack upon which he was about to be stretched, and dying he was forced to kiss his own executioner. One sufferer did this very gladly, because he was stricken with leprosy that had not as yet become visible; later his tormentor became himself leprous. To-day there are many young wives and babes who die through caresses, having unconsciously in one hour passed over the fatal line between health and corruption, between life and death. Our military authorities have made it plain that every diseased soldier returning home must be registered; and now, at last, the time is coming when men will have to bring a health certificate to the minister and the priest, and when every physician must make a record with the Health Board of each youth and girl who have had medical treatment for certain diseases.

Knowledge is a Safeguard

The increase of knowledge and publicity also are steadily safeguarding American youth from the menace of disease. Our people are learning to discriminate between things perilous and things safe. The War has brought multitudes of people to their senses, and in thousands of homes luxury has given way to simplicity. There have been many forces that have helped to break down the hedges that protect innocence and virtue. Among these evil forces we must make a large place for the nauseating stories of debauchery and scandalous divorces, that lie like black stains across the pages of our newspapers. Not less harmful the influence of certain authors whose influence is for evil and that continually. Witness this sentence: "What we call prostitutes are not the worst, but generally the best of poor families; people of fine physique, who cannot get their true match in the sphere where they were born, and must, by the holiest of all instincts, that of truth, seek upward by any means."

All this hypocrisy in the face of the universal testimony of experts that most evil women are mentally defective. Unfortunate also the influence of certain so-called reformers, who speak of "looseness as a new experience in life." Stanley found in Africa a brilliant spider that spread itself out like a flower, but insects seeking honey found a sticky gum with pain and death. In every American city there is a black quarter, and at the entrance of that street should be written Dante's words, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." All too long has that diseased old hag called "Lust" been allowed to masquerade clothed as "an angel of light." For the individual and the city it is true that he who sows the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption.

Hope for Our Future

Fortunately the great body of American folk in city and country represent an unusual average of stature, physical vigor and nervous force whether in the rural districts or in great cities. It is the remnant that is subnormal and dangerous to the future of our institutions. Granted that the orange grove has ninety trees loaded with bloom and fruit, if there be ten trees covered with scale or the gypsy moth, the owner is filled with alarm. When the general and his men realize their danger the battle is half won. And now that the people of the United States have been startled by this Great War into the realization of the problems of repopulation, active steps are being taken to put an end to the evils that threaten the springs of national life. Defectives are to be segregated; confirmed criminals and insane sterilized; the Bolsheviki, the anarchists and the anti-American to be deported or confined, while newspapers published in foreign languages and filled with propaganda against our institutions are being suppressed. For the next twenty years there is to be no more teaching in our public schools by aliens through a foreign language, to the exclusion of our own. The great masses of aliens, who herd together in certain quarters of a city, and represent mere chunks of foreign populations, are to be Americanized by every conceivable device, through public speech, schools, newspapers, stereopticons, moving pictures, until light and warmth effect a chemical change in these sour, sodden lumps. And on the positive side almost every village, city and state is planning for body-building. Witness one of our secondary cities that has taken two blocks near each public school building for great playgrounds for boys and girls; placed each group under competent teachers of physical development; built a park half the size of the town on the outskirts of the little city; created a lake where the children and youth can boat and swim in the summer and skate in the winter.

Every child has three natural rights; first the right to an abundance of good food with which to build its body as an instrument of future work and of carrying forward the human race; second, the right to plenty of sunshine, fresh air, and enough ground on which to exercise and play, thus developing the arms, the lungs and aerating the blood for growth; while the third natural right of the child is the right to see the country, with its trees, streams, birds, animals, that it may know something about the big world-house and the natural forces as they exist for the use of God's children. The average American town is now returning to the old Grecian ideal. For the Athenian to defile an alley, to cast refuse into a stream, to pollute a spring, to bury the dead near homes, was a form of blasphemy. Every Grecian city of thirty thousand built great playgrounds, parks, gymnasiums, and, above all, public baths where several thousand men could meet in a single afternoon, or night, for their air and water bath, in what was at once their club house, theatre, lecture hall, playground and lounging place, as a school of friendship, culture and business. It is this revival of the love of open-air life, of physical exercise, and the new emphasis upon body-building, that makes the people so hopeful and optimistic as to the future of American society.

An Era of Genius, an Era of Averages

Already thoughtful men are forecasting the influence of this war upon American life and letters. Every era of creative genius has been an era when the national intellect has been filled with noble passion, and when the imagination has been fused as with a flame. Witness the era of Pericles in Athens; of Titian in Venice; of Da Vinci in Florence; of Shakespeare in England; of the Civil War in the United States. The argument from history would seem to foretell a school of American painters, a group of American poets and novelists. To these considerations, however, must be added the fact that the great man is simply a voice for a multitude inflamed with the love of country, beauty or truth. Every Lincoln and Washington, every Cromwell and Lafayette, every Cæsar and Pericles, have had their preeminence because they have been lifted up on the shoulders of the common people. In the days of Giotto, all men, women and children, alike, were so excited by color and beauty that the announcement that the master had completed a new painting brought about the closing of all the shops, and the proclamation of a holiday. The painter was lifted upon the shoulders of the people, his canvas carried at the head of a procession, the multitude flung flowers at the feet of the artist, and the poor tossed into his lap coins of copper and silver and gold. In that warm atmosphere all boys eagerly desired to become artists. In the hothouse tropic plants bloom even in winter, and the Renaissance was an era when the [*Continued on page 55*]

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Light On Mr. Groley — *Continued from page 27*

live. Therefore I gave up the electric company and continued to disrobe. It was somewhere between my right shoe and my left that the doorbell rang — tr-r-r-r-r — a horrid sound through the echoing darkness. Who chose to call at that hour of night? No honest man, surely. Twice and thrice pealed the silvery alarm. I thought of my family, shredded unrecognizably beside some railway crossing; I thought of a business chance in California and a messenger below offering fortune in a Western Union envelope. Therefore I replaced my shoe and, ignoring the hot paraffin which dripped and congealed across my thumb, bore the pink candle-end down-stairs and to the front door.

It was undoubtedly Mr. Groley whom I saw haloed under the puny flare of my uplifted light. But what an aspect of Mr. Groley! And what had he on that he should look so wildly like a tourist from the planet Mars? A lady's dressing-sacque! No doubt about it. I have been married a sufficient number of years to recognize these things almost at once. Not only that, but Mr. Groley's sacque was of a commonplace pattern — as it would be — trimmed with lacy stuff around the edge and cut in a deep V at the throat. That Mr. Groley's hands were very dirty and that a black smear ran like a scar from his chin to the bridge of his nose were insignificant details in comparison to the costume which my unexplored neighbor had chosen for his first appearance at my door.

"Mr. Flint?" asked the perfect stranger from next door as he looked at me for, I suppose, the first time in all his life.

"I am Mr. Flint," I admitted with a proper show of caution.

"My name's Groley."

This was unnecessary. For an awful moment I thought we were going to forget ourselves and shake hands. Which would have been an unforgivable breach of the code.

I noticed a masculine undershirt below the ladylike trimmings of his dressing-sacque.

"Won't you come in?" I was so thoughtless as to urge. "You see, the lights have gone out and ——"

"I notice it." Under the faint flicker I saw that he was smiling. This was in wretched taste, but I could not deny that the man had an engaging smile. "That's why I am presuming on your good nature, Mr. Flint. My lights have gone out, too."

"Yes, they would," I concluded. "I think the two houses are wired together — or whatever you call it."

I stood still in the attitude of Bartholdi's statue, my candle aloft, enlightening Mr. Groley.

"I was half undressed," he went on with the same easy smile, "and was running through a lot of old desks. Whisk! Total darkness. I couldn't even find a match. Wife gone for the week with all the servants; can't go to bed because she's put my pajamas away in some odd place. I lost my coat and shirt in the pitch dark, but finally managed to lay my hands on — this thing." He shook the lacy edges of that dressing-sacque and added, "It's my wife's, you know."

"So I surmised." I found myself smiling in turn, but hoped the darkness would conceal my show of weakness.

"I put it on and came here to throw myself on your mercy."

"That was quite natural," I assured him. Which was a lie. Why did he look for mercy from the house next door? But I was chivalrous. "I shall be glad to lend you a shirt or a coat — anything you want. Only I'm not sure we're the same size."

He laughed out loud this time. His mirth had a pleasant, human ring which somehow astonished me.

"Oh, I'm not here to borrow clothes," said he. "What I want is a light."

"Light?"

"I was wondering if you had an extra bit of candle you could let me have long enough to ——"

"My dear Mr. Groley!"

I had brought the light down to a level with his nose — it was the first time I ever realized that he had a nose — and was displaying my candle's brief stature which our parley had reduced by a quarter of an inch.

"You don't mean to say that's all you have!"

"It's the only one in the house," I boasted.

"I beg your pardon."

Mr. Groley was shutting up like a strong-box. Into his gray face had come the blank, unneighborly look which New Yorkers who live in adjacent houses offer one another.

"I'm sorry I bothered you," he apologized with a dignity which would have been impressive had he not caught the lace of his dressing-sacque on the knob as he started backing out of the door.

"I say, old man!" his plight had entirely overcome my better nature. "Why don't we cooperate on this candle? I'll take it over to your house, hold it for you while you get ready for bed and ——"

"Find my pajamas?"

"Whatever's necessary."

"By Jove! You *are* a good neigh ——" he all but said it — "a good Samaritan."

I felt for my latch-key and clicked the door behind us ere I blew out the precious flame. During the short pilgrimage down my brownstone steps and up the Groleys' I had a conscience-stricken feeling that Lilian would disapprove. Should I tell her? By the time I had reached the Groley hallway and was applying a match-flame to the charred wick I decided that my wife should never know how I had, in a sense, betrayed her.

In the first dim flicker I got an impression of a drawing-room which was in shape a duplicate of my own, rather more effective than mine, I thought, because Groley had done the walls in soft bluish gray and had his woodwork enameled in ivory. I had an impression of two or three good engravings as I followed up the stairs. There was taste among the Groleys somewhere. But I mustn't tell Lilian.

"Don't stumble on the landing — careful, old man!" Mr. Groley had laid a friendly hand on my elbow as he guided me round the rail on the second floor. "Our bedroom is the one in front ——"

"Don't you find it noisy?" my voice was strangely asking through the gloom.

"We used to. Do you?"

"We sleep in the rear room."

"Of course, when the ash-men come around at five o'clock and begin throwing cans at one another . . . well, you get used to anything in New York."

"That's what we like about it, I guess."

Thus we were beginning to philosophize almost before my little torch had guided our way into the room under discussion. The Groleys, I observed, occupied a broad four-poster which I compared invidiously with our own modern twin beds beyond the frail dividing wall. The bedroom, like its cousin down-stairs, was handsome and comfortable. There was rose and yellow chintz at the windows and over easy-chairs; when I set my candle stub on the shelf above the mantel its glare fell upon the portrait of a military man with silver eagles on his shoulders. I didn't wish to be impertinent, neither did I like to think that I had any possible interest in Mr. Groley's sentimental pictures — but the dim light and the small adventure had thrown us momentarily into a fourth social dimension.

"You have a relative in the service?" I asked.

"We had," replied the voice behind me. Turning, I saw that Mr. Groley had laid aside his ridiculous dressing-sacque and stood with hands in pockets, bare arms showing through the holes in his athletic undershirt.

"I think maybe she put 'em in her closet," he muttered as he took up the light and advanced toward a white door beyond the bed. Referring to his pajamas, I should have said.

"Hadn't I better hold the light?" I volunteered, for he was flourishing it dangerously near to a clutter of hanging garments; possibly I was urged by the generous feeling that a fire in Groley's house would mean another fire in mine.

"Thanks."

I held, while Groley searched. It was a paradox of chance, I thought, as I stood there illuminating the little comedy. I had lived nine years next to the Groleys, didn't know them, didn't want to know them — and here I stood inspecting the intimate details of Mrs. Groley's apparel while her husband carefully shook out a garment at a time. At last he uttered a triumphant snort and pulled out of the mass certain stripe-legged garments, obviously male; but scarce had he waved these before my eyes than a clumsy wooden article came clattering from the closet shelf to the floor. Mr. Groley stooped and picked it up. Again I should have chastened my curiosity.

"Ryan's prayer-stick!" exclaimed Groley with a queer smile. "Wonder how it got in here."

I was quite unable to enlighten him. What he showed me was a short wooden paddle, apparently of savage manufacture, for the handle was streaked with red and blue; a crack in the blade had been mended with a splicing of bone lashed with gut twine.

"Ever see anything like that?" asked Mr. Groley.

"A paddle — yes. Indian?"

"Alaskan," he replied. "And now if you'll put down the candle — I was going to call it our candle — I'll get undressed."

Already he was unbuckling his suspenders, but he stopped and gazed ruefully at his grimy hands.

A gentleman came hatless out of the house, and, leaning into the tonneau, kissed everybody — with the exception of two colored maids and a chauffeur

"I say, Flint." Strangely enough I did not resent this intimacy. "I've been going over old junk all evening and I'm dust from head to foot."

"Why don't you take a bath?" I suggested.

"I don't want to burn up all the candle, you know, and ——"

"That's all right. Even if you do I can see my way to bed. I haven't lost my pajamas, you know."

"You're an altruist." I should have resented this, but I let him go on. "I'm afraid I couldn't see to soap myself properly without a light. Do you mind sitting out here in the dark?"

"Not in the least."

"I'll not burn up your share, even if I have to stop midway in my scrub. Sit near the door, won't you? I love to talk while I bathe."

Subservient to his whim, I seated myself on the edge of the Groley bed. A broad patch of light showed through the half-open door beyond which hot torrents gushed into an unseen tub. Groley whistled merrily above the waterfall; his favorite tune, I concluded, was "Alice, Where Art Thou?" At length the clamor of the faucets was stilled, to be substituted by the satisfied splashings of Mr. Groley.

"Perfectly comfortable out there?" he challenged.

"Perfectly. But, Groley, I'm curious about something."

"Anything you say." Splash!

"That Indian paddle. Have you been much in the far North?"

"I was at Nome in 1904. Do you remember the wreck of the *Greenbrier*? It doesn't matter." Splash! Gug! "We were picked up by a revenue cutter after eight days on the ice—gosh! That water's hot."

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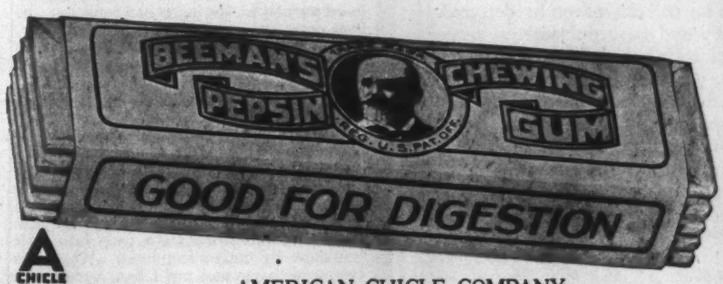

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dle?" I asked with a certain unworthy sarcasm.

"Not exactly that. . . . My Lord! there's no bath-towel — yes, there is. You see, I got the paddle then. Among the poor beasts thrown up on the pack with us there was a tough Nome gambler named Ryan. Died the second day — consumptive. He carried the paddle into the water and hung on to it the way a Hindoo hugs his wooden god. Strange how close people get under those circumstances," said my next-door neighbor. A pause. He could be heard dripping his way out of the tub. "This man Ryan was calling me Pardner before he died; and when he found there wasn't any use trying to hang on any longer he pulled me down to him and said a queer thing."

All this revelation took time, with numerous spaces during which Mr. Groley was, presumably, drying himself with the newfound towel.

"He said a queer thing?" I prompted.

"It was that. Flint, do you believe in the immortality of the soul?"

A question which I had never dared ask myself was being put to me by Mr. Groley, bathing at leisure by the light of my candle!

"How can I say?" I faltered, digging aimlessly at poor scraps of Plato, Nietzsche and Sir William Crookes. "This is an irreligious age. Whether spirit is a manifestation of flesh or flesh a manifestation of spirit ——"

And upon the poor attempt at rationalism, Mr. Groley, faultlessly attired in striped pajamas, came forth flourishing what was left of my pink candle.

"What old Aurelius called 'a whisper passed from lip to lip by dying men.'" He put the candle on a stand and took a seat beside me. "I'm no philosopher, but it sometimes comes over me with a rush — that week on the awful ice — how one moment of death can tell you more than a lifetime of life."

The faint light, shadowing his eyes, brought forth poetic lines in a face which I had always regarded as a gray blank. Strange I had never before seen Mr. Groley.

"I haven't been anywhere or seen anything," was my humble confession. "How should I know about anything then? You're in some business that would take you into romantic situations ——"

I would have said more, but I was aware of the smile.

"Well, what is your business, Mr. Groley?"

"I'm a manufacturer of patent bird-seed."

"Of patent ——"

The whim of Nature again intervened, this time pulling us out of the fourth dimension into the third — or, to speak like a conservative New Yorker — the second. Right on that dramatic bridge between bird-seed and the immortality of the soul the electric lights came on, full blaze, illuminating every nook and corner of Groley's bedroom, converting masked romance into bald commonplace. By that malign alchemy Mr. Groley was at once transformed from the roamer of Arctic wilds, the amateur psychologist, the whimsical philosopher, into — my next-door neighbor.

I arose stiffly and blew out the candle. It was strange — or was it? — that my feeling at that moment was one of annoyance at Mr. Groley. He had used me as a means of lighting him to bed. After all, it was my candle, my property that he had drafted into his service. Who was Groley that I should be serving him as handmaiden?

He must have read my mind, for the look he gave me was as cold as the electric glare that filled his room, to me so alien. He had used my candle, the lights had come on; he was done with me. Conservative, cautious, stand-offish, he was all too obviously anxious that I should return to the unknown depths of the house next door.

We did not shake hands when he let me out at the street door. Our good night was curt, rather shy.

But when I had turned off the glare of several reinvigorated bulbs in my room and had got myself into bed I delayed sleep long enough to regret several things. Why should we have lived next to the Groleys for nine years without caring for a peep into their undoubtedly interesting lives? What was wrong with me and my Lilian, wrong with Groley and his Lilian, that we should enjoy the isolation of adjacent leper colonies? Surely if the family next door had been named Smith or Montague our attitude would have been the same. It was the next-doorness that troubled our relations. Before the web of dreams had woven itself across my eyes I resolved to change all that. To-morrow

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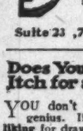

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morning I would greet Groley when we met. . . . What had the dying gambler said to have shaped his views on immortality? What *were* Groley's views on immortality, or on breakfast bacon, for the matter of that? Why had the manufacture of patent bird-seed taken him beyond the Arctic Circle? Did he deal in snow-bird seed or penguin seed? I must make his acquaintance. I must ask him a thousand things in the morning.

I CAME out of my house next day as usual at nine, and as usual I turned toward Lexington Avenue. A moment later Mr. Groley came out of his house as usual, and as usual turned toward Madison Avenue. The six paces which would bring me level with him were, for me, steps inspired by heroic resolution. Soon we were near enough to clasp each other by the hand. I raised my eyes; Mr. Groley raised his. We paused for the half of a heart-beat, but our glances missed contact by the fraction of a soul-ray. Groley's face was stony, and mine, I suppose, was little warmer. I passed on without bowing.

Thursday my wife came back with the servants; Saturday she ordered the car, as usual, and when we went out for our drive we were again annoyed by the Groley's car swinishly encroaching upon our share of the pavement.

"Lester," said Lilian, "I think we ought to speak to the Groleys about that."

"You do it, darling," said I. "You're the diplomat of the family."

So we reversed the gears and turned toward Fifth Avenue, satisfied that the Groleys would never be spoken to.

Repopulating the Earth

[*Continued from page 51*]

average man was an enthusiast for paintings, marbles and poems, and in that warm and genial atmosphere genius unfolded, and came to its best. Ten years ago our country was held in the iron grip of a mental winter. Almost no one read a poem or looked at a picture. Hundreds of thousands went to a horse show or an automobile show, a few scores went to the spring exhibition of pictures. There was no warm atmosphere in which the men of letters or of art unfolded as once in Florence or Athens.

But now there is a new warmth in the mental climate. The old hardness and chill are passing. Men are not only reading, but buying poetry, and there are reasons for thinking that soon the painter and sculptor may come into their own. Already experts think that if we have twenty millions who are essentially illiterate, we also have at least forty millions who are deeply interested in the highest interests of civilized men; in just laws, in liberty, commerce, tools, indeed, but also in letters, in painting, in music, and sound morals, in beautiful homes, in full-breathed, radiant, happy, self-sufficing human beings. No group so large has ever before been assembled in one age or country, and no one, therefore, can paint in colors too rich the future of the American people now approaching an intellectual and spiritual era answering to the Renaissance in Italy.

A House at Random

[*Continued from page 14*]

sharp laugh. Mr. Parchester did not appear to be surprised. "Well, upon my word!" said he in a perfunctory tone. "But never mind. You appear to be a very proper young man. I suppose you have your credentials?"

"Yes, sir," Dick answered. "I have a personal letter of good character from a prominent Denver banker, my diploma from the Colorado School of Mines, and my honorable discharge from the United States army."

The girl's look of scorn changed to astonishment, then disbelief. "You have?" said she. "Then what ever got you into this? '

"The vital and immediate need of five hundred dollars," Dick answered, wondering what "this" might be, also if it were good for that amount.

"You must want it mighty badly," snapped Marianne.

"I do. If I fail to raise it by the first I stand to lose a gold mine." He glanced at their faces, and seeing that they showed no surprise at his expressed need Dick's heart rose. "Here are my papers, sir," said he.

Mr. Parchester examined them, Marianne looking over his shoulder, dark eyebrows drawing a straight line across her broad and rather low forehead, gray eyes puzzled and suspicious. Once or twice she glanced at Dick as if reluctant to admit that the description fitted him. He looked back at her with indifference and decided that she might be very pretty in a piquant way if she could get rid of what seemed to be a chronic expression of bad temper. Her mouth was rather wide with full lips and strong white teeth which she showed in a vicious way when she gave her scornful smile.

"I suppose you think you've fallen into an easy thing?" said she.

"I always think that as long as I'm allowed," Dick answered.

"H'mph! The real soldier of fortune, aren't you?"

"All but the fortune," said Dick, cheerfully, and wondered why she looked so ferocious.

"You don't come very high," was her next pleasant remark. "My grandfather once told me that before the War he couldn't buy a decent negro for five hundred dollars."

"It's during the War, now," Dick retorted. "Looks, in fact, as if it might very soon be after it."

Mr. Parchester handed him back his papers. "These are very satisfactory . . . very," said he. "I am glad also to learn that your motive is an especial one and not merely the desire to get something for nothing, as, of course, your part in the arrangement will be purely perfunctory and for the sole purpose of . . . eh . . . "

"Fooling a dead man," supplied Marianne.

Her uncle frowned. "Of course you quite understand the conditions?" said he.

"You might recapitulate them to be sure there's no mistaken idea," Dick suggested.

"Well, briefly, my niece has seen fit to quarrel violently with her fiancé, and now at the eleventh hour refuses flatly to marry him. According to the terms of her grandfather's will if she is not married before noon to-day his large estate will all go to certain charities. She would be almost penniless. We should have to leave this house and to . . . to . . . "

"Work for our living," Marianne interrupted; "dig ditches, wait on table, beg or walk the streets, according to our several abilities . . . "

"Hush, my dear! You understand, Mr. . . . eh . . . Kenny, that according to the terms of the will my niece and her husband must live together under the same roof for at least one year after marriage. But this condition can be complied with whether it be in an apartment or hotel or private house, where you can continue to lead your own distinct and separate lives."

"How about two tents?" Dick asked.

Mr. Parchester shook his head. "Any attempt at evading the letter of the will might lead to . . . to . . . a suit for recovery by these charities; a suit which might succeed. The terms are known to them, and it is quite possible that they may seek to show that they have not been complied with. The will reads, 'that the legatee reside continuously with her husband for the duration of one year, which time she shall occupy, dwell in and inhabit with him the same dwelling or dwellings.' "

Dick nodded. He was beginning to see light. "There are no dwellings where I shall have to live for the next six weeks," said he, but I guess I could manage a double log cabin."

"Why a log cabin?" asked Mr. Parchester.

"Because," Dick answered, "my object in being a party to this contract is to work a mining claim up in the Sierra Nevadas, and there is not a house within forty miles."

"God bless you, [*Continued on page 64*]

The pattern of good candy

The quaint wooden frame in which the old-time sampler was usually embroidered held the canvas of the needleworker's art. Some samplers, started early in life and added to from year to year, expressed a whole life-time of artistic effort.

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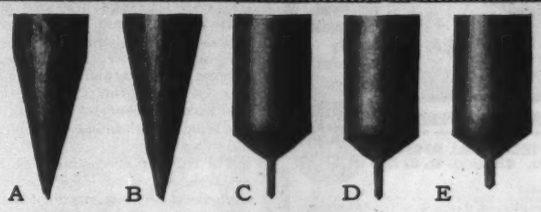

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B—Ordinary steel needle after playing one record. Note worn point.

C—New Sonora Semi-Permanent Silvered Needle

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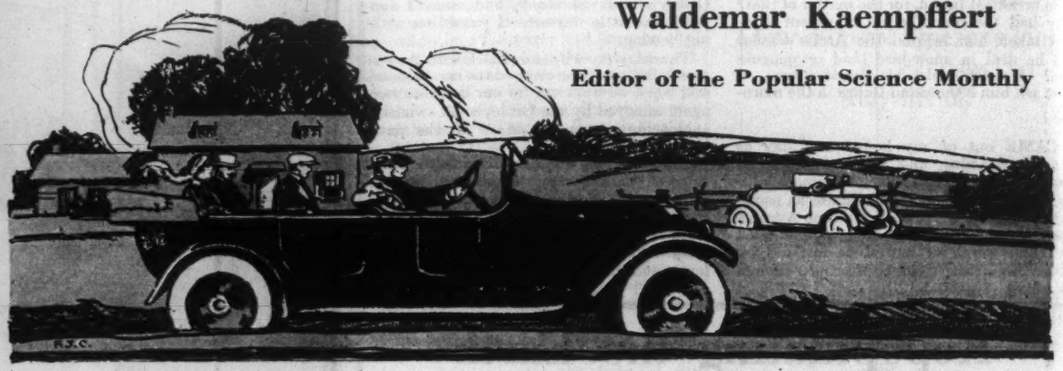

Buying a Used Car

by **Captain Edward C. Crossman, U. S. A.**

DEALING in used motor cars is a legitimate, growing, honest and gigantic business. The million-odd new motor cars that we make each year must take the place of used machines that somebody buys. Nine times out of ten the sale of a used car is honest and satisfactory to both sides of the transaction. But the tenth time—?

There are three safe ways to acquire a satisfactory used car. One is to buy the car you've watched from its sale until its owner decided to dispose of it. Another is to seek the agency of the car you want and buy from it a used car turned in by some lucky customer able to afford a new model each year. A third way is to employ an expert mechanic to go over the object of your suspicions.

And—you *may* be the loser even if any one of the three methods is adopted. Privately owned cars where the owner cannot show continuous ownership, fly-by-night used-car agencies, and often rivals of the agency of the car you fancy, are to be avoided. Like paper dollars, guarantees are worthless without something behind them. A guarantee depends on the reputation for fairness and the financial integrity of the seller. It has been found, unhappily, that concerns which do not handle the make of used car they may endeavor to sell you and which they have taken in trade, may be very guarded in their wording of a guarantee.

The wise seeker of the used car does not sally forth, fancy free, willing to be shown anything that consumes gasoline. After he has limited his field to a certain class of car, he does well to begin a process of elimination.

He does not want an "orphan" car, which means a car whose makers have disappeared. The orphan is very undesirable, because its market price automatically drops about 30%—even though the price to you does not—and because agencies, stocks of repair parts, and repair-men familiar with the car, promptly fade away.

For reasons of economy, the buyer should avoid the heavy car. I am aware of the fact that there are many, many heavy cars and that they must be sold to somebody. But the grim facts remain. One of them is that it takes gasoline to move weight, and it takes tires to hold up that weight. Long tire mileage is fine, but no heavy car is so easy on its tires as to make its sixty dollar casings figure out as cheaply as the twenty-five dollar casings of the light vehicle. The finest cars in America weigh more than 3,000 pounds. Likewise they cost much money, and the man able to buy one doesn't worry whether he's getting eight or eighteen miles per gallon.

The buyer's income is the factor which always determines the kind of car he gets.

Don't let any hypnotist persuade you into buying a hearse built in the days when they could prove by pencil and paper that airplanes couldn't fly. There are many such Old Faithfuls. It is beside the mark that the old car has leather from a cow instead of from a powder mill; that it has a silver radiator cap, bronze engine base, and brass lavishly distributed in the days when brass was not classed as a precious metal. Motor designing has moved with the years, and, besides, the last chap who remembered where they kept spare parts for Old Faithful probably was pensioned off before the War. An old and formerly costly car may be low-priced because of age—but the parts never are. There ought to be an extraordinarily good reason for buying a car more than three years old. Be sure that, at any price, it is a bargain.

Whether the car is a four- or a six-cylinder is not of extreme importance. For smooth running the six is superior. It is probably the coming standard motor. The Government's standard five-passenger car for the army is a four-cylinder, and it weighs 2350 pounds, thereby proving that the army does not consider weight an essential for sturdiness and reliability or that six cylinders are necessary for power and endurance.

The eight and twelve used car is a car for the man who knows what he is doing; in other words, knows whether he can afford the heavy car and whether the model he is buying is good and reliable though used. Overhauling is costly in this class of car.

With the choice narrowed down by this general elimination of the undesirables, the safe course, barring the car with the owner and history entirely familiar to you, is to seek the agency of the car you think you want and to look over the offerings.

There are always enough used cars in good condition thrown on the market by the lucky ones who make it a point to trade in year-old cars for new ones and to pay the difference. Such cars, sanely driven, are good purchases. They ought to bring over three-fourths the price of the new machine.

As a rule, you may trust the firm that deals in cars of the same make that it offers in used form.

The first performance of the agency is, of course, a "demonstration." No man can tell by merely riding in the car the precise condition of its "innards," but some motor troubles are obvious.

ANY unusual grind or hum indicates that gear or pinion teeth are worn, chipped, or in poor alignment because parts are sprung and bearings worn. Make the salesman explain the noise and tell you the cost of renewing the parts involved. The shady concern's remedy for such noises is to fill the differential with a compound of grease and ground cork and to use heavy grease or oil in the transmission box.

A knock *in* the engine is a knock *for* it, regardless of explanation. The skilled demonstrator rarely gets what is called "spark knock," in hard pulling at slow motor speed. He knows his job too well. But he may talk of "spark knock" to explain away the "thud-thud-thud" in the motor in hard pulling on a hill. Make him slide up to the bottom of the hill at ten instead of twenty-five miles per hour, and then see if the motor will "dog" at low speed or quit. Also listen for knocks. Any car will run up a hill with high speed to start with, if the hill is short enough and the initial speed high enough; no motor is necessary at all. Try the hill in first and second speeds. Many a used car runs quietly in third or high but makes a racket that brings out the neighbors when pulling on low.

A second kind of knock appears when the car is suddenly "given the gun" from low speed; and a third in running down hill with the clutch in and the motor in high, so that the car pushes the motor, instead of the motor the car.

AN irritating and common noise in the used car is a "piston slap," caused by worn pistons or bearings. You often hear it in cars fitted with aluminum pistons when the engine is cold and the very expansive metal of the piston has not warmed up and taken up the "slack." This is not an objection, because the noise disappears when the engine warms up. The tricky dealer stops piston slap to a great extent by using very heavy oil in the crank case, even though it is not good for the motor.

Leaky, worn pistons usually betray themselves by blue smoke in the exhaust unless this same heavy oil has been used to "dope" the car for sale purposes. There is no occasion for smoky exhaust with an engine in normal condition and the oil supply not too high.

You can check up gas mileage roughly by comparison of tank and speedometer readings at the end of any considerable trip, or by requiring a measured amount to be put in the tank and checked at the end of five or ten miles. Of course you'll find the demonstrator cutting her down to the popping point in the carburetor and coasting with clutch out or gears in neutral; but you have to expect this.

The term "overhauling" covers a multitude of sins. As guaranteed by a standard and reputable agency, it means a car practically as good as new in so far as the overhauling has extended. A thorough job costs roughly, as most agencies figure it, about ten per cent. of the new price of the car, and sometimes more.

Overhauling is necessary at about the end of 10 to 15,000 miles for the light cheap cars, and 25,000 for the splendid, finely adjusted big cars; but it depends very much on the care and the sort of driving the car has had. A car showing a high speedometer mileage and not overhauled, promises to be an expense.

Other details are worth looking into. One large agency has an appraisement report for the salesman to fill in when it acquires a used car. It is just as well for the buyer to have one himself. The items on the report are:

Motor	Radiator
Transmission	Top
Differential	Upholstering
Lamps	Rug
Springs	Paint
Fenders	Tires

Battery and electrical system

If a cold-blooded agency thus appraises a car, the buyer ought to follow the same system so far as his knowledge permits.

A dripping radiator is an object of suspicion. Radiator repairs are costly; new radiators cost from twenty-six to seventy-five dollars.

The agency for the electrical system is the

UNLIMITED mileage—not built like a depth bomb to explode at a given point.

best judge of the part of the modern motor car that gives the most minor troubles.

Re-paint jobs may be good, or otherwise. A factory finish, not too dulled up, is usually preferable to the sort of re-paint job done for the used-car agency. A bright, shining coat of paint and varnish on the car of '15 vintage manifestly betrays itself. There is another sort of camouflage known as "touch-up and varnish" recognizable because the worst marks are touched up and the cracks varnished over.

The brakes should be relined and readjusted, and the wheels aligned to avoid tire wear. The chief thing to insist upon is that all small details that "we can attend to any time, and it won't cost you much" be done before you buy the car. The argument applies as neatly before as after.

The man who buys the used car doesn't have to take a noisy, grinding, slapping, knocking chariot that is full of little things to be fixed later, if he is willing to pay a decent price. There has come off that car, automatically, some fifteen per cent. of the new cost, for commissions, perhaps more, and then the depreciation due to wear and tear. Hence for three-fourths the price of the new car the buyer is entitled to a car that is nearly as good as new, save for appearance and wear in parts not included in the usual term, overhauling.

Tires should be looked at. Tires of standard make in fair condition are probably acceptable on a car sold by a trustworthy agency. Brand new tires all-round are objects of suspicion. There are sold what are called "seconds," at prices half those of new casings, and often carrying a standard maker's name but not the serial number of the lot. When they will give out no man can foresee.

Also there is the process known as "recapping," which consists in taking a sheet of rubber and vulcanizing it over the old casing.

It costs about seven dollars and looks new, but is not.

A Cure for Swine and Swinishness

[*Continued from page 47*]

grinned an unfeeling grin and told Master Sinclair to behave.

Those two boys then reach the big outdoors by the same route, and certain fortuitous combinations arrange that they shall occupy the same dog tent, and be handed over to the same gang boss, who forthwith puts their names on the pay-roll.

From this time they begin to forget their social separation, chiefly because it has been 99 per cent. artificial anyway; and the other one per cent. sheer laziness. They live the same life; they eat the same food; they sleep beneath the same quality of rough, warm blankets; swim in the same stream, wear the same tough khaki working-clothes, handle the same tools and instruments, listen to the same technical lectures, to the same primary discourses on elementary political economy and the basic ethics that are at the root of human relationships, and generally rub off their angles against the world and each other. They have become "Bill" and "Sin" and there is a new birth going on hourly. It is a birth of understanding.

Result?

What do you think? Look at those two boys at the end of their year of service. Will they be the same youths? Is it likely that the life they have led, the constructive things they have lived and done, will leave them where they were? Won't they go back to their native place with something bigger and better and broader than the narrowness and insufficiency of their lives as they would have been in the majority of cases? Will they ever again sink wholly back into the selfishness, the indulgence, the carelessness and irresponsibility that you see now on every hand?

You answer!

Some one will surely insist that all this is unnecessary; that education properly emanates from a school; that we have no right to inflict paternalism on people; that it will result only in communistic tendencies and the Lord knows what. I know a lot of good folks who insist they are INDIVIDUALS, and these look with amazing scorn on such a public spirit as Macaulay sang of in the lines:

"Then each was for the other,
And all were for the State,"

and insist that it is impractical and undesirable anyway.

Well, let's look back at my European friend who paid so heavily in the service of humanity, and, what is more, who paid so willingly. Possibly it is not wholly true that the American man and woman have become thoroughly imbued with the I-want-what-I-want-when-I-want-it fallacy. But it is a fact that very sharp mental lines are drawn between the individual and what is vaguely termed "the Government"; this Government being to most of us a more or less restraining influence that sits under the Capitol dome at Washington and deals largely in legislative utterances of the "Thou shalt not" order. Put it another way and the lines are drawn between self-interest on the one hand and human interests on the other, and it is a war; and for heaven's sake don't let us translate all this into an indictment. It is no more that than to say a man's back is stooped, or a woman's hands warped with toil. It is a condition we are dealing with, and not a venal sin.

What we need most—all of us everywhere—is strength of purpose to apply corrective measures, or discipline, to ourselves; to begin to use the natural and spiritual laws of reason and action that will remedy our troubles. As a matter of absolute fact, the law touches few of us. It says we must not steal, or murder, or defraud, or mutilate, or cause to suffer, and we realize calmly that we have no wish to do any of these things, and so most of the laws on the statute books are as useless as an extra leg, so far as the greater part of humankind is concerned. But — and here is the rub — all this *refraining* from committing crime or disorder is merely a *negative* virtue, and there is mighty little construction there. Most of us are in the position of the young man in the nineteenth chapter of Matthew. When we are asked to do something in the way of a *positive* virtue we try to hide under the desk, or the couch in the parlor, or elsewhere. When something constructive in return for the privileges of our citizenship is asked one can generally hear our protests two miles off.

I believe the answer is social conscription. Should we adopt military conscription this year as a measure of preparedness, eventually it will merge into some form of technical and industrial training anyway, and that and social conscription are bedfellows.

We are a democracy? Admitted. Then under the plan I have so meagerly outlined, will there not come out of that year of social service such a democratization at the most impressionable time of life as could not be gained by any other method? With such a plan as this must inevitably come a spiritual leavening that will do much to break down the social inconsistencies and injustices that now beset us. A new banner of a straighter, cleaner, truer Americanism should be flung from the staff of this service to humanity. I believe that from this service will be externalized and realized in part at least those ideals seen by the builders of this nation.

It won't be easy to construct this plan, to put it in operation, or to keep it working; but it is possible, and the swine-on-the-corner who shrieks at paying for the privilege of being an American, and who yelps at the thought of doing without a drink so that the world may be a little more decent, can't stop it forever. I know that progress is impossible without some measure of self-interest to drive it forward, to act as the spur to human ambition, but I also know that the man who comes back from doing his bit for the State as a social conscript, and who knows something more of his kind, of his land and its resources and the need for their conservation, with some knowledge of the principles of right living, is fitter by far to walk into a polling booth and exercise his franchise than the tax-dodger whom I was inclined to punch on the nose — and didn't.

Next month we begin the "Conversations with Roosevelt"

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A Luxury in the Camp

The Millionaire Kid

[*Continued from page 20*]

"Well, old man, how about joinin' us in a little poker game? There's only Spike and George, besides myself, and a fourth hand will make a nice little game to pass away the time. If there was only somethin' else to do, we'd do it, but it's such a rotten night we gotta stay in."

Archie puts down his book and thinks a minute.

"I hate to be unsociable," he says, "and, rather than break up the party, so to speak, I'll play for a short while. It'll be quite a diversion for me awfter my efforts to grasp the salient features of this book."

I could see Foxy's eyes light up with the idea of a killin', and over in the corner Spike, George and the newspaper guy was framin' somethin'.

We goes up to Foxy's room and sits ourselves around the table. Spike asks the reporter, does he want to play, and he says no, so, when I was asked, I says no also and takes a seat back of Archie to watch the fun. The newspaper guy sits so he can look into Spike's and Archie's hands both, and so the game starts with a half dollar limit.

The first few pots they lets the Millionaire Kid win, so as to show him a good time and prepare for a fat killin' later. After about a half a hour Archie was the only loser, and he was only twenty bucks out. Then Foxy proposes to raise the limit, as he says the game is too slow. Everybody agrees but Archie, who had his coat off by this time and was sweatin' like he had run a Marathon. They agree to make the sky the limit, and Archie says nothin'. Every pot has from fifteen to fifty dollars in it, and in about a hour Archie is five hundred out. The way they was fleecin' him was a crime. The reporter would tip Spike off as to what was in his hand, and Spike would let George and Foxy know by tappin' their feet under the table. Foxy didn't have to get this information, as he knew all the hands out. The way that guy stacked the cards was a pretty sight to see. And the hands that was dealt — straights, three of a kind, and two pairs all the time. The fellers had it fixed so that everybody was given a bettin' hand. By this time Archie had his collar and tie off and was writin' checks. It was gettin' late; Spike, Foxy and George says somethin' about quittin' soon, and Archie was fifteen hundred out.

As the clock struck twelve, Archie picks up the cards and begins dealin' the first hand of the last round. Spike holds three Jacks, Foxy is dealt a small straight, George has aces and a small pair, while Archie has a pair of sevens, a Jack, a six and a eight. Spike starts it off with twenty-five bucks, Foxy raises it fifty, George goes along, and Archie — on his nerve — raises it fifty more. Everybody goes along, and the draw starts with a even five hundred in the pot. Spike draws two and pulls a pair of sevens, Foxy stands pat, George takes one, but doesn't better, and Archie takes three, holdin' the cards so close together that I can't make out what he has. Spike starts the bettin' by puttin' one of Archie's hundred dollar checks in the pot. Foxy raises it two hundred, and George drops out. It's up to Archie now, and everybody waits to see what he does. He calmly puts in three hundred and boosts it a cold five hundred! Spike gulps once or twice, while the sweat comes out on his brow. After lookin' at his cards for about ten minutes, and gettin' no kick from the reporter, he says somethin' about havin' to call and throws the rest of the Millionaire Kid's checks in the pot. Foxy says somethin' about bein' a sucker and does likewise.

"Gentlemen, I have two pairs," says Archie, throwin' his cards on the table.

Spike shows his full house, and Foxy throws his pat-hand-straight on the floor with a curse, while Spike begins pickin' up the pot.

"Just a minute," says Archie, pushin' Spike's eager hands away from the money. "I have two pairs — but they're both fours!"

We all looks at his cards like we was goin' to see the Kohinoor, and sure enough he has four fours!

With my own eyes I saw him hold a pair of sevens before the draw. Oh, boy! I was growin' dizzy!

"Well, gentlemen," says the Millionaire Kid, pickin' up the pot, his coat, collar and tie. "As it is quite late, and I am even, I believe I may be permitted the privilege to withdraw. I thank you for the very pleasant evening I was afforded, and also for the many fine points you so kindly taught me. The game was both interesting and instructive. Gentlemen, I bid you good-night!" With that he walks outer the room, leavin' us gapin' after him like a bunch of rubes lookin' at the Singer Buildin' for the first time.

Well, we goes along winnin' games right and left until there was only one more left to play, and that was with the Boston Red Sox. If we wins, we land in third place, which gives everybody a slice of the world's series dough, the extra bonus promised by the owners, and makes me certain to manage the team again next season. On paper we oughter beat them easy, 'cause we been doin' it right along, and Lefty Conners hasn't lost a game to them yet. They was pie for any good southpaw, and, if Hughie Fullerton was to figger out their chances, they wouldn't be worth a lead nickel — but you can't never tell on paper what a team's goin' to do.

The boys was beginnin' to let down a little and seemed to forget they was any such thing as trainin' rules. They plays pinocle, poker, and shoots crap all night long. Some has dates with dames and bartenders every evenin', actin' as if the ball season is the only time the above gets off. In the mornin' they comes out to the ball park lookin' like they been doin' guard duty all night. I tried everything to make them guys act like they was human, but it was too late in the season. Most of 'em figgered there wasn't goin' to be no ball teams next year on account of the league bein' transferred to Europe, where the world's series was scheduled to take place in Berlin. They got worser and worser every day, and some of 'em even forgets where the ball park is located. I threatens 'em, I fines 'em, and I begs 'em to behave, but it does no good. Fin'ly I posts a notice in the clubhouse sayin' that anybody who ain't in condition for the Boston game gets fined a hundred bucks and forfeits his world's series dough and bonus money. They all swears by everything holy that they'd be in good shape.

THE only one who behaves all this time is this Archie guy. After that one poker game he played in, the boys never asks him to join them, and he goes to bed every night long before the street lamps light up. He keeps away from booze and women like the government has put a taboo on 'em. Durin' the last week of the season he's about the only ball player I has.

Well, through some kind of a miracle or somethin', the gang shows up intact for the last game. The game itself is unimportant, compared to what happened later, but there are one or two points I gotta tell about.

Lefty takes the mound against Hippo George Saunders, and we knew the game was goin' to be a pitchers' battle. For ten innin's we play the wildest baseball anybody ever seen. In that frame Spike Mulligan doubles with one down, and Red Carter grounds out, sendin' Spike to third. This brings up the Millionaire Kid, and the Boston battery gets together and talks things over, like they was at a peace conference. Fin'ly they decides to walk in, which would bring Wally Frye up, who hadn't hit nothin' outside of the infield since the spring trainin' trip. The Red Sox catcher steps three feet to one side of the plate while the crowd makes a noise like Berlin was took or somethin'. Hippo throws over three balls that was as far from the plate as New York is from Siam, while Archie stands there holdin' his bat listless like. Just as Hippo throws the fourth ball, Archie jumps two or three feet and catches the ol' apple on the end of his bat and sends it sailin' over the center field fence, winnin' the game and landin' us in third place.

Later, while we was dressin', Hippo Saunders walks in and pulls the Millionaire Kid to one side. We wasn't payin' much attention to him, when Hippo hauls off and cracks him in the face.

Zowie! Whang!

Hippo gets hit twice — once by Archie, and once when he hits the floor!

Tyin' his tie, the Millionaire Kid comes over to me and says:

"Yer know what, Ed? It does a tough guy like that good to get a bust on the beezer every little while!"

And then I knew that Archibald Tewkesberry Butteridge, II. was goin' to be a great ball player!

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Mopping Up With the Victory Loan

Don't Sit Down On Your Job Now

by Paul Tomlinson

A WAR is over when the treaty of peace is signed. At the present writing peace has not been signed with Germany, and we are at war with that power just as much as we were eighteen months ago. Our arms have been successful, but we have not accomplished that for which we fought unless the terms of the treaty are of a nature to guarantee and insure to us the fruits of that success. Laxness or carelessness on the part of the allied representatives at Paris could very easily undo all that our arms have done. A victory of arms, if it is to be a real victory, must be followed by a victory at the peace table.

When an army goes over the top, the attack is not ended when the attacking waves have swept across the opposing lines of enemy trenches. It is not enough to take positions. They must be held against counter attack. They must be consolidated, organized, and a careful search made to see that none of the enemy remain behind to cause trouble. Squads of men follow in the wake of the attackers to "mop up." Soldiers of the enemy armed with rifles, machine guns, and hand grenades stationed in shell holes and ruined trenches can take the attackers from the rear and nullify all initial successes. The "moppers up" are essential to the success of an offensive operation; they insure victory in battle just as the framers of the peace treaty insure victory in war.

Mopping up is hard work. Men do not go at it with a yell and a cheer; but in silence and grim earnestness, impressed with the importance of their task, realizing that on their shoulders rests the responsibility for making victory an accomplished fact. So it is with the peace delegates. They are working hard and diligently for their country, for you, yes, and for the thousands of boys who gave their lives that their country, and you, might be spared what they themselves endured. The destinies of the world are in the hands of those men assembled in Paris. Do you suppose that whatever personal glory they may receive can compensate for the responsibility they bear? Do you imagine that they are thinking of honor? They are human, of course, but they are first of all patriots and now is the time of all times when it is important to be patriotic, and show it.

Any one can cheer when the troops swing up the street, bands playing and colors flying. Emotion can supply as much noise as patriotism. But the real test is to serve your country when no one is looking, when the pressing need may seem to have passed, and only duty remains. Duty is seldom easy to perform, and duty to one's country is particularly hard in time of peace. An American is apt sometimes to interpret the liberty granted him by his Government as license to criticise that Government. We are now hearing stories of mismanagement and waste in our conduct of the War. Doubtless many of them are true. But look at the thing in the broad sense; was there ever a nation in the history of the world that did what this country did in the same space of time? We have infinitely more to cause us pride than shame. We have a hundred things to make us thankful where there is one to cause us regret.

Have you talked with men home from the Front? Compare what they went through with what is asked of you, and then ask yourself if you have any real cause to complain about the taxes you have to pay. Ask yourself if the Government is not justified in appealing to your patriotism to buy bonds of the Victory Loan.

If you are proud of being an American, prove it by subscribing to as many of these bonds as you can. We broke the German line with our Liberty Bonds. With the money received from the Victory Loan we'll consolidate our positions, make them impregnable, and mop up what was left by the four previous loans.

Don't groan about the heavy taxes — have you read the new law? — and be thankful that all you have to pay is taxes. If you had an indemnity to pay to Germany your present financial obligations by comparison would pale into insignificance. And remember that the reason you have no indemnity to pay is because the Liberty Loans supplied our fighting forces with money for equipment and transport across the seas. If they had stayed at home the enemy very possibly might have come to us. Our troops helped not only to stop the enemy's advance, but to drive him back and defeat him. Every one agrees that they performed marvelously. Can we do less than furnish the Government with money to bring them home again and to maintain a large enough military establishment to make a repetition of this war impossible? The Government also wishes to pay its debts.

It is a laudable ambition to wish to pay debts. It is a trait to be admired in governments and individuals as well. And just stop and think for a moment whether or not you owe anything to the Government of the United States of America. You may not approve of everything it does or says, but most of us are pretty proud to acknowledge it as our own. Few of us will contradict the opinion that it is the best government in the world. And none of us *can* contradict the statement that it has given us more than we can ever repay. To mention merely a few of the things it has done in the past five years — it has safeguarded our homes, our fortunes, our loved ones; it has not only protected us from loss, but our wealth has actually increased. Are you grateful, or do you accept these things as charity? Do you believe that happiness is due you as a *gift*, or do you agree with the founders of our country who incorporated it as part of our Constitution that every man has an equal opportunity to pursue happiness? The man who deserves happiness is the one who works for it, sacrifices himself for it, and is willing to pay the price.

Treasury Department
Washington

I am told by men of steady judgment and tested patriotism that we must approach the Victory Loan in a distinctly business mood; that it will be impossible again to appeal to the patriotism of the American people. I should despair of my country if that were exactly true. I should doubt our ability to cope with the problems of peace if so quickly we should forget the obligations of war. They tell about the "sacrifices" the American people have made. Where are they? Where are our devastated fields and ruined cities? Where our cathedrals destroyed and homes profaned? Where our flooded mines and pillaged factories? Where our stolen treasures and ruined works of art? Where our defiled women and starved children and wrecked men? Where on this wide continent does hunger stalk abroad or pestilential disease claim its thousands of victims? Is it a serious "sacrifice" to invest one's money in the interest-bearing obligations of one's government in order to make everlastingly secure the nation's freedom as well as the nation's property? Is it a grave sacrifice to devote one's labor to such a cause and in the process to acquire the habit of thrift and saving, so sadly lacking as a characteristic of the American people? Our Allies fought for us nearly three years before we began to fight with them. For nearly that period of time the United States profited tremendously, in a commercial and industrial sense, by the European war. Immense fortunes were made; prosperity pervaded our land. France and Britain lost millions of men killed and millions of others wounded. Less than sixty thousand American heroes sleep beneath the sod of France. These men made the supreme sacrifice. Should we dishonor their memories or diminish the glory of their service by pausing in the cheerful performance of an imperative duty?

CARTER GLASS.

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This financial booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of ten cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. A very attractive library edition bound in leather may be had at a dollar per copy.

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Eighth Edition

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The bonds are a splendid investment for anybody. You can invest your funds to yield a higher return certainly, but is the difference in yield sufficient to compensate for the feeling of having neglected your duty? They come due and will be paid off in a few years. They are as good as cash. They will help the Government, which is another way of saying they will help you. In your possession they are one more safeguard between you and want; they put you one step nearer independence, and afford that feeling of security which only savings can give.

Thrift is one of the happiest habits in the world. To give it up because the enemy is defeated is to lose one of the most valuable lessons of the War. It is dangerous, too. The race is not always to the swift, and the man who makes thrift one of his habits is sure to be a dangerous competitor. The man who neglects this virtue will never be a factor. And so, just as the "moppers up" are essential on the battlefield, as the delegates are necessary at the peace table, so it is of the most vital importance that we at home do not relax our efforts until the job is done. Over twenty million people subscribed to the Liberty Bonds; the attack was launched with the first, and followed up and pressed vigorously with the three succeeding loans. The enemy was driven back, scattered, and routed. Now comes the time to "mop up." It is not work for only a few to do, but for the whole nation. Don't let it be said of you that when the real test came you were found wanting!

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"Opportunity in Bonds" will be the leading article in "Bond Topics" this month. There will also be an excellent article by Samuel Insull on what the Middle West Utilities Co. has done during the war. "Bond Topics" will be sent on request by writing to A. H. Bickmore, 111 Broadway, New York City.

Bankers Mortgage Co., Des Moines, Ia., will send booklet 118, dealing with Iowa First Farm Mortgages and Tax Free Municipal Bonds.

"A Questionnaire for Investors" has been published by S. W. Straus & Company, which is of value to all investors. It indicates the tests by the soundness of any securities. This in simple question and answer form will prove invaluable to those who have money to invest, or are considering purchasing investments.

The National City Company is offering free to investors a pamphlet entitled "U. S. Government War Loans." It contains complete descriptions of the original and converted issues of Liberty Bonds and also tables showing yields afforded by each issue at a wide range of prices.

John Muir & Co., odd lot and Liberty Bond specialists, 61 Broadway, New York, have recently made several changes in their partial-payment-plan terms which are explained in the new edition of their booklet "The Partial Payment Plan," which is free on request.

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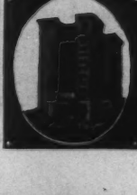

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NOTICE

Mr. Tomlinson's article for the Financial Department for the June issue will be on the general business outlook. This will treat on business conditions as they are to-day and on the future prospects of big business. Do not fail to read this.

ite Industry and Its Possibilities, as well as many other interesting financial items. Write them for these booklets, which will be sent free of charge upon request for C.

Farson, Son and Company, Number 115 Broadway, New York City, will send to you upon request their interesting and instructive booklet describing their new oil property, The Hercules Petroleum Company.

Aurelius-Swanson Co., of Oklahoma City, send upon request Booklet M-C-00, dealing with a selected list of Farm Mortgages.

The dividends on many common stocks having been cut and with further reductions in sight, make preferred stocks, assuring a fixed return, attractive purchases at this time. As money returns to investment channels, the market prices of preferred issues will correspondingly advance and the yield on the money invested will thereby be reduced.

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Gerard & Company, 35 Wall Street, New York City, will send upon request some interesting booklets dealing with new offerings of securities.

The Twenty Payment Plan was originated by Slattery & Co., Inc., of 40 Exchange Place, New York City, and has been in successful operation for a great many years. Booklet describing the plan in detail will be forwarded to any one by this firm upon request. Ask for 3-A.

Free booklet Mc 8, by The F. B. Collins Investment Co., Oklahoma City, gives information on Farm Loans in the Southwest.

"We're Right on the Ground," by E. J. Landers & Co., of Grand Forks, N. D., covers Farm Mortgages from the Northwest. Free.

No advertisement is accepted for the financial section of McCLURE'S until after careful investigation by trained experts of the personal integrity of the advertiser and of the soundness of the proposition. While we cannot guarantee the result in any particular case, the acceptance of the advertisement by us is evidence of the strongest character that the advertiser is worthy of public confidence.

The Battle Line of Labor

[*Continued from page 17*]

There is no better indication of the great understanding that is in the mind of American labor to which I can call attention now than the ringing declaration of the American Federation of Labor uttered at the close of America's first year in the War. It will live in history because it possesses and expresses truth and the profound conviction of a great movement of men and women. Here is set forth what we believed then and what we believe now — our standards of faith and conduct then and now and to-morrow:

"Workers of America, the safety of that battle line in France depends mainly now upon us. We must furnish the majority of those in the trenches. We must build the ships that carry the troops and munitions of war. Regardless of hidden dangers we must maintain the life-line of ships on the high seas which connect the fighting front with our national bases of supplies. We must make the guns, the munitions, the airplanes. We must have ready food, clothing, blankets. We serve in the great industrial army that serves overseas with the fighting forces.

"We must do all these things because a principle is involved that has to do with all we hold dear.

"We are fighting against a government that disregards the will of the governed — a government that pries into intimate relations of life and extends its supervision into smallest details and dominates all of them. We are fighting against involuntary labor — against the enslavement of women and the mutilation of the lives and bodies of little children. We are fighting against barbarous practises of warring upon civilian populations, killing the wounded, the agents of mercy and those who bear the white flag of truce.

"We are fighting for the ideal which is America — equal opportunity for all. We are fighting for political and economic freedom — national and international.

"We are fighting for the right to join together freely in trade unions and the freedom and the advantages represented by that right.

"Our country is now facing a crisis to meet which continuity of war production is essential. Workers, decide every industrial question fully mindful of those men — fellow Americans — who are on the battle line, facing the enemies' guns, needing munitions of war to fight the battle for those of us back at home, doing work necessary but less hazardous. No strike ought to be inaugurated that cannot be justified to the men facing momentary death. A strike during the War is not justified unless principles are involved equally fundamental as those for which fellow citizens have offered their lives — their all.

"We must give this service without reserve until the War is won, serving the cause of human freedom, intelligent, alert, uncompromising wherever and whenever the principle of human freedom is involved.

"We are in a great revolutionary period which we are shaping by molding every-day relations between man and man. Workers of America as well as all other citizens have difficult tasks to perform that we might hand on to the future the ideals and institutions of America not only unimpaired, but strengthened and purified in spirit and expression — thus performing the responsible duty of those entrusted with the high resolve to be free and perpetuate freedom."

Coming in the June Number

WE begin with "Nothing to Write Emily," not because it is the most important thing that will be in this coming magazine but because it is decidedly one of the most pleasant things to talk about. It is a story by Royal Brown, illustrated by Everett Shinn, and without doubt strikes a new note in short stories. "Demi-Tasse," by Wallace Irwin, is another of the Little Tales of the Great Town. This time he has taken three people and woven a rather wonderful story around them — around their commonplaceness and around their equally wonderful humanity. It is one of the best stories we have ever printed. Gertrude Atherton and Dr. Frank Crane, in two separate articles, carry on a brilliant controversy over the bone-dry law. There is nothing bone dry about either of these pieces of writing except the subject, and they form a very important contribution to Prohibition. The Dawn Patrol begins a series of new articles by an American aviator lately returned from the Front. The boy who has written these articles has given us something fresh and beautiful in them. Mary Heaton Vorse will be found in the June number of McClure's Magazine with a love story as real and warm as life can be to young people

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A House at Random

[*Continued from page 55*]

young man!" cried Mr. Parchester, "you surely don't count on taking my niece to such a wilderness as that!"

"For a month or six weeks," Dick answered. "Otherwise you'll have to find another bridegroom." This was sheer bluff. He glanced at his watch. "You will have to decide pretty quickly, because it is a quarter to eleven."

"Now here's a pretty kettle of fish!" fumed Mr. Parchester. "It's preposterous! Impossible!" He looked fearfully at his niece, who shrugged.

"What difference does it make?" she asked, adding insolently: "I guess I can stand it for a few weeks after this tomb."

"But, my dear, this young man is a perfect stranger!" He looked appealingly at Dick.

"You should worry about that," snapped Marianne. "*He's* the one that takes the chance."

"All I ask," said Dick, "is to save my gold mine. Getting work started on that will keep me from being a nuisance about the house. I've got a pal now on the way over from France who will stake me what I need, but I've got to have five hundred right off to keep from losing the whole prospect."

"There will be no difficulty about that," said Mr. Parchester, as loftily as though he were not a party to tricking the shades of the departed. "Well, my dear, what do you say?"

"Why ask, nunkie dear? You know we're all ready to do anything for money." She looked insultingly at Dick. "You don't happen to have a wife somewhere already, I hope?"

"Not even a fiancée," he answered, and noted with pleasure that his shot had hit the target. This impudent, intolerant girl was beginning to irritate him.

The doorbell rang at this moment and a bearded man in clerical garb was admitted by the aged butler. "Is everything ready?" he asked, after a perfunctory and somewhat embarrassed greeting.

"Everything is," Marianne answered. "Go to it, please . . . " she yawned.

The Reverend Dr. Lovejoy proceeded with his sacred office in nervous haste. A pale, pretty woman, Mrs. Parchester, was summoned. She bowed coldly to Dick. The old butler was present and there appeared also a chauffeur with a smut of burnt oil on his chin. The grandfather's clock in the hall struck eleven.

Dr. Lovejoy had brought the marriage certificate. "The name of the bridegroom has been left blank," said he with a smirk. "I explained that I did not know how it was spelled."

Mr. Parchester handed Dick a ring, and the ceremony proceeded. They were receiving the benediction — a good deal as a pair of savages might receive the slave-yoke — when the bell rang violently. The butler opened the door when there entered Dick's companion of the reception-room. This presentable young man had lost his nervousness, wore a pink flush and emanated a subtle odor of alcohol.

"Well, here I am," said he. "I just stepped out to send a telegram."

"Then you can step out again, and keep on stepping," said Marianne, regarding him with hate. "Is that what old Cheatham tried to wish on me?"

"Eh, what . . . I beg your pardon . . . "

"It is accepted," said Dick. "You are too late. Beat it."

The fatal truth dawning upon the young man's stimulated faculties he turned very pale. He realized that he had never lost a good thing more easily. "But I told you that I would be right back!" he shrilled.

"I did not believe you," Dick answered. "*Merci, et au 'voir.*"

But at this moment came another interruption. The ring of the bell was supplemented this time by a violent banging on the plate-glass window. If the preceding candidate for matrimonial benefits had been a trifle tardy his successor was decidedly too late. The wedding certificate had been signed and witnessed and Dick, taking it from the clergyman's hand, placed it with his other papers of recommendation. The aged butler shambled to the door when a wild-eyed young man burst in. He was about thirty and wore a cutaway suit, white spats and carried a top hat, gloves and a gold-headed malacca. One would have said that he was dressed for a wedding, which was the case. His own.

"My car broke down, Marianne!" he cried. "I agree to everything. Thank God, I got here in time!"

"Save your thanks, Harold dear!" said Marianne. "You would not have been here in time even if there had been nobody else. Let me present you to my husband, Mr. . . . Mr. . . . what *is* your name, anyhow?"

"The same as yours—Kenny," Dick answered. "Please try not to forget it."

"I really must be going," said Dr. Lovejoy, and stood perfectly still. Dick turned to Mr. Parchester.

"Having left my checkbook at my apartment I shall have to ask you to do the customary thing," said he.

"Ah, yes . . . yes, quite so," gurgled Mr. Parchester, who looked as though he had just been acquitted by the court. "One minute, please, Dr. Lovejoy!" He laid his plump hand on Dick's shoulder. "Come with me, my boy . . . " He led the way to a study in the rear of the house, wrote a check, slipped it in an envelope and went out. A moment later he returned. "Sit down, my dear fellow. Between you and me this thing has turned out excellently. I'd a lot rather she married you than that rotter. He's no good. But you must look out for him. He'd play you any scurvy trick. He's a relative of ours and a trustee of these charities that would otherwise have got the money."

"How did her grandfather ever happen to make such a will?" Dick asked.

Mr. Parchester chuckled. "To make Marianne do his will for once, I imagine," said he. "The old gentleman loved and hated her. He may have thought it the only way ever to get her a husband, and I shouldn't wonder of he were right. She is a sweet girl, but selfish, utterly spoiled and with the temper of a fiend."

He then proceeded to talk business. Taking it for granted that Dick had been procured and duly posted by the family solicitor against precisely the event which had occurred, the default of his predecessor, Mr. Parchester liquidated as per agreement. He informed Dick that twenty thousand dollars had been put to the credit of the happy pair for their first year's income. Of this they were to draw five thousand quarterly on their joint signatures and share it equally. He now advanced Dick twenty-five hundred in cash, the same to be handed to Marianne. Should the conditions of this year's probation be fulfilled, Marianne was thereafter to inherit an estate of about a million.

"The old gentleman sneaked off and made this will secretly," said Mr. Parchester, "and he probably chuckled over it every time they had a fight. In her twenty-one years of life this is probably the first time that she has ob yed any will except her own. Her aunt and I have had a dreadful time, but we have done our duty. Up to now we have held the purse-strings and she has been kept within bounds. Marianne has certain lovable traits, but she is absolutely ungoverned, wilful, highly temperamental, with no regard for the feelings of others and ready to sacrifice anybody to her own egotistical caprice."

Dick began to feel rather sorry for Marianne, and wondered with such a character as had been given her where the sweetness and lovable traits came in.

The conversation was interfered with by loud and angry noises from the reception-room. Suddenly Marianne burst in, cheeks crimson, gray eyes black and breath coming in gasps of rage. Harold, white from the same emotion, strode after her.

"Here, you husband person!" cried Marianne, "take me away from this blithering imbecile . . . or kill him or something. Take me to your log cabin or cave . . . anywhere." She turned to Harold, her flushed face scintillating malice. "We are going to spend our honeymoon in a cabin in the Sierras," said she.

"Then he'll spend his under it," Harold growled.

Dick turned to Marianne. "Will you be ready to leave here in an hour?"

"Yes, if somebody will rid me of this pest."

"Then please go and pack. I'll call for you in an hour or less."

Marianne agreed to this and Dick, going out, called a taxi and hurried to the station.

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But it is a fickle old world, and fortunate young men who ride in limousines are liable to be toting dinner pails next week. Something like that happened to Frederick Jurian, and before long he was behind the counter of this backwoods drug-store struggling for his bread and butter! Still, girls and romance and adventure can be found in country drug-stores as well as in the city palaces, and these are what were awaiting Jurian.

"Something for Nothing", aside from being the title of a corking good novel by Freeman Tilden that begins in June McCLURE'S, is prophetic of the value you get when you subscribe to McClure's. The twenty big features each number of McClure's contains are worth far more than the price you pay for your subscription. As an added feature you secure this big new $1.50 novel, written in Freeman Tilden's most fascinating style.

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He found that the earliest Pullman reservations he could secure for Denver would be three nights later. This would give him time to make his final payment, and having managed to get his ticket further postponed he snatched a hurried lunch and set himself to purchase a small trunk. Moved by an inspiration he stopped at Tiffany's and bought a simple but handsome diamond ring for which he paid five hundred dollars.

Tearing back about fifteen minutes late he stopped in front of the house, where he had roomed, and severely startled his landlady by dashing in from the street and thrusting money upon her when she would have bet her house against this sum that he had not left it that morning. He rescued his kit-bag and the precious copy of Mr. Chesterton's "Her tics," then, signaling the taxi-driver to follow, hastened to the "house at rando n," seven numbers below.

Here his entry reminded him of the sounds which greet one on going into the bird-house of the zoo. Mr. Parchester almost hung himself upon his neck.

"I told you so . . ." he cried triumphantly. "I knew he'd come back."

Marianne, dressed for travel, gave him a look in which anger and relief were blended. "You are ten minutes late," said she. "They've been kindly trying to tell me that you had run for it while the running was good."

"They don't teach us that in the army," Dick answered.

A big, thickset man with a very square face and heavy mustache planted himself in front of Dick. "Who is this fellow?" he demanded. "I never saw him before. How dare you represent yourself as somebody recommended by me?"

Dick eyed him with a hostile glare. "I didn't," he answered. "I should say that you would be about the very last person I'd want a recommendation from."

An angry color began to pour into the square man's face. "None of your impudence, you young crook," he growled. "I'll have you locked up, that's what!"

Dick's tanned face grew as hard as the quartz formation into which he had poured his savings. A deep crease drew itself down between his straight brows. Marianne was not easily frightened, but the expression of his face kept back her voice, usually ready enough in time of trouble. "I don't know who you are," said Dick, slowly, "but just because you happen to look like a cheap cartoon of Hindenburg doesn't give you any license to try to act like him. One more word like that out of you and you'll find yourself up against a sudden strong offensive."

"There, there, my boy . . ." quavered Mr. Parchester. "This is Mr. Cheatham, our family solicitor."

"I sent Mr. Simpson," said the lawyer, trying to bluster but casually moving to one side.

"That man ikin you wound up and sent around here ran down before the show began," said Dick, "so I took his place."

"Oh, you did, did you? And what right had you to do that, may I ask? How did you get in here?"

"Walked," Dick answered. He turned to Marianne. "You saw my recommendations," said he. "If you are satisfied, what's the use of my talking to this boche-looking bluff?"

"None whatever," she answered.

"Well, then," said Dick, "if you're ready, let's go."

"Not so fast, young man . . ."

Dick wheeled on the lawyer so savagely that this legal bully stepped back, half raising a thick arm as if to ward the punch which he felt to be lurking under the full, loose sleeve . . . and which was. "You shut up," snarled Dick. "You ought to be disbarred, you dirty shyster, for putting up a game like this on a defenseless girl, trying to marry her off to a slab-sided lush like that fool you sent around here." He glared at Mr. Parchester, whose flabby face turned white. "*You* ought to be ashamed of yourself, too. It's easy to see who *you* were thinkin' about. Now listen to me, you fakes: This lady is married to me, Richard Kenny, late First Lieutenant, Engineer Corps, United States Army, honorably discharged for wounds received in action. The wedding ceremony has been legally performed and the certificate duly signed and witnessed is in my pocket. Mrs. Kenny recognizes me as her lawful husband, so just you try to interfere any further if you dare. . . ."

He turned his bleak war-face from one to the other. Mr. Cheatham looked as though about to have a stroke while the spindling legs of Mr. Parchester wabbled. Dick

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turned from them to the butler, behind whom lurked the untidy chauffeur. "Put Mrs. Kenny's things on the car outside, you men," he ordered, cripsly. "Come on, Marianne . . . "

The girl hesitated for a second, then ran to her uncle and gave him a quick embrace. "Good-bye, nunkie," said she. "Kiss auntie for me. I seem to have got a soldier husband and we'd better go before he kills somebody." Ignoring the lawyer, she picked up her small hand-bag. "Come on, hubby," said she, and they went out. The luggage was put aboard the car and Dick thrust a bill into the shaking hand of the old butler. "Go ahead," he said to the driver; "McAlpin Hotel." And they whirled away.

Marianne had recovered from her shock. "They might have thrown a little rice or a pair of rubber boots or a trench bomb or something," said she. "Where do we go from here?"

"To the hotel," Dick answered. "I couldn't get Pullman reservations until Tuesday night, so I engaged rooms. Yours is on the twenty-first floor and mine on the twenty-second. The same roof shelters us both, so it ought to be all right. We'll do the town, dinner, theater, supper and dance, if you like."

"That sounds exciting. It's all been pretty exciting, so far. Where did you come from, anyhow?"

"Over the top."

"I know; but to-day?"

"Over the top of the house." He reached down, unfastened his kit-bag and took out the copy of "Heretics" which he opened at page 190. "Read that."

Marianne read: "The best way that a man could test his readiness to encounter the common variety of mankind would be to climb down the chimney of any house at random, and get on as well as possible with the people inside."

"That's how it happened," said Dick. "Out of a book." And he explained in detail the reason for and execution of his experiment. Marianne listened in astonishment. She did not laugh. She seemed, in fact, rather awed. The consummate cheek of the performance appealed to her own impulsive and undisciplined nature. She glanced at Dick almost shyly, as an amateur might regard the arrived professional.

"After all," said Dick, "Chesterton was right. It seems to have worked out pretty well. You wanted to inherit your grandfather's fortune and get out of that old barrack, and have some fun. Your uncle and aunt wanted to keep on living in the house and having their bills paid, and I wanted to save my mine. It doesn't matter a whoop what the rest of the bunch wanted. They weren't the real 'people inside,' that I was to get on as well as possible with. That reminds me, I've got a present for you. I bought it with your money, but I'll buy you a bigger one as soon as I drag some dust out of my hole in the ground."

He reached in his pocket, took out the little box and gave it to her. She opened it and the white diamond glittered in the sunlight of Fifth Avenue. With an inscrutable face she drew off her glove and slipped it on a finger for which it appeared to have been fitted. Marianne stared at it as though hypnotized, then turned and looked fixedly at Dick.

"It seems to fit . . . like all the rest of your . . . experiments." She appeared to reflect. "It's lovely. Thank you very much."

Dick scarcely recognized her voice. He felt the gratification of the wild animal trainer should the leopardess snarling in the far corner of the cage suddenly begin to purr. He could never have believed that Marianne had any purr in her. Glancing at her face it struck him with a shock that she was an uncommonly pretty girl when not in a state of exasperation, and the idea flashed suddenly into his head that perhaps this condition might not be altogether her fault. But she was certainly good to look at just then, though her features were far from classic owing to their general upward trend. It was as though chin, mouth, nose (particularly nose), and even eyebrows had been brushed up and stayed that way. It gave a singularly impudent, piquant expression to her fresh and highly-colored face. He knew already that her hair was beautiful.

"Were you wounded badly?" she asked.

"They thought so at the time. So did I. Gassed and a rib knocked off by a piece of shrapnel. They said I was no more use, but I fooled 'em."

"You certainly were useful to me. I might have been in that dreary prison yet,

A Diagram Picture

Note the Pointed Corn

Why Corns Hurt

Note this diagram picture of a corn. Note its conical shape. The cause of the corn is pressure. And pressure makes it hurt. The point of the corn is pushed into the nerves.

Applying a Blue-jay plaster instantly removes the pressure. Note the felt ring (A) in the picture below. We apply no anesthetic. The ring gives barefoot comfort in the tightest shoe.

But that is temporary. One should not continue a ring. The corn should be quickly ended.

The bit of B & B wax in the center of the ring does that (marked B in illustration below). In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Only rare corns need a second application.

That's the great reason for Blue-jay. It stops the pain, then ends the corn. And it wraps the corn so the action is undisturbed.

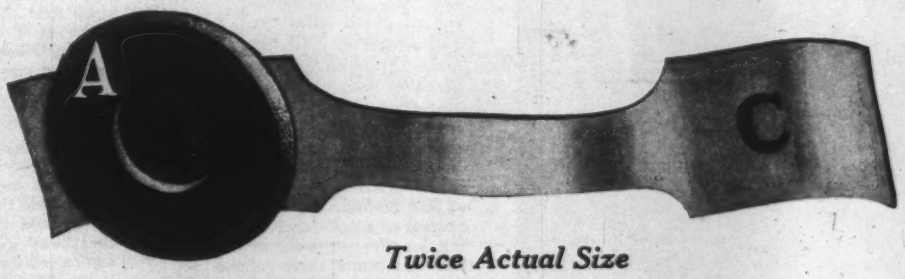
Then the action of the B&B wax is centered on the corn. Held there by the rubber coated adhesive tape (C) which wraps comfortably around the toe. Healthy tissue is not affected.

These facts cannot be true of liquid applications.

Those are the reasons why millions of people have adopted the Blue-jay method. It is scientific, quick, comfortable and certain.

Keeping corns is folly when this easy way can end them. Treating them in cruder ways is inexcusable.

For your own sake, convince yourself by applying Blue-jay to one corn.



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Thus Gabriele d'Annunzio sets the stage in his book, "The Flame of Life," for one of the most passionate romances in literature. It is said that the famous actress Eleanora Duse was the inspiration for this novel, and that the hero is no other than d'Annunzio himself. It is known that Duse accused d'Annunzio of betraying her most intimate confidences and broke her friendship with him.

The fire of d'Annunzio's own soul burns in his novels. The world knows well what a flame this is. The gallant Italian aviator who soared over the Austrian lines and poured messages of defiance on the foes of Italy; the man who did more than any other man to maintain the morale of the Italian soldiers at the most critical stage of the war; the famous poet-novelist whom the poets of America have invited to our shores, is fully revealed in the three books which McClure's and Metropolitan offer their readers almost without cost.

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McClure's and Metropolitan have joined hands in a limited circulation campaign. We have decided to conduct this campaign through the pages of our own magazines. The low cost of this method of subscription-getting enables us to give each person accepting the offer we make in the coupon this handsome three-volume set of d'Annunzio at just a trifle more than what these two magazines would cost you if bought by the single copy from month to month.

D'ANNUNZIO THE LOVER

(Extracts from Arnold Hofmann's Story, in New York Herald)

At the age of 32 d'Annunzio wrote: "Praise to my ancestors who have transmitted to me their rich and fervid blood. Praise to them now and forever for the grand wounds they opened, for the grand conflagrations they kindled, for the fair goblets they drained, for the fair garments they wore, for the fair women they enjoyed, for all their slaughter and intoxications, their extravagances and excesses, since thus they formed in me these five senses in which thou canst vastly and profoundly mirror thyself, O beauty of the world, as in five vast and profound seas."

It was the great actress Eleanora Duse who inspired in this "butterfly man" the great passion of his life. It was the meeting of two great souls. To the woman, love meant sacrifice, to d'Annunzio attainment.

But all too soon the day came when Eleanora Duse made the bitter discovery that once again the wilful child of greatness had tired of his toy. The break was caused by a book in which he told things too sacred for telling. * * * But his love was dead before he wrote the book, else he would never have written what he did."

The book mentioned above is said to be "The Flame of Life."

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ALL we ask you to do to secure these books is to fill in and mail the attached coupon. McClure's and Metropolitan will then come to you each for twelve months. You send us $1.00 a month for six months. Remember, you pay in easy monthly installments and the books come to you even before you make your first payment. If you are not satisfied with your bargain, we cancel your order and refund any money paid.

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The Child of Pleasure

To conquer the heart of a beautiful woman and subject her will to his passion is to Count Andrea Sperelli, the hero of "The Child of Pleasure," the goal of life.

He is grief-stricken when Elena, whose sensuous beauty is the talk of Roman society, leaves him as suddenly as she yielded to his mad infatuation. He meets Maria, who is as pure and spiritual as Elena was sensual and worldly. Into her ears he pours all the pent-up passions of his thwarted heart. In a short time she is wholly his.

Then unexpectedly Elena returns into his life and arouses all of Andrea's old love for her. He is torn with conflicting emotions, fascinated by both of these women, so wholly different from each other. The struggle that writhes this passionate heart and its final outcome is described by the poet-novelist d'Annunzio with all his richness of diction and his consummate insight into the emotions of the human soul.

The Triumph of Death

This is the fascinating story of George Aurispa, a dreamer, and his tragic love for the beautiful, voluptuous Hippolyte. She is proud of her dominion over this man of moods, but she is utterly incapable of understanding anything but the sensual side of his nature.

The sensitive soul of the poet George is nearly stifled in the sordid atmosphere surrounding his wretched family. He flees with his mistress to the freer air of the seashore, but finds only brief satisfaction in her charms. And finally comes the thrilling and tragic dénouement in the lives of the ill-fated lovers which only the genius of a d'Annunzio can describe.

The Flame of Life

The theme of this novel is set forth in the text of this advertisement.

or even worse, have given in at the last moment and married that pig of a Harold, whom I hate. You've no idea what a deadly, stupid life I've had."

"I'd like to hear about it."

"There isn't much to tell. That's been just the trouble. I don't remember my father and mother, and that pair of half-wits that brought me up aren't even my real uncle and aunt. First my aunt remarried, then she died and her husband remarried. That was grandfather's house, and he pensioned them to look after me, and they *did*. If I'd died they'd have lost the house and their income, and if I was not married by noon of my twenty-first birthday they were to lose them. Grandfather knew what fools they were, and I think he wanted to force me into getting on my own."

"Well, he managed it," Dick observed.

"He certainly did. I'd have lost my mind in another year. Those Parchesters drove me nearly wild. All they cared about was to keep me alive and get me married, no matter how or to whom. They'd never let me have any fun for fear I might get killed. I've never motored nor ridden nor swam nor sailed nor done any of those things. I wasn't let go to school or the theatre or a dance or movies or anything for fear I might catch something. I've been wrapped in cotton and trundled around like an invalid, and if I sneezed or coughed I was put to bed and a doctor sent for."

"Why did you stand for it?" Dick's voice expressed disbelief. Marianne gave a short laugh.

"You wouldn't think it possible from what you've seen of me, would you? Well, you see, they are *whiners*. They don't scold nor get angry nor threaten, but just whine. They whine and whine and whine until I'd do anything, give up anything to keep them still. If they'd tried to bully me it would have been different, but they only whined. You see, they began when I was little and got me in the habit of obeying rather than be whined at. And all the time I knew that they really didn't care a scrap about me but were thinking of themselves. I was the goose that was laying the golden egg every month. The result was that I developed such a fiendish temper that nobody could stand me. I couldn't stand myself."

Dick felt a sudden rush of pity for this orphan girl whose life had been so dreary and disposition ruined by a pair of supine egoists. He knew the peculiar maddening potency of whiners. He had studied the psychology of their reactions in his military service. They were rare but they did exist. Whining would often achieve its object where force, persuasion or a frank appeal to pity failed. There is but a single alternative with the whiner; one must kill him (as one desires) or comply with his request (as one does).

"Well, that's over with," said Dick, cheerfully. "From now on you're going to have a good time and you'll enjoy it all the more because you've never had one. You may find it slow out there in the Rockies, but that won't be for very long, and it will be all new to you."

"Can I ride horseback?"

"You bet. That's the only way to get around. I'll pick you out a strong, sure-footed, easy-gaited pony and you'll soon be riding like a movie star. This afternoon we'll do some shopping and you can get your outfit. Well, here we are! Let's have some lunch, then shop, and after that we can get a car and take a joy-ride or see some pictures or do anything you like until dinner-time. And just you remember one thing . . ." he took her hand and looked steadily into her eyes, "I'm your paper husband and I'm going to play the game and you're to feel just as safe with me as you would with . . . with . . ." he cast about for some fitting paragon of security.

Marianne glanced across the street at a boarding in front of some construction work. "One of Pershing's Crusaders," she suggested.

"That's right," said Dick, heartily, "one of Pershing's Crusaders."

They lunched as might have been expected of a vigorous young man who had been on a twenty-four-hour régime of graham cracker dust and a full-powered girl taking her first plunge into the sea of Romance. A little later, when they started on their shopping round, there was romance in every purchase made, in the jaunty Stetson hat, short whipcord skirt, boots and riding-breeches and the little automatic pistol which Dick promised to teach her to shoot.

The fly in the amber did not become visible to Marianne until late in the afternoon, when they were burning gasoline needlessly in the park. Even then it appeared as less of a blemish than a beauty spot. It might happen to any girl to fall in love and get married and to some few to get married and then fall in love, but it struck Marianne as the very marrow of Romance to be married and yet unmarried, with a husband she already admired intensely to wait upon her pleasure and no obligations whatever upon her own part.

The utter falsity of this and the fact that the situation was actually the direct opposite of True Romance did not strike Marianne until she had returned to the hotel and gone up to her room to rest for half an hour before dressing. The last few years of her monotonous, uneventful life she had become a fairly constant reader of novels and general current literature, and developed a certain habit of self-analysis which made things a little worse for herself and those about her, particularly the latter.

Having now an opportunity for a few minutes of concentrated reflection, Marianne sank into an armchair and attacked her task of mental vivisection. The fly in the amber then became rapidly distinct, and it was not a pretty insect. As for the romance, she stripped the glamor off this as one might pluck the rosy plumage off a shot flamingo; and what had just been a thing of beauty became no more than the corpse of an ungainly fowl.

Marianne contemplated this for a few ruthless moments, then rose abruptly and proceeded to pack her things. This did not take long, and, ready for the street, she picked up the telephone and asked for her husband's room. There was an immediate reply. Dick having been apparently sitting beside the instrument.

"Hello, Marianne . . . anything you want?"

"Yes. What are you doing?"

"Oh, nothing. Haven't started to police myself. Reading that book 'Heretics.'"

"Well, come down to my room, please. I want to talk to you."

"All right." It seemed to Marianne that there was a note of relief in his voice, almost of expectancy. Three or four minutes passed, then came a rap on the door. "Come in," Marianne called, from where she was standing by the mantel, gloved, hatted, ready for flight. Dick entered, glanced at her keenly and gave a little nod. Marianne was quite pale, eyes hard and defiant and her expression one of disgust, but Dick noted that it held none of the intolerance of the morning. The defiant disgust it depicted was not for himself.

"What's the matter, Marianne?"

"I've been doing some thinking. I'm not going on with this horrid business."

Dick nodded. He did not look in the least surprised. His expression seemed to show a sympathetic approval. Marianne was rather astonished.

"You don't look very much surprised," said she.

"I'm not. I've been doing some thinking, too."

"What about?"

"You, principally — and us. I was wondering if you would see this thing as I do. Looks as though you had." His voice was gentle and he smiled.

"Oh, Dick . . ." Marianne leaned forward and Dick suddenly wondered how it was that he had thought her merely pretty in an impudent, disturbing way. At this moment she had real beauty, perhaps for the first time in her life. "I didn't see it this way until just now — when I was alone and had a chance to turn it over in my mind. It was such a rotten thing to do . . . beastly."

"It wasn't your fault. You were desperate . . . I don't mean at losing your fortune, but from being nagged."

"You were desperate, too. We were both desperate and at our wit's end. There didn't seem to be any other way out . . . and I felt that unless I got away from that house and those whining, greedy, soulless people I'd go out of my mind. I was getting there pretty fast."

Dick nodded. "I've felt that about you all day," he said. "If I'd known then the sort of girl you really are, I shouldn't have let you do it. For my part, I was wild at the thought of losing my mine, and had made up my mind to follow the directions of this darned book . . ." (he had it in his hand) "and take anything that came. Well, that mine can just go to blazes!"

Marianne stared at him, at first uncomprehendingly, then in dismay.

"But what I do needn't interfere with your getting your mine!" she exclaimed.

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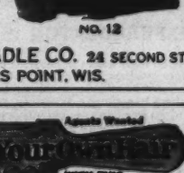

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YOU, Mrs. Home-maker, who take pride in your kitchen, have surely felt a great desire to possess a solid aluminum percolator. You have heard of the wonderful flavor of coffee made in a percolator and you know the silver-like, sanitary and durable percolator is an article that would be your proudest possession.

The only thing that has kept you from purchasing an aluminum percolator is that ready money is not at hand.

This obstacle is now removed. We offer you one of the best makes of percolators at nominal cost with the following magazine offer, and you pay for the magazines in easy monthly payments.

THROW away your old-fashioned coffee pot! Coffee made in a percolator is the very best because it has all the richness and flavor and aroma there is in the bean, and almost none of the caffeine. The liquid is clearer because the water is not boiled with the grounds; it is economical because less coffee is required to give the desired strength.

And, it is not complicated—just as easy to use as a coffee pot. The inner compartment—the percolating device—comes right out in your hand to be cleaned. No crusts of old coffee-grounds, no discoloration from coffee being constantly boiled into the metal.

Made of solid aluminum, 99% pure. Instead of a metal handle to burn the hand, it has a black hard-wood, rubberoid finish handle. It shines like silver, and wears better. The equal of expensive kinds sold in first class stores.

The top is surmounted by a double knob of glass, through which you watch the coffee boil without lifting lid.

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Your boy's life!

How much is it worth?

BEFORE November 11th, there was scarcely a home in America which did not daily send up prayers for the safety of its soldier son.

Churches were always open. All through the day, men and women knelt and prayed—silently. But one could hear their prayers as plainly as if they had been spoken.

Before November 11th, you would freely and gladly have given outright your every possession to insure the safety of your boy in France. Millionaires would have *given* their millions. Poor folks would have *given* their homes.

Listen, you whose sons were saved. Listen to one whose son was not.

Your son's life *was* priceless. Your son's life *is* priceless.

Every hour of every day you should send up thanksgiving for what you have been spared.

* * * * *

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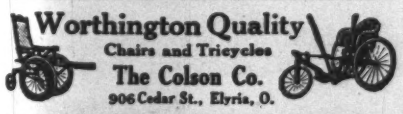

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"Don't be silly," said Dick. "Do you think I'd touch a cent of your money if we called it off? Now that we're going to call it off? Not on your life!"

Marianne reached up both hands, took off her hat, pushed back her hair and then shook her head so that it came tumbling about her ears. She let it go, then, in despair. For the moment she looked as though she were going to cry.

"But you must, Dick. It's not fair. I'll go on with the rotten business rather than do that."

"No, you won't. It's not good enough. We can easily get the marriage annulled. I know just how you feel, Marianne. I might have known it when you said that about 'fooling a dead man.' You and I are not the sort to fool dead men — nor live ones, if they're any good. If you can break the will — and being the only direct descendant you probably can — all right and good. But this other won't do. No doubt the old man meant it for the best, but he never counted on this. He figured that rather than lose the fortune you would pick out the man you liked best and really marry him and try to make the best of it. He put in that living-under-the-same-roof-for-a-year condition because he reckoned that by that time you might have got yourselves adjusted and managed to get on happily, or there might be a child, or something. But he never thought of your tricking him."

Marianne nodded. "That's the way I see it, now," said she.

They looked steadily into each other's eyes, a determined look, but hopeless. Marianne sighed, deeply.

"And to think that I should have only just found it out, and all the afternoon I've been thinking it was so exciting and romantic. Romantic! Bosh! It's just plain sneaking and sordid!"

Dick nodded. "I didn't get it myself until just now, I sort of felt, though, that there was something phony about it, especially the romance stuff. Then I picked up this book again to forget it, and a couple of pages farther on I got the answer. Here it is . . . "

He opened the book and read: "*But in order that life should be a story or romance to us, it is necessary that a great part of it, at any rate, should be settled for us without our permission.*" Get that, Marianne. *Without our permission!* There's the whole works. It wasn't being settled without our permission because we saw a way of beating the game . . . "

"Shirking," Marianne nodded.

"Exactly. We were slackers."

"I see, Dick. I was willing to be drafted rather than go to jail. I was ready to register to get out of that prison, but I didn't intend to serve."

"That's it, Marianne. That's what killed the romance part. Now if we'd been really getting married, actually obliged to stand by our oath of allegiance to each other, for better or worse until death do us part, then it *would* have been Romance . . . with a big R. Chesterton's right."

Again they stared at each other. But this time, whether at some thought stirred by a consideration of the text of the solemn ceremony, or some lingering memory of the happy afternoon spent together, or the idea of the impending separation, or any one of the many other reactions which were taking place in these two who had already fallen unconsciously in love, who are we to say?

At any rate, one thing is certain. It was not the renunciation of an old fool's fortune which was milling in those two youthful minds. For the first time that day they were bathed in real Romance. Romance served their youth. And as their eyes clung, a delicate color began to steal up Marianne's throat and suffuse a face but the moment before quite pale. It reached her mouth and poured over that inviting trench like an advance of Pershing's Crusaders, then on up to storm Hill No. 1 and 2. With cheeks aflame she tried to withdraw her eyes from Dick, but that warrior already saw surrender in them.

"Marianne . . . could you really care? I love you to death . . . "

"I . . . adore you, Dick . . . it's . . . it's without our . . . permission . . . "

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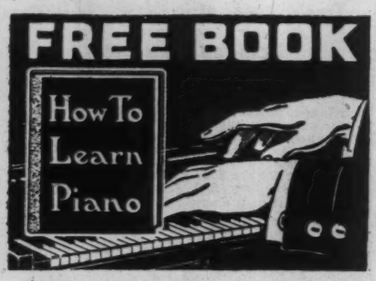

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